



No 3,889

TUESDAY 6 APRIL 1999

(1R50p) 45p

**THE INFORMATION**  
WHERE TO GO AND WHAT TO  
SEE IN YOUR AREA REVIEW, PAGES 15-18

**DUNWOODY RIDES  
INTO HISTORY** PAGE 24  
WITH EIGHT PAGES OF BANK HOLIDAY SPORT

# Dying, as the West bickers

REFUGEES FROM Kosovo are dying of disease and exhaustion while Western governments wrangle over plans to fly victims from the war zone.

More than 30 bodies were taken from the squalid refugee camp on the Macedonian frontier in bags yesterday as border guards donned gas masks to shut out the sickening stench from packed crowds waiting to get out of Yugoslavia.

Last night 85,000 refugees were still marooned in two cold and muddy stretches of no man's land. Many are succumbing to disease. "We need to get these people out," warned a UNHCR spokeswoman. "It is terrible there. It is extremely muddy. We have already weakened people who went through a harrowing experience for four days. They have not eaten."

With the total number of Kosovo refugees close to

BY MARCUS TANNER

the KLA complained that if refugees were dispersed all over the world, pressure on Serbia to allow them back will evaporate. Albania said it would refuse to let refugees leave, as this would be complicit with "ethnic cleansing". No refugees have been flown out of Macedonia or Albania so far. The first 90, needing urgent medical help, are expected to go to Norway today.

Talk of airlifts is directed partly at restive Macedonia, where the local Slav majority bitterly resents the Albanian influx and wants guarantees that the refugees will be moved on. The Skopje government said it would not accept any more unless it knows they will be found shelter elsewhere. But Robin Cook, the Foreign Secretary, needs to placate Macedonia if his plan to set up a safe haven, or "sanctuary", for 100,000 refugees patrolled by Nato troops is to get off the ground.

Skopje airport remained idle yesterday, leading Macedonia to accuse the West of reneging on its promises. "The air bridge did not start functioning because the countries which promised to accept the refugees did not issue permits for the planes to land," one official said. UN workers in Skopje said they feared that the operation may take days to prepare.

By then the numbers may have rocketed. By the end of today the UN expects the number of refugees to climb from 380,000 to 430,000. On Sunday alone the Serbs herded 34,000 Kosovars into Albania and 10,000 to Macedonia.

Western leaders are scrambling to co-ordinate a three-pronged policy on refugees, flying out a few, keeping most close to home, and continuing the air campaign in an effort to force Belgrade to let the refugees return home. Nato pledged to step up the air campaign last night after hitting air force, army and police headquarters near Belgrade at dawn yesterday.

But clear differences have emerged between the United States, which strongly backs airlifts, and the Europeans. The French Foreign Minister, Hubert Vedrine, has said evacuating large numbers would be "a victory" for Belgrade, while Germany, which housed 350,000 refugees during the Bosnian war, has made clear it does not want a repeat. Italy, which took in large numbers of refugees from Albania's own civil unrest, also wants to limit the flow.

850,000 - of whom more than 360,000 have fled since Nato strikes began 12 days ago - there are clear signs of panic in Western capitals over the scale of the disaster.

Governments met in Geneva yesterday and agreed to start moving refugees out of the region by bus and plane, but Clare Short, the Secretary of State for International Development, said talk of a huge air lift of refugees was irrelevant.

Speaking after touring refugee camps in Macedonia, Ms Short said: "I'm here in Macedonia and there are thousands and thousands of people on the other side of the border not being fed, babies are being born, people are becoming sick. If everyone is in a tizz in London talking about getting people out of the region, it's irrelevant to the crisis we have here."

The European Union aid commissioner, Emma Bonino, agreed, warning that planes could not lift more than a fraction of the refugees to safety and might clash with Nato's need to keep the airspace open for bombing raids.

Kosovo rebel fighters from



A refugee from Kosovo trying to revive his wife, who collapsed after spending several days in a makeshift camp on the Yugoslav border

Durco Bandic/AP

## Boy tells of a new massacre

A WOUNDED 10-year-old refugee from Kosovo yesterday said he saw Serbs massacring 19 of his relatives and neighbours in the city of Djakovica.

"The Serbs shot me, my mother and my three sisters," Dren Caka said after crossing into Albania in a car driven by his aunt and uncle. Dr Flori Bakalli, a refugee from Dren's home town working with the aid organisation Médecins du Monde, carried the child to an

BY EMMA DALY  
in Morini, Albania

operating tent in a field beside the frontier.

The doctor asked him what had happened. "There were 20 people underground, hiding in the cellar. There were only women and children," Dren replied. "It was about 1am. They first burnt a car on the road near the house and then they came inside, howling like

wolves. They were local Serbs, and were not wearing masks. They told us to come up to the house and when we did, they said: 'You are with the KLA, and then they shot a cupboard, and started to burn it.'

His voice rose. "First, they shot a girl, she was about 13, with a machine-gun. I saw that. I saw everything. They shot them one by one, in the head and in the back. I was near the door, and when they shot at me

I threw myself down on the ground, as if I was dead."

Dren was shot in the arm as he lay on the floor. "When they moved away from the door I ran to another room. I waited there and when they left, I escaped."

The boy escaped to the house of his aunt, Nimeta Babilja. "We have been in the car for two days," she said, adding that the boy's father was in Kosovo, in the mountains, trying to walk to Albania.

## After 10 years and 105 days, Lockerbie families see their first signs of justice

THE BATTLE for justice for the victims of the Lockerbie bombing took a dramatic step when two Libyans suspected of the murders arrived in the Netherlands to stand trial.

Ten years and 105 days after the atrocity, Abdel Basset Ali al-Megrahi and al-Amin Khalifa Fhimah surrendered themselves as part of a deal to try them under Scottish law in a third country. Last night they were expected to be charged by a Scottish judge with the killings in December 1988 of 270

BY KATHERINE BUTLER  
in Zeist, the Netherlands  
and PAUL WAUGH

people on board Pan Am Flight 103 and on the ground.

UN sanctions on Libya, imposed seven years ago after Muammar Gaddafi's refusal to give the men up for arrest, are expected to be lifted soon afterwards. Kofi Annan, UN Secretary-General, said sanctions on flights, oil equipment and military equipment would be suspended for 90 days, if Libya

also renounced terrorism, they would be lifted for good.

Robin Cook, Foreign Secretary, said the Government would still expect Libya to compensate victims' families if the men were found guilty. The potential pay-out could be £500m.

The men will be tried under terms of a UN-brokered deal aimed at finding a venue to allay Libyan objections to a trial in Britain or the US.

Eight years after warrants for the arrest of the suspects were issued, an Italian military

jet carrying the pair touched down at Valkenburg diplomatic airport near The Hague. Scottish police officers were due to arrest and transfer them to Camp Zeist, a former US air base near Utrecht which has been converted into a prison and court.

On arrival, the men gave themselves up to Dutch police before the legal manoeuvre of being extradited to that part of the Netherlands which is now technically Scottish jurisdiction could begin. Neither

Libyan contested the Scottish extradition request. When it gets under way the case will be heard by three Scottish high court judges and no jury.

Hans Corell, the UN legal envoy who escorted the men from Tripoli and handed them to the Dutch, singled out for special thanks Jim Swire, whose daughter Flora died in the attack, and who led the British campaign for a trial.

Earlier, Libyan television showed the handover of the men to the UN legal team at

Tripoli. Mr Megrahi said: "The days will prove that what we are saying is true." Mr Fhimah flashed a victory sign and told diplomats: "We hope to see you upon our return."

Tony Blair said the day's events had shown the ability of the international community to enforce "civilised laws". Mr Cook said the hearing would not be a "political show-trial". He hailed the South African President, Nelson Mandela, for his role in brokering the deal.

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Australia	6.90 AS	Israel	12.00 Sh
Austria	50.00 Sch	Italy	5.000 L
Belgium	100.00 Bf	Luxembourg	100.00 Lf
Canada	3.50 C\$	Malta	0.65c
Cyprus	1.20 C\$	Netherlands	6.50 gulder
Czech Republic	112 K	Norway	25.00 Nkr
Denmark	20.00 Dk	Portugal	360 Esc
Finland	14.00 Fm	Singapore	329.50
France	14.00 Ff	Spain	375 Ptas
Germany	5.00 DM	Sweden	23.00 Sk
Gibraltar	£1.00	Switzerland	5.50 Sfr
Greece	700 Dr	Turkey	1,200,000 Lg
Hungary	2% forint	USA	1.25 \$

# WAR IN THE BALKANS

"Albania doesn't want to be part of the ethnic cleansing mechanism"  
**Musa Ulqini Albanian Information Minister**

"Nato is making Milosevic pay a higher and higher price until he calls off his brutal commanders"  
**Tony Blair in 'The Sun'**

"Deportation on a scale Europe has not seen since the days of Stalin or Hitler"  
**Robin Cook Foreign Secretary**

"They are just people - unhappy people. Not Albanians. Not Serbs"  
**Alexander Simovich Kosovo Serb poet**

"It's like a Nazi camp. You see people delivering babies in the field"  
**Kosovar refugee in Blace, Macedonia**

"Between Hitler and Clinton, there is no principal difference"  
**Vojislav Seselj, Serbian deputy premier**

## Nations try to agree airlift plan

THE REFUGEES  
BY MARY BRAD

COUNTRIES OFFERING homes to up to 100,000 ethnic Albanian refugees met in Geneva yesterday to plan the biggest organised resettlement in third countries the world has seen. Lyndall Sachs, spokesperson for the United Nations High Commissioner for Refugees, said the ambassadors of the recipient nations were resorting to temporary resettlement in the absence of an alternative. The operation will begin in the next few days with the busing of refugees to Turkey. Airlifts to more distant countries will follow.

Adding to the political concern that sheltering the Kosovars far from their homeland might undermine resolve to force the Serbs to let them return, Ms Sachs said that from a human point of view temporary resettlement in a third country was also considered the "least attractive" of options.

"But we are caught between a rock and a hard place," she said. "Macedonia wants some out before it will allow any more in. And at the moment we have a 25km queue of people in extremely precarious circum-

stances, vulnerable to disease and attack. There is a potential timebomb ticking out there. "If you talk to refugees, of course most would want to stay around the area. Almost to a person, refugees only want to return home."

Germany yesterday offered the highest number of temporary homes - 40,000, with the United States offering 20,000, Turkey 20,000, and Norway, Italy, Canada and Greece 5,000 each. Britain, which shares the reluctance of several European states to the third-country resettlement plan, is offering temporary sanctuary to "some thousands".

Tony Blair had earlier insisted that resettlement away from Kosovo would amount to a "policy of despair" but has apparently capitulated to US pressure for refugees to be moved out of Macedonia, where the sealing of the border by the Macedonian government has created a long back-up of refugees on the Kosovo side of the frontier.

Yesterday Robin Cook, the Foreign Secretary, proposed Britain's own three-stage

refugee plan. The first is to feed and house them in their own region, the second is the interim removal of a minority and the third is their return to Kosovo. Mr Cook told Slobodan Milosevic, the Yugoslav President, that he need not bother making any peace offer until he has agreed to the third. "We will not allow him to condemn the people of Kosovo to a life in exile," Mr Cook said.

Ms Sachs concentrated yesterday on the sense of dislocation involved in resettlement in countries far from home. "The best option for refugees is to go back home," Ms Sachs said. "The second is for them to be integrated into the country in which they are given asylum." Temporary resettlement trails in last.

The ambassadors of the receiving countries agreed last night that the resettlement scheme would first and foremost be voluntary and aim to keep families intact.

The most vulnerable will be taken out first. The nearest countries would take refugees first. After Turkey, a transfer to Romania will take place.



An ethnic Albanian boy asking British soldiers for food at a refugee camp near Skopje. **Louisa Gouliamaki**

### CONFLICT BRIEFING

Over 30 refugees died at the Brace border crossing in Macedonia early yesterday morning. Mostly babies, infants, the old and frail, another seven died by sunrise.

300 body bags were delivered to the Brace refugee holding area.

The Pentagon is sending 24 Apache helicopters and 2,000 support troops to Albania.

Various nations offered to take refugees on a temporary basis: Germany 40,000, the United States 20,000, Turkey 20,000, Norway 6,000, Canada 5,000 and Greece 5,000.

Yugoslavia called for an urgent meeting of the UN Security Council to stop Nato air strikes.

Former Israeli prime minister Shimon Peres said he had been asked to help mediate an end to the crisis.

Six RAF Tornado GR1 bombers flew their first sorties from RAF Bruggen in Germany on Sunday night.

Nato yesterday said 44,000 Albanians had been expelled from Kosovo since Sunday. The total in the past two weeks is 360,000.

British Army soldiers from the 28th Battalion, the Engineers Regiment, put up tents for 2,000 Kosovar refugees in Macedonia and distributed 25,000 meals.

The Turkish Republic of Northern Cyprus has offered to settle the ghost town of Varosha with refugees.

## In exile, Pristina's officially dead have come alive

### KOSOVO IN EXILE

BY GJERARINA TUBINA in Skopje

The writer has been reporting anonymously from Kosovo. Now out of the country she can be identified

WHEN I arrived from Kosovo, I expected to find the Macedonia I have always known, the Macedonia I saw on my last visit a few weeks ago. But instead I saw Pristina. Literally, throughout Macedonia, Tetovo, Gostivar, Kicevo and especially Skopje, the capital of Kosovo, the people of Kosovo are now in Macedonia.

Everywhere I went I saw friends from home, some I hadn't seen in a while, some I hadn't seen in a long time. The streets belong to another town, but the feeling was that you were walking in the middle of

Pristina. At first, it looked wonderful, and it seemed, despite the horrific situation of those trapped on the border, that people were even having fun. The cafes were full, with everyone you knew. I saw many of my friends.

And the people in Macedonia - that is, the Albanians in Macedonia - are so welcoming. The Macedonians talk about "changing the demographics" of the country, and are in a bad mood; you can feel the tension. But the Albanians - they offer the Kosovars so much hospitality it hurts. Most of all it is a

time when we can be sure who is alive. We don't speak about the dead yet, because nothing can be confirmed. But we know who is alive, because we have seen each other.

For me, the best was seeing many of my journalist colleagues, whom I hadn't seen for at least a week. And of these, the most important was Bato Haxhiu, the Kosovo editor whom everyone thought was dead. I first saw him in the huge queue at the border. I recognised his car and his registration plate, seven kilometres back within Yugoslav territory.

But I never thought it would be him. Of course, he was still officially dead, so obviously he was terrified, and wanted to hide. There were a lot of rumours about Serbian agents and no one felt safe until they got through the border. When I finally recognised him I went crazy. I wanted to jump and kiss him. But the look from his eyes

was clear: you didn't see me. The next day, when we finally met again, we just cried and cried. He just smiled. But just below this sense of carnival, people cry in Pristina. We are still in shock. We are too proud to admit that we are refugees. People are using new expressions, like "deportees". Anything to avoid admitting

what has really happened. In many of the cafes, people are seriously talking about how they will be back in their homes within two weeks. They believe that Nato will continue and win the war, and they will then be able to go back. They are even impatient. But really all they have is this hope - for me, I'm afraid, a too hopeful hope, a dream. They want these two weeks to be something temporary, it's a dream. They want to pretend that it didn't happen and that it can all be reversed. Even though we have no or-

ganisation anymore. Even though many are dead. Even though we are here in Macedonia. To remember, it's enough just to spend half an hour back at the border. To see the huge numbers of refugees trapped there and waiting in the cold, you feel sick. And when you actually sit with people at the cafes and talk to them, the stories are all the same: the policemen, the expulsions, the trains. Others have even tried to call home. I spoke to seven or eight friends who rang up their houses. Again, always the

same. Someone answers speaking Serbian. They ask, "Is this the house of family so-and-so." The reply is clear: "I don't know whose it was before, but it's mine now." So despite the atmosphere in the streets, something is wrong. Something doesn't fit. We know what it is. But we don't want to think about it. Gjerarina Tubina is a journalist for the Institute for War & Peace Reporting. IWPR's Balkan Crisis Reports are available at [www.iwpr.net](http://www.iwpr.net). The can also be read at [www.independent.co.uk](http://www.independent.co.uk)

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**BRITAIN TODAY**

**KEY**

14 Temperature, °C

30 Wind speed, mph and direction

**NOON TODAY**

15 10 12 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30

**FORECAST**

General situation: Much of England and Wales will start off cloudy and damp but the rain will clear away to the east by afternoon. That will leave a mixture of sunshine and showers, the showers heaviest and most frequent in the west as it continues fairly mild. Scotland and Northern Ireland will also be rather showery, some of the showers heavy and prolonged before merging to give a longer spell of rain in more northern areas. The showers may also be accompanied by thunder.

SE England, London, E Anglia, E England: A cloudy and wet morning but rain will clear to leave sunshine and isolated showers. A moderate south-west wind. Max temp 15-17°C (59-63°F).

West of E Anglia, E Anglia, E England: A cloudy and wet morning but rain will clear to leave sunshine and isolated showers. A moderate south-west wind. Max temp 15-17°C (59-63°F).

Wales, NW England, Lake District, Isle of Man: Cloud and rain with quickly clearing to leave brief sunny spells and showers, some heavy and thundery. A moderate to fresh south-west wind. Max temp 13-15°C (55-59°F).

Midlands, East of E Anglia, E England: A cloudy and wet start but rain will clear to leave sunshine and showers. A fresh south-west wind. Max temp 13-15°C (55-59°F).

N Ireland: Sunny spells and showers, some heavy and prolonged. A moderate to fresh south-west wind with veer west to north-west. Max temp 11-13°C (52-55°F).

SW & NW Scotland, Glasgow, W Isles: Only brief sunny spells and showers, some heavy and thundery. A longer spell of rain is possible in the morning. A moderate to fresh south-west wind with veer west to north-west. Max temp 11-13°C (52-55°F).

SE & NE Scotland, Edinburgh, Aberdeen, N Isles: Early rain in the south will

**WEATHERLINE**

For the latest forecast call 0800 560000 followed by the two digits for your region. Source: The Met. Office. Calls charged at 50p per min (incl VAT).

**TRAVEL**

London: A12 Green Man Roundabout, Leytonstone. Major roadworks on new M11 link road. Until 31st December. Bypass: A12 Kingway, Dunmurry. Roadworks, various lane restrictions. Until 1st August.

Derbyshire: A6 Between Derby Southern and Derby. Roadworks, various lane restrictions. Until 1st August.

South Yorkshire: M1 Between J24 Tinsley and J25 Sheffield. Roadworks, various lane restrictions. Until 1st August.

North Yorkshire: A167 Between J24 Tinsley and J25 Sheffield. Roadworks, various lane restrictions. Until 1st August.

North East: A167 Between J24 Tinsley and J25 Sheffield. Roadworks, various lane restrictions. Until 1st August.

North West: A167 Between J24 Tinsley and J25 Sheffield. Roadworks, various lane restrictions. Until 1st August.

West Midlands: A167 Between J24 Tinsley and J25 Sheffield. Roadworks, various lane restrictions. Until 1st August.

East Midlands: A167 Between J24 Tinsley and J25 Sheffield. Roadworks, various lane restrictions. Until 1st August.

East of England: A167 Between J24 Tinsley and J25 Sheffield. Roadworks, various lane restrictions. Until 1st August.

South East: A167 Between J24 Tinsley and J25 Sheffield. Roadworks, various lane restrictions. Until 1st August.

South West: A167 Between J24 Tinsley and J25 Sheffield. Roadworks, various lane restrictions. Until 1st August.

Wales: A167 Between J24 Tinsley and J25 Sheffield. Roadworks, various lane restrictions. Until 1st August.

Scotland: A167 Between J24 Tinsley and J25 Sheffield. Roadworks, various lane restrictions. Until 1st August.

Northern Ireland: A167 Between J24 Tinsley and J25 Sheffield. Roadworks, various lane restrictions. Until 1st August.

**YESTERDAY**

**EXTREMES**

Warmest: Eilat 16°C (61°F)

Cooldest (day): Eilat 10°C (50°F)

Warmest: Cape Canaveral 15 mm

Coldest: Barrow 15 hrs

For 24hrs to 2pm Monday

**RAIN**

**OR SHINE...**

A SURPRISE snow storm claimed the lives of eight suspected immigrants as they tried to cross the US-Mexico border.

Officials from the US Border Control and other agencies rescued more than 50 immigrants in and around the Cleveland National Forest, about 40 miles east of San Diego. But the bodies of eight men, aged between 20 and 32, were found dressed in light clothes and trainers.

**THE WORLD**

**EUROPE NOON TODAY**

Key: 10-15°C, 16-20°C, 21-30°C, Over 30°C

**THE ATLANTIC NOON TODAY**

KEY: 1024-1026, 1027-1029, 1030-1032, 1033-1035, 1036-1038, 1039-1041, 1042-1044, 1045-1047, 1048-1050, 1051-1053, 1054-1056, 1057-1059, 1060-1062, 1063-1065, 1066-1068, 1069-1071, 1072-1074, 1075-1077, 1078-1080, 1081-1083, 1084-1086, 1087-1089, 1090-1092, 1093-1095, 1096-1098, 1099-1101, 1102-1104, 1105-1107, 1108-1110, 1111-1113, 1114-1116, 1117-1119, 1120-1122, 1123-1125, 1126-1128, 1129-1131, 1132-1134, 1135-1137, 1138-1140, 1141-1143, 1144-1146, 1147-1149, 1150-1152, 1153-1155, 1156-1158, 1159-1161, 1162-1164, 1165-1167, 1168-1170, 1171-1173, 1174-1176, 1177-1179, 1180-1182, 1183-1185, 1186-1188, 1189-1191, 1192-1194, 1195-1197, 1198-1199, 1200-1201, 1202-1203, 1204-1205, 1206-1207, 1208-1209, 1210-1211, 1212-1213, 1214-1215, 1216-1217, 1218-1219, 1220-1221, 1222-1223, 1224-1225, 1226-1227, 1228-1229, 1230-1231, 1232-1233, 1234-1235, 1236-1237, 1238-1239, 1240-1241, 1242-1243, 1244-1245, 1246-1247, 1248-1249, 1250-1251, 1252-1253, 1254-1255, 1256-1257, 1258-1259, 1260-1261, 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Hitler and here is no difference" Vojislav Seselj, deputy premier

CONFLICT BRIEFING

Over 30 refugees died the night before last in the Balkans, according to a report by the UN. The report says that the deaths were caused by a lack of food and shelter. The UN is calling for more aid to be sent to the region.

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# Mother Clare, in red, sorts out the feeding of 1,000

THE ONCE green valley is now just a vast black pit of writhing, desperate humanity. A handful are babies who were born here in the past four days. Thousands are babies who were carried by nursing mothers. Thousands more are men and women in their eighties and nineties. As each pitiless dawn breaks we see things that are worse than the day before. These people just keep coming down the road and turning the valley floor black. And then they just look up, mute and pleading, and wait in crowds so dense that even the unconscious cannot fall.

The mud is now over a foot deep and the stench of garbage and human waste is growing by the hour. The Macedonian troops, who ring the densely packed thousands began wearing gas masks yesterday. The mortality rate is rising. Over 30 went in the night, mostly babies, infants and the old and frail. Another seven died in the bright sunshine and heat of the morning. And the first lorry load of body bags was delivered around noon. The valley of the River Lepenac, which forms the border between Kosovo and Macedonia, may become infamous as a place where we failed the very people we had come to save. Imagine 115,000 people trapped in a broad valley, probably two miles wide, for nearly four days. Then imagine it as a kind of gantic queue. At the head of the queue, where crush barriers have formed a funnel, there are six thousand people standing on a 45-degree slope waiting for six hours to make the last, 30-foot climb up an embankment. Finally, imagine three hostile, bored officials demanding that each person spend 15 minutes giving their name, place of birth, intended destination and family details. All this produces the mathematics of the asylum and the four-day Kafkaesque pantomime was deliberate. The Macedonians wanted a major part of this endless river of the dispossessed to disappear from their land as quickly as possible - and the US, Germany and Britain almost fell over themselves to take more than 100,000 people. Other nations agreed to take thousands more. It seemed to work. And, within hours of the deal being struck, at about 11.45am, something magical started to happen. Nearly 100 modern state buses, each one capable of taking about 90 people, began to roll up at the border. Clare Short, in a vivid red tunic and smart patent leather loafers, arrived at about the same time and did her five minutes looking over the multitude and announcing that Tony had sent her to unblock the drain. Then she was off up to one of the big tented cities, created in less than 24 hours by the military about five miles up from the valley, trailing an army of British media in her wake. The Secretary of State for International Development went for tea and buns with the brass and an hour later 10 busloads of ethnic Albanians arrived at the wrong side of the reception camp and nearly a mile from all the hot food and water that was being prepared for them by the British Army. These people, about seven



BY JAMES DALRYMPLE



Clare Short pictured with some Kosovo refugees in Macedonia yesterday. 'They are here and they will be taken care of,' she said

John Voos

hundred of them, were in a bad way. They had been kept overnight in the buses until the camp was ready. They had already been thrown off the buses and ordered to get back on again. Many were fainting inside as the vehicles became ovens in the rising heat. Clare spotted them and began to almost run. 'Let's get them off the buses,' she yelled. 'Now. Let's get them out.' Back and forth she ran and all around her the army brass, and the bewildered squaddies groaned. They knew that a snafu, big time, was about to go down, throwing their hard work into chaos. But Clare was up and into the buses, followed by a mass of photographers. And she began the laying on of hands, giving her best profile to the cameras. As far as they were concerned she could have been the old lady in the shoe, but all they knew is that she and her

photo opportunity were keeping them on this stifling bus. She did this on a second bus, her officials making sure nobody got off before she arrived for more snaps. And then she gave her message to the world. 'They are here, and they will be taken care of,' she said. It was almost biblical in its drama. Mother Clare had come to save them, and she was already doing it. The drain was being unblocked. When some of the hacks pointed out that all the hot food and water was half a mile away, she accused the offenders of 'causing trouble, of making arguments'. Finally she had had enough of it, and almost ran across the fields, refusing to answer any more questions. She had been here for nearly two hours, and the problem was already being solved. It was a truly breathtaking performance and her minders could smell 10 minutes of TV prime-time.

Meanwhile the refugees wandered through their tent city, which contained neither food nor water. But the British Army was already cranking up the goods. Three trucks appeared with several tons of hot chicken, chocolate biscuits, milk, juice and water. The refugees fell on it like locusts and the three trucks became 10. Whatever you thought of Ms Short's grandstanding, she had achieved something important by total accident. Seven hundred exhausted and famished people were getting fed and sheltered. A whole chain of induction, inspection, feeding and housing, laid on a mile away, had been bypassed. Within minutes of her departure an ITN reporter was telling the world she was a hero. But after four days of watching this complex and tragic disaster unfolding in the valley, I felt I had watched an opportunistic confidence trick. Back down in the valley I realised something else. Nothing was really changing. Once again the mad mathematics provided the bitter truth. As each bus pulled up above the awful funnel of men, women, babies and geriatrics, it took nearly 30 minutes to haul them the last 30 feet through the mud, and another 15 minutes to load each bus. There were nearly forty buses in the queue, capable of taking perhaps 4,500 in about 36 hours. Already, according to Macedonia there were over 115,000 in the valley floor on both sides of the border and perhaps tens of thousands more blocked on the Pristina road. Yesterday the sun came out strongly. It certainly kept many alive. But with the heat came the threat of something else, something far more dangerous than anything they have faced on the long march out of Kosovo. Millions of flies were hatching, feeding on a valley full of rotting garbage and other kinds of nameless waste. There may be 30,000 infants and old people still on the valley floor, all weak, dehydrated and exhausted. That could mean disease on a large scale. Already every aid worker was wearing a white face mask. The soldiers had sweated behind their gas masks all day. All over the great heaving mass there was the spectre of unconscious people, men and women of all ages, being pulled out from the centre, passed overhead from hand to hand, suffering from illnesses that could be the first stages of epidemics. The next few days will become a race against time. How many bus loads will it take to clear this human mess before the refugees begin to die in really big numbers - all before the eyes of 50 television cameras that are peering down into the pit and beaming it live to the world?

## UK aid agencies launch TV appeal

BRITISH CHARITIES, co-ordinated by the Disasters Emergency Committee (DEC) will step up efforts today to increase aid to refugees fleeing the horrors of Serb attacks in Kosovo by beginning a joint television appeal for urgent donations. The Independent launched the DEC appeal with its readers last week and today's television appeal marks the next stage in the fund-raising effort to help to avert the biggest humanitarian disaster in Europe since the Second World War. Twelve charities - including Oxfam and the British Red Cross - have joined forces under the banner of the DEC to call for contributions from the public. Tonight in separate five-minute broadcasts, the television presenter Jill Dando, on the BBC, and the actress Juliet Stevenson, on ITV, will appeal for increased donations. In addition, newspapers will run free advertisements and banks will handle all donations without charge. More than 3,400 telephone lines are available to receive donations from noon today. The current appeal is the fourth time in 11 months that the DEC has come together. It has attempted to respond in a co-ordinated fashion to the disasters in Sudan, Bangladesh, South America and now Kosovo. Kate Robinson, of the DEC, said that the two-week campaign will lead to a reduction of administrative costs faced by charities and improve efforts to overcome difficulties faced in getting aid to the right areas. 'This approach will allow us to co-ordinate our response on the ground and through appeals, ensuring that there is no duplication of resources and building on the positive response that charities have received from the public so far.' A spokesman from Oxfam was confident that the appeal would be successful. 'So far Oxfam alone has raised over £100,000 for the Kosovan refugees which will be pooled with the committee. We are sure that the public's marvellous response will continue following this appeal.'

THE INDEPENDENT  
KOSOVO APPEAL

HOW TO MAKE A DONATION

Send a cheque or postal order to:  
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Disasters Emergency Committee  
PO Box 2710  
London W1N 5AD  
Cheques payable to:  
**KOSOVO APPEAL**  
Call 0990 22 22 33 to make a telephoned credit card donation

## 'We are only trying to help'

### AID EFFORT

BY ANDREW BUNCOMBE at Brazde Refugee Camp

At the camp at Brazde, the tented city that has grown in days on the edge of the Macedonian capital, Skopje, there are hundreds of British troops and their Nato comrades at the forefront of the humanitarian effort to help Kosovo's refugees. Private Smith's friend, L/Cpl Robin Ball, looked equally drawn. 'I have been involved before with refugees but never anything on this scale,' he said. 'Nothing can prepare you for having to deal with this. It's amazing that these people are still so proud - I was handing out pieces of chicken earlier and they were so careful not to get any on their clothes. I suppose they were wearing all they had.' About 5,000 refugees have arrived at Brazde and the nearby camp at Stankovic in two days, bused in from the border a few miles away after days spent being processed. They are desperate and terrified. Many are seriously unwell. 'Some have walked 50 miles in their socks so you can imagine what state their feet are in,' said Captain Matt Humphries, who is running the field hospital. 'Many are terribly dehydrated so we have saline drips for them. The more serious cases are taken by ambulance into town.' His medical team can do little about the mental state of the refugees. As Capt Humphries spoke, other medics were trying to help a man lying on the ground nearby, crying hysterically as he clutched a handful of documents tight to his chest. But everyone had stories of terror - of being forced from

their homes, of walking to the border then encountering the heavy-handed Macedonian security forces. 'They treat us like dogs,' said Mhrie Pantinor, a grandmother from a village near Pristina, sitting outside her wind-whipped nylon tent. 'They are as bad as the Yugoslavs. Why do they do it to us?' Asked about her son and husband, Mrs Pantinor erupted in tears. 'I have not seen them for weeks,' she managed to say. 'I don't know if they are alive or dead.' Muran Prizron, 23, a student from Pristina, had also been forced from his home by the militia. 'It was like a dream, what I have seen,' he said. 'Burning - houses and villages burning and many, many, many children all crying.' The refugees are glad to be safe but know their future is uncertain. 'Where would I like to go?' retorted Mr Prizron. 'What options do you think I have?'

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## WAR IN THE BALKANS

## US takes first step towards war on ground

## STRATEGY

BY ANDREW MARSHALL in Washington

AMERICA HAS taken the first steps down a path that could lead to a ground war in the Balkans. Though it will not countenance putting US soldiers into Kosovo to fight Yugoslav troops, it has shifted from a total reliance on air power to win the conflict.

For the past two weeks Nato has relied on aircraft and missiles alone to achieve its war aims. Drawing on a US military preference for air power, it minimises allied casualties and means Nato can stand at a distance from the conflict. But the strategy has had grave weaknesses: the weather has meant aircraft have been unable to reach targets, the flow of refugees has moved the goalposts and criticism has mounted in Europe and America.

So far the option of sending in allied forces to defeat Yugoslavia militarily has not been seriously raised. It would involve a force of more than 100,000, would take weeks to deploy and would cause serious political problems. Any force would have to be approved by Congress, still a tough task.

Instead, there has been a more halting extension that carries an uncertain message. At the weekend the Pentagon decided to approve the use of Apache ground-attack helicopters backed by a missile system that would fire at anti-aircraft defences. That decision was approved by Nato ministers last night. Nato is already using missiles fired from aircraft based in Nato nations and from surface ships and submarines offshore. The new missiles would be fired from launchers based in Albania.

This shifts the argument in three ways. It introduces a weapons system that is on land, and means air power alone clearly is not sufficient. It involves neighbouring countries directly in the conflict, even though the principal aim had been to prevent any conflict from spreading beyond the borders of Yugoslavia. And it means that - to defend the missile launchers and helicopters - US troops and armoured vehicles will also be sent to Albania. Troops are also being sent to Albania to help with the refugee relief effort, and there is already a small force in Macedonia, alongside the putative Nato peace-keeping force.

This could be transformed into a situation where, *de facto*, a ground war was being carried out, even without an invasion of Yugoslavia. Existing weapons could be used in different ways, for instance. The Army Tactical Missile System (Atacms) being sent can fire deep into Yugoslav territory. It is for use against anti-aircraft fire, launching missiles that scatter bombs across a wide area and kill troops. But it can also be used to strike at tanks and other armoured vehicles.

If America decides that it cannot hit Yugoslav troops using the A-10 tankbuster because of weather or concerns about using low-level aircraft, the Atacms could be used for the same task. The A-10s, helicopters and other Nato aircraft would also be more effective with forward air controllers, troops on the ground to direct fire. There have been unconfirmed reports that Nato special forces have already been working within Yugoslavia, identifying targets and acting as a "trip wire" in the event that Yugoslav forces approach the borders.

The Kosovo Liberation Army is still providing the only armed opposition to the Yugoslav forces within Kosovo, and there has been some discussion in Washington of how to help it. So far there has been no effort to reinforce the KLA, but Nato could drop weapons and supplies. It could also consider using teams of military advisers infiltrated by land, a riskier option.

There are several possible



People in Belgrade's Zemun district at the headquarters building of the Yugoslav air force, damaged in raids by allied forces

Reuters

## MULTIPLE-LAUNCH ROCKET SYSTEM

**Special equipment:** US version of MLRS supplied with Army Tactical Missile System (Atacms) with a range of over 100 miles.

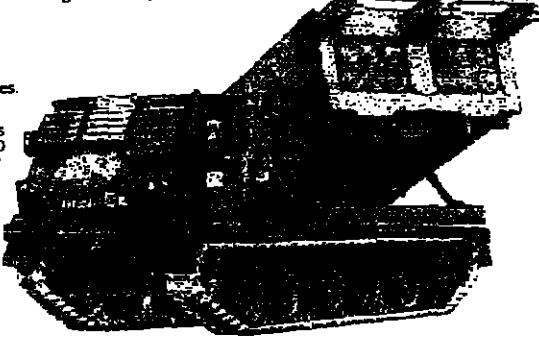
**Principal missions:** Long-range artillery, for use against troops and tank concentrations. Will also be used against anti-aircraft positions in support of Apaches.

**Weapons:** Variety of missiles and rockets used to deliver more than 500 anti-personnel or anti-armour bomblets per weapon.

**Variations:** Standard system fires 12 rockets from two pods within a minute. Atacms has one missile per pod.

**Speed:** 40mph

**Yugoslav mission:** 18 systems to be deployed in Albania against Serb troops in Kosovo as 'deep strike' package with Apaches. First operational role for Nato ground troops



## AH-64 APACHE ATTACK HELICOPTER

**Special equipment:** Target Acquisition Designation Night Vision Sensor - permits two-man crew to navigate and attack in darkness and in adverse weather.

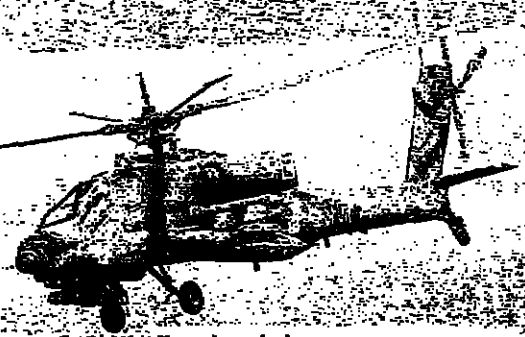
**Principal missions:** Anti-personnel and anti-armour operations. Armed reconnaissance. Air-to-air combat. Medical evacuation.

**Weapons:** 16 Hellfire laser-guided missiles. 70 rockets. 30mm gun.

**Range:** 299 miles.

**Speed:** 164mph (cruise and level). 227mph (maximum).

**Cost:** \$145 million



**Yugoslav mission:** 24 Apaches dispatched to conflict with 2,000 support troops. In combat can direct up to 128 potential targets. select the most dangerous and attack it - all within 10 seconds

ways to extend the action into a war on the ground short of an invasion. The first is if the Yugoslav forces respond to the placing of US forces in Albania by hitting back. This seems unlikely, given that Yugoslavia's air force is effectively grounded or destroyed. Also, it has shown no intention to launch missiles back at Albania, and its

own army is probably unlikely to strike back across the border. But Nato itself, which until now has said it would send in ground forces only if there was a fully fledged peace agreement, could shift its arguments. If and when the Kosovo Albanian population has been removed, it could try to establish a limited enclave within the

province to which the refugees could return. The UN established 'safe havens' in northern Iraq using only air power, but Nato would probably need ground forces in this case. This strategy has been raised but not endorsed at a political level. The third and longest shot is that the alliance could try to 'force the door' to return the

refugees. This might not involve an extensive land war against Yugoslav forces, but an armoured and reinforced effort to take people back home. So far Nato has tried to use a military policy of escalation tied to a political strategy of persuading Slobodan Milosevic to back down, and neither has functioned very well. In effect,

Belgrade has gained the initiative. But setting back the advantage would require putting the lives of allied soldiers in much greater danger, causing a much more serious breakdown of relations with Russia and exposing Western governments to serious domestic criticism. Nobody yet seems willing to do that.

## TIMETABLE

## Sunday 4 April

10pm: US says it plans to send Apache ground attack helicopters and about 2,000 support troops to Albania to join Nato air strikes.

10.30pm: Nato aircraft and missiles demolish an army headquarters and hit oil refineries and other targets in and around Belgrade. Reports say Slatina airport southeast of Pristina has been hit.

## Monday 5 April

12.20am: Nato missiles strike at Belgrade's main airport and targets in Kosovo.

1am: Tony Blair says in an article 'The Sun': 'There is no question of Nato ground forces being sent in unless it is to police an agreed political settlement.'

11.50am: Robin Cook says there will be no peace in Kosovo until ethnic cleansing is reversed.

Noon: Five French planes carrying humanitarian aid for ethnic Albanian refugees leave for Macedonia and Albania. They are the first of a fleet of 15 expected to carry clothing, food, tents and medical supplies.

1pm: Serbian state television (RTS) shows footage of a meeting in Pristina between moderate Kosovo Albanian leader Ibrahim Rugova and the Russian ambassador to Belgrade. RTS does not specify when the meeting took place.

2pm: Nato says 31 relief flights are to go to Albania and Macedonia to help the 360,000 ethnic Albanians who have been driven from Kosovo over the past two weeks.

2.30pm: Russia says it will send clothes, food and medicine worth more than \$1m (£600,000) to Yugoslavia to help people of all ethnic groups.

3pm: The UN World Food Programme says three US aircraft with food for refugees will leave Italy for Albania and the flights will increase to 10 a day later this week.

5.30pm: Reports emerge that refugees fleeing to Montenegro from Mitrovica, Kosovo's third biggest city, have been forced into Serbia after Nato bombers destroyed a road bridge at Montenegro's eastern border.

6pm: The Albanian government announces it is refusing to allow ethnic Albanian refugees to be evacuated to other countries as this would make Albania part of the ethnic-cleansing mechanism.

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## Nato reports hits on air force HQ and army base

## AIR WAR

BY JOHN DAVISON

NATO MISSILES struck Yugoslavia's air force headquarters and a key army installation yesterday in the south of the country used for launching military operations in Kosovo.

As Operation Allied Force entered its 13th day with round-the-clock raids, commanders promised the scale and pace of the assault would be stepped up with improving weather.

Air Commodore David Wilby, the Nato military spokesman, said alliance forces had "escalated its air campaign aimed at strategically degrading the Yugoslav military capability".

He added that on Sunday, "an improvement in the weather enabled us to make full use of all our assets". The attacking

forces had met considerable surface-to-air missile fire and some anti-aircraft fire, but all had returned safely.

Targets included petroleum production and storage facilities, airfields, air defences, ammunition storage dumps and bridges, said Air Cdre Wilby. Around Belgrade, the allies hit the HQ of the Yugoslav air defence forces, an interior ministry police garrison, a radio relay and communication centre, an army garrison and a SAM support facility.

He added: "The weather has only just cleared to give us a lit-

tle more chance of hitting them hard and we are now getting our tactics right, making sure we have got all our forces in there. We have ramped up the number of sorties we are doing, and taking the fight to them very hard. I think you will find very direct results coming very shortly."

Some military sources asked yesterday why it had taken so long to get the "tactics right" when the equipment now being deployed, including the US Apaches, had been available all along. "To go on about the weather just isn't good

enough," said one. "The RAF has been monitoring the weather in former eastern bloc countries for 15 years, so they must have known the conditions at this time of year."

The Tornado GR1 bomber is designed to operate in total darkness and nil visibility against types of targets the Harriers and their laser-guided bombs have been unable to attack. Six RAF Tornados from Bruggen in Germany completed their first sorties on Sunday, striking tunnels and bridges, and early intelligence reports suggest all were successful. Harriers have made only two successful attacks in 12 nights of flying.

## China accepts high-risk role

## DIPLOMATIC VISIT

BY TERESA POOLE in Peking

CHINA'S PRIME Minister, Zhu Rongji, flies to the United States today, with Peking vehemently opposed to Nato action in Kosovo and criticising interference in Yugoslavia's internal affairs. In the run-up to his departure to California, Mr Zhu warned that military intervention set a "very bad precedent. All internal matters should be left for a country itself to resolve," he said. "If we should refuse to recognise a country's sovereignty, I'm afraid that would lead to a world war."

The mouthpiece of China's army, the *Liberation Daily*, threw its weight behind China's

strongly pro-Serbian coverage of the crisis yesterday. "Nato will soon learn how hard it is to dismount when riding a tiger," it said, "and may compound error upon error until it finally sends in troops."

Media coverage has concentrated on the suffering of the Serbs, blamed Nato for the refugee crisis, and ignored Serb "ethnic cleansing" of the Kosovars. The situation has parallels with China's difficulties over Taiwan and Tibet and possible future US involvement in any

conflict between Peking and Taiwan. China has never relinquished its right to use military force to secure reunification with Taiwan.

China considered cancelling Mr Zhu's trip in protest over Kosovo, but decided to go ahead given the already sour state of Sino-US relations. Even before, ties were mired in acrimony over alleged Chinese nuclear spying, a crackdown on mainland dissidents and the burgeoning trade deficit. Up until recent days, hopes had

been pinned on a breakthrough in negotiations over China's entry into the World Trade Organisation, but last-minute talks failed to secure a deal.

"The US domestic political climate is so hostile right now to China that he is walking into a snakepit," said Professor David Shambaugh, a China specialist at George Washington University. He described Mr Zhu's visit as "high risk. He is going to be dogged by demonstrations across the country and depending on how he answers questions on sensitive issues such as Tibet, human rights, Taiwan, those demonstrations may grow."

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# Hospitals tricked to hire bad doctors



Dr Richard Neale: Hospital decided that suspending him would be too expensive

BY JEREMY LAURANCE  
Health Editor

HOSPITALS ARE ditching poorly performing doctors by giving them misleading references to help them to find other jobs rather than sacking them.

The General Medical Council (GMC) has made the practice a priority for investigation because of the risk to patients. But hospital managers say the system for disposing of bad doctors is so cumbersome they are forced to cut corners to protect their own interests.

In one case a consultant gynaecologist alleged to have carried out scores of botched operations was paid off by a North Yorkshire hospital and given a reference that enabled him to get jobs in Leicester, the Isle of Wight and London where further women were injured.

Richard Neale, who is now in private practice in Leeds, faces legal action for medical negligence and is the subject of a GMC investigation. The GMC is also investigating how the reference came to be written.

Tim Jones, of the NHS Con-



Sheila Wright-Hogeland (left) and Carole Millward at The Friarage Hospital

federation, representing hospital managers, said the problem was not unique. "I know of institutions where doctors have been persuaded that they did not have a future. There are a number of options open to a manager which might seem

preferable to the full rigour of a GMC inquiry."

Managers fear that if they bring a case against an incompetent doctor it could take years, damage morale and carry heavy costs. In a case in South Wales a consultant path-

ologist, Bernard Charnley, accused of poor performance in reading cervical smears, has been suspended on full pay for more than five years. The total costs of the case - including his salary, that of a locum and legal bills - are estimated at more than £1m.

In the Neale case, the Friarage hospital in Northallerton where he worked from 1985-95, decided that rather than suspend him, it would be cheaper to pay him off with £100,000 and give him a reference, which he used to get a job at the Leicester Royal Infirmary.

Several drafts of the reference were made to ensure it was legally watertight and it was signed by Dr Michael Saunders, medical director at the time. It expressed confidence in Mr Neale as a clinician but stated he had had difficulties working at Northallerton, which had led to his departure.

The hospital is unrepentant. Steve Spoerry, director of operations, said: "We feel what we did was largely defensible."

Mr Neale had a chequered history before he arrived at the Friarage. He had already, unknown to those who appointed him, been struck off in Canada after the death of a woman in childbirth in 1981.

Doubts about his performance surfaced in 1993 and the hospital conducted a survey of local GPs and other specialists, but at that time no concerns were raised about his clinical competence.

In 1985, the hospital became

worried about his failure to supervise junior doctors, monitor patients and respond to calls when he was on duty. Mr Spoerry said: "We felt we were dealing with someone who lacked judgement. We had looked into his clinical practice and had not seen cases coming back that caused us concern. But we felt something could happen."

The hospital started disciplinary proceedings but it was made clear by Mr Neale's lawyers that the process could take years. Mr Spoerry said: "Throughout that time he would be paid by us but be on 'garden leave'. While he was suspended it would be difficult to get a permanent replacement so we would face a shortage of consultants. So we offered him a pay-off."

"We decided a package worth two years' pay (£100,000) was well worth doing. We thought we were getting good value for money and were protecting our service."

Mr Spoerry said writing the reference, which Mr Neale had insisted on, was the most difficult aspect. "It formed part of the legal agreement but it went through several drafts. It had to be something that Michael Saunders (then medical director) was willing to sign."

The reference expressed confidence in Mr Neale as a clinician but alluded to "difficulties", which had led to his departure from Northallerton. "It expressed confidence in him but sounded a clear warning note," Mr Spoerry said.

The warning was not picked up by Leicester Royal Infirmary, which took him on as a locum. However, his contract was terminated after an altercation with a porter. When Leicester discovered his background, it complained in the strongest terms to the Friarage that it had been misled.

Mr Neale, whose career was traced in a BBC Panorama programme last month, later worked at St Mary's hospital in the Isle of Wight, and at the private Portland hospital in London. Last summer an "alert" letter about him was circulated to the NHS for the Northern and Yorkshire regional chief executive, Professor Liam Donaldson, now the Government's chief medical officer.

Mr Neale has not worked in the NHS since. He could not be contacted for comment.

## Women hurt by conspiracy of silence

BY JEREMY LAURANCE

until I went to another hospital."

She called the Friarage decision to give Mr Neale a good reference "outrageous". She said: "It meant he could swan off to Leicester, get a job and create havoc there. The women he injured are furious - not just with him but with the system."

Dozens more women claim to have been injured in Leicester, the Isle of Wight and London, where he later worked.

Dr Neale performed an episiotomy on Carole Millward, 41, cutting the vagina to allow her baby's head to emerge. Five days later she needed emergency surgery for a perforated bowel and a temporary colostomy to repair the damage.

"I feel thoroughly disgusted and let down by the authorities who, by actions and inactions, allowed him to devastate so many women's lives," she said.

### IN BRIEF

#### Boy, 2, drowns in Thames

A TWO-YEAR-OLD boy drowned yesterday after falling from a pleasure boat into the River Thames. Police were called to the river bank at Donnington Bridge in Oxford just before midday after the child disappeared from view. Despite a search, he was not found for an hour and it is believed he had become lodged under the boat.

#### Two accused of plot to kill girls

TWO MEN in their forties were remanded in custody at Wolverhampton yesterday, charged with plotting to kill girls aged between two and seven. Paul Elkington, 46, of no fixed abode, and Michael Williams, 49, of Bilston, will appear at a magistrates' court on 13 April.

#### Bruch piece is listeners' favourite

A CONCERTO by the German composer Max Bruch has, for the fourth year running, taken the top spot in a poll to find Britain's favourite piece of classical music. Bruch's Violin Concerto No 1 in G Minor came first in an annual ballot of listeners to the radio station Classic FM.

#### Gang mugs woman for £120

POLICE ARE hunting at least 10 youths who kicked and punched a 49-year-old woman in Coventry on Easter Day. One of the youths, who were armed with golf clubs, took her handbag, which contained £120.



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## LOCKERBIE TRIAL

## A long and painful road to justice

## THE BACKGROUND

NOW COMES the hard bit. The United Nations might have taken more than seven years to persuade the Libyan leader, Colonel Muammar Gaddafi, to hand over the two men accused of the Lockerbie bombing but convictions are still a long way off.

The spotlight will now turn on Britain and the United States to see whether their evidence against the two men will come up to scratch. Some observers think it will not.

There could be nothing more inglorious and embarrassing for the two governments than the presiding judges throwing the case out of court. This is unlikely but not impossible, because the evidence so far presented by the authorities is by no means compelling and Scottish law is particular.

But the trial may not begin for some time. The two Libyans, Abdel Basset Ali al-Megrahi, 47, and al-Amin Khalifa Fhimah, 43, will be held in custody in the former US Air Force base at Camp Zeist in the Netherlands.

By the terms of the unprecedented Anglo-Dutch agreement, until the end of the trial the base has been designated Scottish territory so that Scottish law can prevail.

The three Scottish judges who will hear the case without a jury have not been appointed. The prosecution will be led by the Scottish Lord Advocate, Lord Hardie.

The case centres on events of more than a decade ago. At 1902 hours on 21 December 1988, a New York-bound Boeing 747 designated Pan Am 103 exploded at 31,000ft and crashed on the town of Lockerbie in the Scottish borders, killing 270 people on board and on the ground.

The passengers were mainly American and British. Many were students returning home for Christmas.

Within days, forensic scientists said a bomb had caused the disaster, described as "the most appalling crime since the Second World War".

Who put the bomb there? No one claimed responsibility. A variety of theories quickly emerged: the Iranians did it as revenge for the accidental shooting down of one of their

By PAUL LASHMAR

airliners by the USS Vincennes in July 1988; Palestinian terrorists did it to eliminate a CIA team that had been preparing to rescue Western hostages in Beirut; the Libyans did it as revenge for President Ronald Reagan's bomb attack on Tripoli in 1986.

After a three-year investigation headed by Chief Inspector Watson McAteer from the Dumfries and Galloway police, helped by an FBI team, the finger pointed towards Tripoli. Ch Insp McAteer's detectives had visited 23 countries, collected more than 3,500 photographs and taken more than 15,000 statements.

Forensic scientists believed the bomb was made of 10 to 14 ounces of Semtex explosive hidden in a Toshiba cassette recorder inside a brown Samsonite suitcase.

In November 1991 formal charges were laid. Although Colonel Gaddafi is said to be the eminence grise behind the bombing he has not been charged. The charges are against two "small fry" Libyans who, unfortunately, look as though they could have been to grace an Interpol wanted poster. They are accused of being the agents who planted the bombs on behalf of Libyan intelligence services.

Both had been working as airline officials for Libyan Arab Airlines in Malta.

The prosecution will claim they smuggled a bomb in an unaccompanied suitcase into the international airport's luggage transfer system and they used baggage transfer tags on the suitcase to make sure it was transferred on to Pan Am 103 at Heathrow.

Key evidence against the two men centres on a small fragment of electronic circuit board found in the scattered wreckage of the wreckage. It is said to be part of a timing device sold by a Swiss company, MERO, to Libya in 1985.

Tags on the clothes within the bomb suitcase show they were of Maltese origin and sold in only one shop in Malta. The shop owner was shown a series of photographs of Arab men and is said to have picked out al-Megrahi as the purchaser of the



The Libyan bombing suspect Abdel Basset al-Megrahi (third right in long black coat) arriving at Valkenburg airport in the Netherlands yesterday  
Fred Ernst/Reuters

clothes. But in the intervening seven years doubt has fallen on key elements of the prosecution case. The Maltese authorities and airline do not accept that unidentified luggage left Malta.

The circuit boards were also sold elsewhere, including to the terrorist-supporting Sisi, the malevolent intelligence agency of the former East Ger-

many. The Maltese shopowner's statements show he consistently said the man was older and taller than al-Megrahi.

But in the prosecution's favour, more recent evidence, from a mysterious Libyan defector, seems to confirm Colonel Gaddafi's involvement. The families of the British

victims are well aware of the frailty of the prosecution case. The Reverend John Mosey, who lost his 19-year-old daughter, Helga, said: "Whether the judge throws it out of court at the beginning for there not being enough evidence for a bona fide case or whether they are found guilty, we will have the evidence examined in a

court of law and found out who knew what and why this very preventable disaster was allowed to happen."

Although the families welcome the trial this is not the end of the line for them. The Rev Mosey said the main aim - to hold an independent inquiry - has been blocked by the possibility of criminal trial.

## TIMETABLE

1988  
21 December Bomb explodes on London to New York Pan Am 103 at 31,000ft. All 259 aboard and 11 on ground killed as wreckage crashes on Lockerbie in Scotland

28 December US government offers £250,000 to catch killers

1989  
31 January US government identifies 100 flaws in airport security

1 April Lockerbie victims' committee called UK Families Flight 103 set up

1990  
10 May Pan Am reaches out-of-court settlement with Scottish relatives

1 October A 55-day Fatal Accident Inquiry opens in Dumfries

1991  
16 October US Supreme Court rejects relatives' appeal for punitive damages against Pan Am

14 November Charges announced against Abdel Basset Ali al-Megrahi and al-Amin Khalifa Fhimah

15 November Libya calls for international inquiry, offering to send dispute to neutral authority

1992  
22 January UN Security Council Resolution 731 urges Colonel Gaddafi to comply with extradition of suspects

31 March Security Council Resolution 748 tells Libya to surrender them by 15 April or face world ban on air travel and arms sales, plus diplomatic restrictions

15 April UN embargo takes effect

1993  
8 April Security Council decides to retain sanctions

13 August US, France and Britain threaten to inflict far tougher embargo measures

1 October UN deadline expires for Libya to surrender suspects

2 October Britain, France and US stiffen sanctions

21 December Fifth anniversary of bombing is marked with ceremony in



Washington, services in Westminster Abbey and in Lockerbie churches

1994  
17 February Britain rejects Libyan offer of trial in Muslim court anywhere

1995  
23 March FBI offers £2.7m for information aiding arrest of suspects

November Families secure out-of-court settlements from Pan Am insurers

1996  
April Suspects willing to be tried under Scottish law in neutral location, says their Libyan lawyer

1997  
July German police probe claims by former Iranian spy that late Ayatollah Khomeini ordered bombing in revenge for downing of Iran Air plane

10 July UN sanctions crumbling, many countries said to be allowing flights to Libya

October Victim's father Jim Swire meets the South African President, Nelson Mandela

25 October Mr Mandela urges compromise at Commonwealth conference in Edinburgh, asking Britain and US to accept trial in neutral state

28 October Tony Blair says men should stand trial in Scotland

1998  
20 April Jim Swire (right) travels to Libya with a law expert, Professor Black, to broker terms of trial

24 August Britain and US say trial can be held in neutral country. Colonel Gaddafi agrees in principle

1999  
19 March Mr Mandela persuades Colonel Gaddafi to handover by 6 April

5 April Suspects handed over in Tripoli and arrive in the Netherlands

## Former air base fortified for a marathon hearing

By KATHERINE BUTLER  
in Camp Zeist, the Netherlands

## SECURITY

ARABIC SYMBOLS indicating which way to turn to face Mecca for prayers have been painted on the walls of the two cells in the Netherlands where Abdel Basset Ali al-Megrahi and al-Amin Khalifa Fhimah will spend months, possibly years.

After a decade of political and diplomatic wrangling the two Libyans accused of planting the suitcase bomb that exploded over Lockerbie, killing 270 people, are being brought to justice under Scottish law.

The extent of practical preparations for the unprecedented trial - under Scottish jurisdiction but on foreign territory - are an indication of how long those involved believe the process could take. Some estimates suggest two years.

Months have gone into preparing Camp Zeist, a former US air base six miles from Utrecht in the central Nether-

lands. Under the deal with Libya the suspects will be incarcerated for the duration of the trial in a bomb-proof cell complex beneath the former base's hospital. Accommodation is spartan but adequate, Scottish Office sources said.

Defence and prosecution teams, dozens of witnesses, more than 100 Scottish police and prison officers, victims' families and the press will also occupy the converted buildings once the trial starts.

Behind 10ft perimeter fences and amid unprecedented security the Libyans will be tried by three Scottish High Court judges but no jury. It was considered impossible to find a 15-person jury not prejudiced by reporting of the bombing and the West's perception of the Gaddafi regime. The logistics of keeping a Scottish jury in the Netherlands for the duration of the trial was a factor.

Through the bars of the gates at the camp entrance, Scottish policemen involved in the Lockerbie investigation could be seen jogging.

The Royal Dutch Air Force Museum, Camp Zeist's only occupant since 1991, was closed to visitors over the weekend but reopened yesterday.

The trial arrangements and conditions are unusual: the men will be tried as if this were Scotland. Dutch involvement once the men have been handed over will be limited to patrolling outside the camp.

Attention is being paid to the religious and dietary needs of the suspects, in accordance with the deal. Dutch contract caterers have been hired to provide meals prepared to halal requirements.

Away from the cells, Dutch builders are working to make a court house from an abandoned schoolroom formerly

used by US Air Force children. After the initial arraignment the courtroom will not be required for months. Under Scottish law the trial has to take place within three and a half months of the suspects being charged and remanded but this can and probably will be extended.

Forty-eight hand-picked Scottish prison officers will guard the men, each working in shifts, spending a fortnight of each month in the Netherlands. Sleeping areas and kitchens have been set up and the base's large gym has been turned into a media centre.

In the nearby town of Soesterberg (population 6,000) there seemed little apprehension about the media and security influx. Some residents gathered at the gates in anticipation of the arrival of the suspects. Zeist's mayor, Rudolph Boekhoven, said he was not proud to be hosting the trial but added: "A trial like this has to take place somewhere and Zeist can do it."

## The men who stand accused

By PAUL LASHMAR

## THE SUSPECTS

THE LIBYANS Abdel Basset Ali al-Megrahi and al-Amin Khalifa Fhimah have lived with the allegation of being mass murderers since being formally accused of the Lockerbie bombing by both the US and Britain on 14 November 1991. Both are accused of conspiring to destroy, and destroying, a US civil aircraft, and related offences. Both men deny the charges.

Fhimah is described as a former airline station manager for the Libyan Arab Airlines, but the Scottish police allege that it is a cover for his real occupation as a Libyan intelligence officer.

Born on 4 April 1956, in Suk Giuma, Libya, he is short and stocky with black hair and a brown moustache. He speaks



Abdel Basset Ali al-Megrahi



al-Amin Khalifa Fhimah

English and is said to have three Libyan passports, and to have used several aliases.

In November 1991, Fhimah told Radio Monte Carlo that he had worked for Libyan Arab

Airlines in Malta. The suspects are alleged to have run a phoney business on the island as a cover for their intelligence activities - and planting the bomb on Pan Am 103.

Fhimah insists he is a peace-loving, married man with five children, and is "neither an intelligence man nor a politician". Al-Megrahi is said to be a former chief of airline security for Libyan Arab Airlines. But the Scottish police will allege that this is a cover, and that Al-Megrahi is a Libyan intelligence officer.

Born in the Libyan capital, Tripoli, on 1 April 1952, al-Megrahi speaks English - which he learnt in the US where he studied in the 1970s. He is married, and is said to possess at least four Libyan passports and to have used up to nine aliases.

In an interview with an ABC News reporter in December 1991, al-Megrahi said: "You judge me falsely. I'm a quiet man. I never had any problem with anybody. My life is clean."

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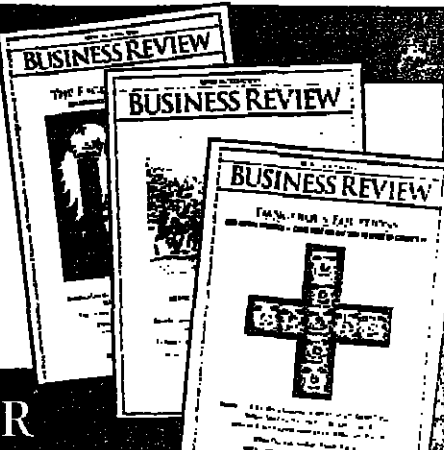
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1995  
13 March  
November  
1996  
April  
1997  
July  
October  
5 October  
1998  
4 August  
1999  
9 March

TOMORROW WITH THE INDEPENDENT

# BUSINESS REVIEW

MAKE A SOUND INVESTMENT. EVERY WEDNESDAY

WITH HAMISH MCRAE, DIANE COYLE, DEREK PAIN, JO DAVIS AND THE TRADER



## Savers rush to buy, but they can't tell PEP from an ISA

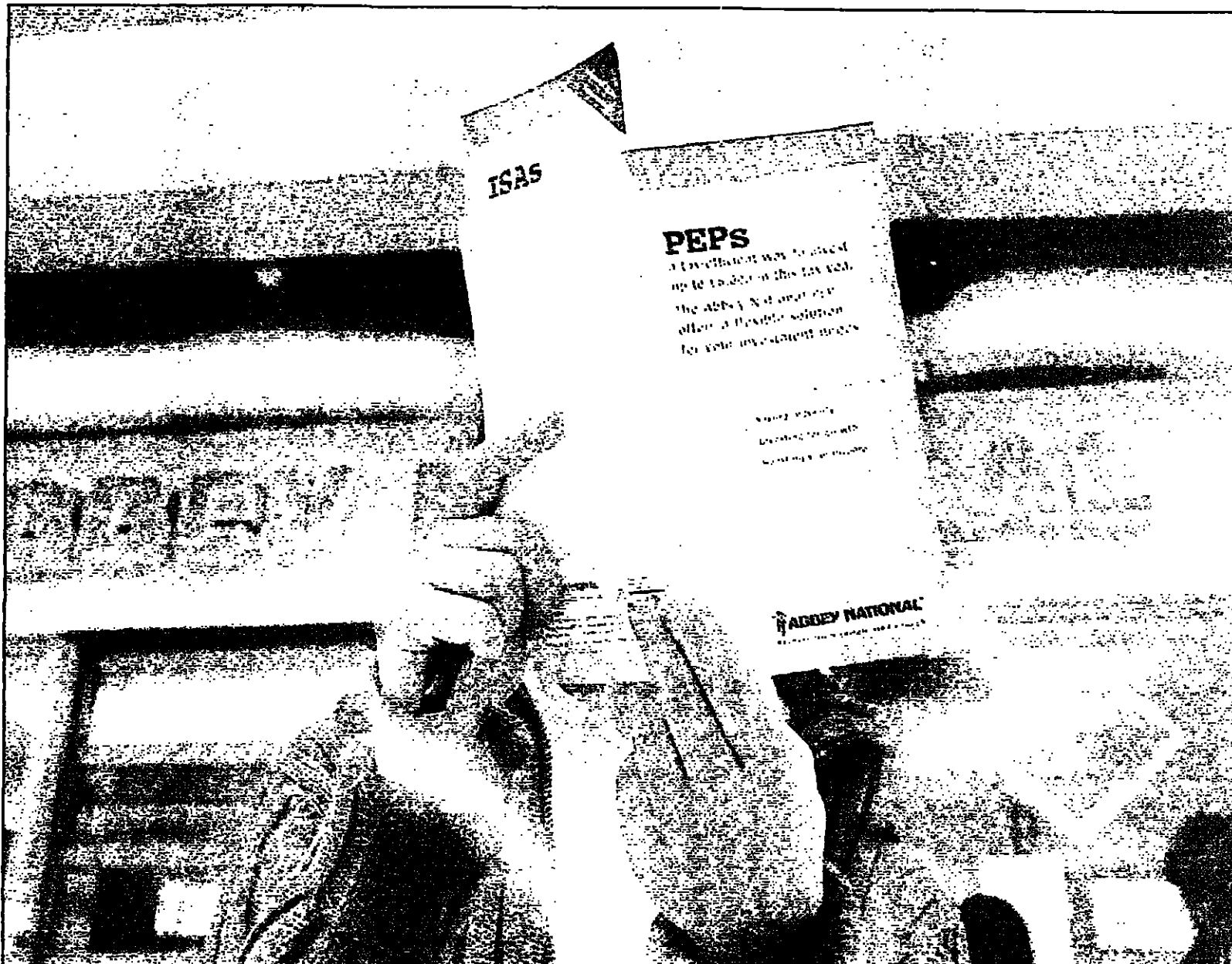
IF IGNORANCE is truly bliss, then customers who beat a path to the Abbey National branch at Brent Cross shopping centre in north London yesterday must have been in a state of unalloyed ecstasy. For those people who missed the barrage of publicity over the weekend, yesterday was the final opportunity to buy PEPs and Tessas, the tax-exempt personal equity plans and special savings accounts. From today, they will be replaced by a new financial product, the ISA, or Individual Savings Account. So, rather than visit Alton Towers or stock up on seedlings at the garden centre, many people decided to spend their bank holiday Monday queuing up at those branches of banks and building societies that opened to deal with the last minute stampede. Presumably, these customers had thought long and hard before making the decision to plough their money into a PEP or a Tessa. No doubt they were well acquainted with the relative merits of these two savings vehicles, compared with those of the new ISA. And

BY KATHY MARKS  
It went without saying, surely, that they certainly knew what all these cursed initials really stood for. There was a long pause as Simon Levy, 42, scratched his head, rolled his eyes and awaited inspiration. Mr Levy was about to buy himself a new PEP at the Abbey National, but appeared more than a little hazy about its newly announced rival, the ISA. "It stands for, let me see, Investment Wotsit Account, doesn't it? Or is it Independent something or other?"

### (SO WHAT IS AN ISA?)

THE ISA, which replaces the PEP and the Tessa from today, stands for Individual Savings Account. It is a new tax-free vehicle that combines cash savings with investment in stocks and shares. The total amount that can be placed in an ISA in the first year is £7,000.

Mr Levy was not alone in his uncertainty. Only a tiny handful of Abbey National Customers at Brent Cross knew the meaning of all three acronyms. "It's like wading through alphabet soup," said a harassed-looking woman, queuing with two small children. The ISA was heralded by Gordon Brown, the Chancellor, in his Budget speech as the answer to every small investor's prayers. Yet few people yesterday could say with confidence exactly how it works. "It's like a PEP only different," said one. "Isn't it a new type of savings scheme?" asked a potential investor. "Haven't a clue," replied another. They had no more than a glimmer of a notion, either, of the amount of money that can be invested in the first year of an ISA. "Is it £18,000?" suggested one over-optimistic young woman. Abbey National, whose financial advisers were working flat out yesterday, had gone to great lengths to fill in the gaps in customers' knowledge. Leaflets explaining the different options were spread liberally over a table at the entrance



At the Abbey National in Brent Cross, investors seemed baffled by the products, and even what the names meant

Andrew Buurman

to the branch, while the walls were festooned with posters that seemed designed to whip customers into a frenzy of financial activity. "The countdown has begun... it's the last day!" they proclaimed with a real sense of urgency. Maureen Bell, customer ser-

vice manager at Brent Cross, acknowledged that the enthusiasm of would-be savers and investors was not matched by an understanding of the fine print, or even in some cases the details printed in rather larger type. "A high percentage of people who want to buy these

products don't know what they are," she said. That could be because they had left it to the very last minute. "I'd meant to buy a Tessa, but I forgot," explained Dora Holdsworth, examining one of the building society's information leaflets. "Then I

heard a report on the radio this morning, and realised it was now or never." Judging from the response of customers yesterday, Gordon Brown has still got a long way to go before the British public opens its heart and wallet to the ISA. Of all three options, it was

the one about which least was known. And among ordinary shoppers at Brent Cross, the mere mention of it provoked bewilderment and startled looks. "ISA, never heard of it," said one woman laden with carrier bags. "What is it, some kind of ice-making machine?"

## 'Stonehenge-on-Sea' may be saved for the nation

BY MICHAEL MCCARTHY  
Environment Correspondent

THE MYSTERIOUS "Stonehenge from the Sea" found in Norfolk may be saved. A plan to preserve the circle of oaks with an upside-down tree in its centre, thought to have been a shrine, will be discussed by English Heritage, the Government's archaeological advisory body. It may decide to remove the timbers from the shore at Holme next the Sea, near Hunstanton, treat them and reassemble them elsewhere. The matter is urgent, because erosion of the coastline, which uncovered the tree circle, is threatening to destroy it. Carbon dating at Queen's University, Belfast confirmed it is 4,000 years old, dating from the early Bronze Age. The site is thus contemporaneous with the late phase of Stonehenge. "At the moment we place, with



How 'The Independent' broke the story

95 per cent confidence, the cutting down of the trees that make it at between 2202 and 2036BC," said Gerry McCormac, director of the School of Archaeology and Palaeoecology. More work may produce a precise date. The tree circle is almost certainly a ritual site, and was perhaps used for excarnation - the practice of exposing bodies so that the flesh rotted more quickly and the spirit was thus speeded on its way. It was originally on dry land.

It is regarded as one of the most remarkable British archaeological finds of the past century. But the initial reaction of English Heritage was that it should merely be recorded and not preserved. Protests by figures in the archaeological establishment who consider the site of immense importance, and the confirmation of its date, brought a change of mind. A full meeting of English Heritage commissioners a week tomorrow, under the

chairman, Sir Jocelyn Stevens, will discuss plans to save the circle by removing it from the shoreline. "They will be looking at a range of options, including preservation," said John Birchall, of Norfolk County Council, which is responsible for the site. "In broad terms they can just leave it on the site, try and preserve it on the site by covering it, or preserve it elsewhere. But trying to preserve it being swept away by the sea ultimately is impossible." More than 5,000 people have visited the site since its existence was disclosed in January. Mr Birchall said. The number of visitors is causing concern. "The peat in which the trees have been preserved is eroding faster than it would naturally do because of visitors, and breeding birds in the nature reserve along the shoreline are being disturbed," he said. "We would ask people to stay away."

## Elusive 'alligator' is an imitator Couple rescued from sea crash

A COUNTRY park may have unwittingly stumbled upon a novel way of pulling in the crowds thanks to a rare North American salamander. Last week the watersports lake at the Sandwell Valley country park in the West Midlands was closed as experts set out to snare a 3ft-long creature spotted by anglers. Wildlife rangers now believe, despite earlier speculation that they were on the trail of an alligator, that their quarry could be a salamander, a cold water lizard from the Appalachian mountains in North America. The park's senior countryside ranger, Ray Crouch, who has led the search, said: "It hasn't been sighted for a couple

of days now but we have come to the conclusion that it is a North American salamander, exotically known as a 'hell bender', which is endangered in the wild and could have arrived in this country via the pet trade." The sightings led to a number of people trying to capture the creature. A rescue boat attendant, Ricky Downes, said: "At about 1am on Thursday we had about 30 people down here with torches, pikes and nets trying to catch the thing. We also had some guy who said he was an ambassador or diplomat who offered to catch it, saying he had caught several alligators in his home country."

A WEALTHY art dealer and his pregnant wife were pulled from the sea yesterday 90 minutes after their helicopter crashed in dense fog. Paul Burgess, 37, and his wife Lisa, 27, were flying home from Teignmouth, Devon, to Denham, Buckinghamshire, in a Jet Ranger helicopter when they lost contact with radar crew on the ground shortly before noon. Their last known position was two miles south of Lyme Bay, Dorset, and a search was immediately launched by Portland coastguard. The crews of two local fishing vessels - described by the coastguard spokesman as "absolutely wonderful" - also re-

sponded to the mayday alert. One of the fishing crews found the couple in the water less than a mile south of Charmouth, Dorset. A lifeboat took them to Lyme Regis. Both were suffering from hypothermia and shock after spending one and a half hours in the water at temperatures of less than 9C. Last night they were recovering at Dorset County Hospital, Dorchester, but were expected to be released soon. The helicopter has been removed from the water and is under police guard. There are believed to have been a number of paintings on board, some of which were lost in the sea.

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# Apprentice Boys march in peace

LEADERS of the Apprentice Boys' movement offered to enter direct talks yesterday with nationalists opposed to marches through the area around the Lower Ormeau Road in Belfast.

As police stopped another parade crossing the River Lagan due to fears of sectarian violence in the district, the leadership said it was prepared to have face-to-face negotiations with representatives of the Catholic community.

Tommy Cheevers, of the Ballynareigh branch of the Walker Club of the Apprentice Boys of Derry, whose members were stopped by the RUC on the Ormeau Bridge yesterday, said: "I'm ready to meet with them directly."

Members of other loyalist orders have refused meetings with nationalist residents' groups because of alleged links with republicans.

Yesterday's parade, which

BY DERIC HENDERSON

signalled the start of the loyalist marching season, passed off without any trouble. Even though the Apprentice Boys claimed their offer had been turned down, their request for direct talks chaired by an independent mediator represents a significant shift.

Mr Cheevers, once a member of the Northern Ireland Parades Commission, said: "We are trying to bring about change in our country. We need more tolerance and a better understanding of each other."

"We are ready to address the concerns of these people, but here they are running away from dialogue."

Up to 3,000 parades are due to be held in Northern Ireland this year. Most will be trouble-free but there is increasing public alarm over the potential for sectarian violence, especially in Drumcree.

With the peace process already under pressure, politicians on all sides fear that failure to resolve the critical issue of disputed parades could have an enormous impact on the communities this summer.

Gerard Rice of the Lower Ormeau residents claimed the Apprentice Boys' offer of talks was not serious. He said: "The only way we are going to solve this is by a process of conflict resolution. We were hoping to start later this year, but it would seem from this stunt today that people are just out to wreck what process we were hoping to build."

"I will speak with the Apprentice Boys in five minutes, but talks alone will not resolve the marching issue. They would help, but when are people going to show respect for this community?"

"We will not accept sectarian and triumphalist parades coming through."



The Apprentice Boys Walker Club being diverted from its traditional route down the Lower Ormeau Road yesterday

Alan Lewis

## Teachers threaten strikes on closures

THE BIGGEST teachers' union threatened strikes to stop the Government closing failing schools and sacking the staff.

Delegates at the National Union of Teachers' (NUT) annual conference voted for local strikes yesterday, days after David Blunkett, the Secretary of State for Education, told them his "fresh start" policy was working. The union is already poised to vote on a strike against the imposition of performance-related pay.

The Brighton conference heard that hundreds of teachers in inner-city schools were being made redundant by closures. Delegates accused the Government and local education authorities of scapegoating teachers grappling with difficulties in some of the poorest parts of the country.

Under the "fresh-start" policy, schools that failed their inspection are given two years to improve. If they do not they are closed and reopened with a new name and many new staff.

Kevin Doherty, a teacher made redundant from George Orwell School in north London, which will reopen as an arts and media college in September, said many of his former pupils believe they were failures. "They come up to you and say, 'the school is closing. We are failures aren't we?'"

Doug McAvoy, the NUT general secretary, said teachers should be paid extra to stay in failing schools and turn them round. Andrew Swainston, from Lambeth, in south London, a teacher at Lillian Baylis School, one of 18 schools "named and shamed" when the Government first took office, said: "I speak in defence of hundreds of schools and thousands of teachers who have been pilloried and maligned despite the fact that they are working in the worst

BY JUDITH JUDD  
Education Editor

conditions imaginable. Injury to one is injury to all." His school was given a clean bill of health and hailed as one of the fastest-improving in the country but was still being "restructured." Five years ago there had been 40 black staff; by August this year there will be none.

Martin Powell-Davies, from Lewisham, south-east London, said 31 teachers at Hatcham Wood School faced dismissal. "The line is get rid of the staff and bring in new ones ... it is rubbish, very dangerous rubbish. Dangerous for pupils, who face growing uncertainty and dangerous for staff, who face losing their jobs."

Martin Reed, of the NUT executive, said: "The 'fresh-start' culture has nothing to do with improvement ... It has everything to do with shattered morale, fear and distrust."

Anne Antonio said only three out of 43 teachers at Marina High School, Brighton, where two-thirds of pupils have learning difficulties, had been guaranteed their jobs under plans to close and reopen it. Yet a month ago an inspector said one new teacher's lesson was flawless. "Is this the sort of teacher we want to make redundant because of this scapegoating exercise?" she said.

The leader of the second-biggest teaching union appealed to ministers to negotiate and avert conflict over performance-related pay.

Bill Morley, incoming president of the National Association of Schoolmasters Union of Women Teachers, told its conference compromise was essential to avert the sort of confrontation that followed introduction of national curriculum tests in the early Nineties.

## UK leads blitz on green crime

CRIMINAL GANGS who smuggle endangered species are to be the subject of a British-led drive to stamp out the trade.

Police and prosecutors in impoverished countries in the Caribbean and the Commonwealth will receive specialised training in environmental and criminal law to capture the traffickers.

The European Union project, which has been spearheaded by the Department of the Environment, Transport and the Regions, is aimed specifically at frontline enforcement officers in developing nations.

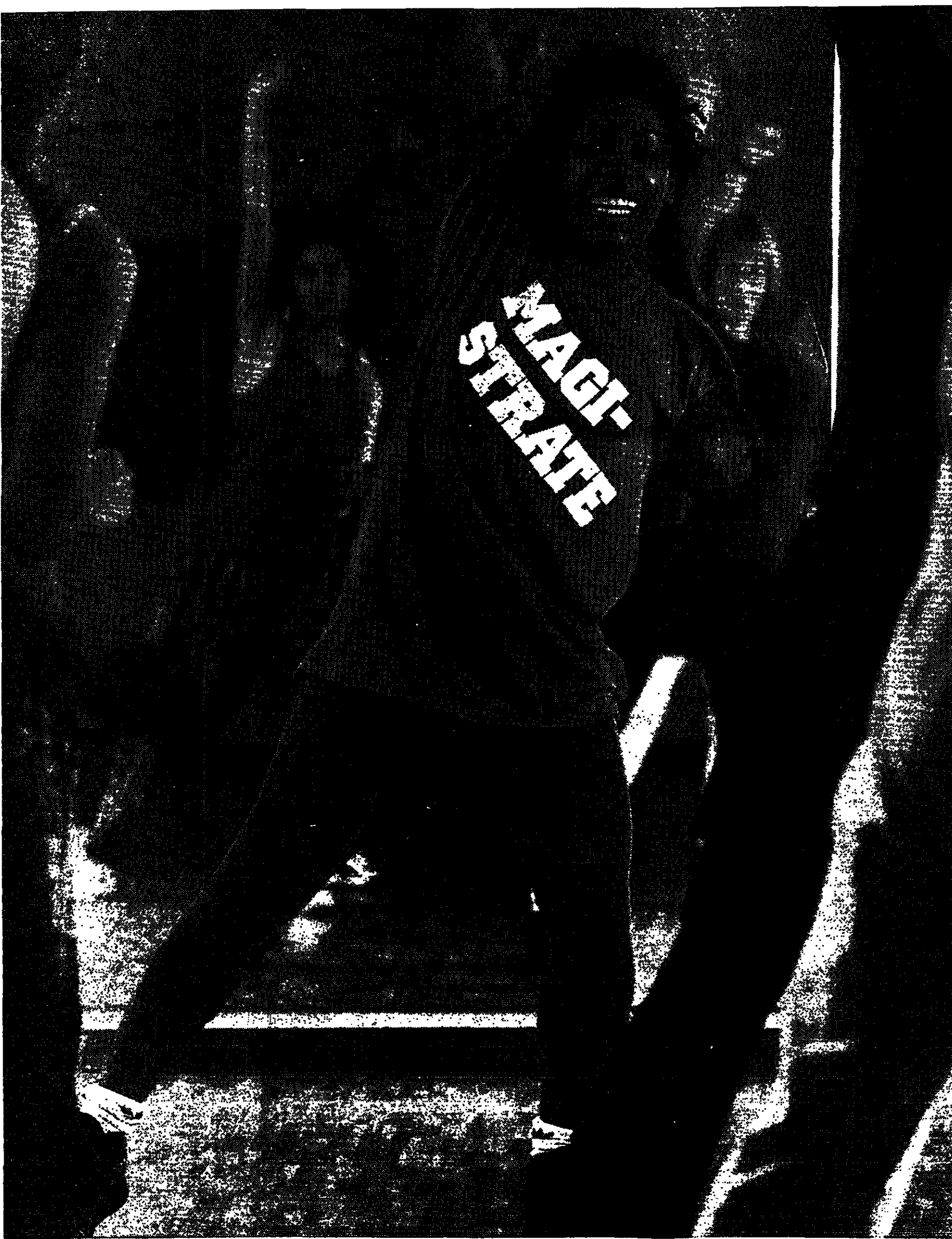
The programme aims to tackle not only the smuggling of rare species of tigers, birds and parrots, but also the illegal movement of environmentally damaging chemicals such as

BY PAUL WAUGH  
Political Correspondent

Chlorofluorocarbons (CFCs). Michael Meacher, the Environment minister, has succeeded in persuading his EU counterparts to back the project's two main initiatives and spread Britain's pioneering approach on the issue.

One will give financial aid to workshops with developing countries and another is aimed at sharing information on organised crime gangs that has been gathered by a specialist unit of the G8 group of industrialised nations.

Mr Meacher said the Lyon Group, a body of experts on trans-national organised crime, would begin a programme of co-ordination.



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# Blair may pick Goodlad for EU post

**THE FORMER** Tory minister Sir Alastair Goodlad may be nominated by Tony Blair as Britain's new European Commissioner. The Prime Minister will agree the names of the nominees for the posts when he meets Romano Prodi, the president-designate of the European Commission on 14 April. Downing Street sources confirmed.

The mass resignation of the Commission in response to allegations of fraud and mis-

**BY COLIN BROWN**  
Chief Political Correspondent

management has accelerated the need to agree a new team under Mr Prodi.

The need for urgent reappointments could rule out Chris Patten, the former governor of Hong Kong who will be committed to chairing the commission on the future of the Royal Ulster Constabulary until the summer.

There are strong, though unconfirmed reports at Westminster, that Mr Blair has agreed to accept Sir Alastair, who was nominated by William Hague, the Conservative leader.

But Ian Taylor, a former minister with expertise in information technology, is a strong late contender.

Neil Kinnock, the Labour transport commissioner, will have his term renewed, but under new rules. Mr Prodi has more power over the selection of his new Commission team and although he is expected to accept Mr Blair's nominations, he can negotiate to ensure they are the right choice for the portfolios he has in mind.

In a break with the past, Mr Prodi is expected to list candidates from Mr Blair and other leaders, rather than two firm nominations.

Downing Street sources confirmed that it was likely the choice would be made at the meeting with Mr Prodi on 14 April. Mr Prodi, who was selected at the Berlin summit and must be endorsed by the European Parliament, wants the commissioners to be in place the summer, although their term of office formally starts in December.

There is growing criticism among some pro-euro MPs at the failure of the Britain in Europe campaign by Lord Marshall of Knightsbridge, the president of British Airways, to make more impact against the anti-euro campaign. Business for Sterling, One pro-euro MP said: "There are a lot of tensions within the pro-euro campaign. It's really got off to a pretty chaotic start and at this rate, it could wreck the chances of holding a referendum."

The anti-euro campaigners claim their opponents' campaign was stalled by the launch coinciding with the call by the former German finance minister, Oskar Lafontaine, for tax harmonisation across Europe.

The appointment of Judith Mayhew from the London Corporation to the board of the pro-euro campaign was aborted after protests over its neutrality being undermined.

Pro-euro MPs said the Britain in Europe campaign for the single currency had been badly handled, but one supporter at Westminster said: "It's not going anywhere but it doesn't matter."

"We are keeping our powder dry until after the European elections are over. Then we will begin."

There is an uneasy truce among pro-euro Tory MPs, led by Kenneth Clarke and Michael Heseltine, until after the elections on 10 June.

"If William Hague tightens up the euro position, some of us will come out fighting," said a senior Tory. "We have said to him, 'Just keep your mouth shut.' If Hague decides to make it an election issue, there will be a split in the party."

## Liverpool waterfront is ranked with the Taj Mahal

**LIVERPOOL'S WATERFRONT**, the New Forest and parts of the Paddington to Bristol railway line are among 25 places in the UK nominated today for World Heritage Status.

If they join the United Nations list, the sites will rank alongside such places as the Great Wall of China, the Grand Canyon and the Taj Mahal.

Chris Smith, the Secretary of State for Culture, Media and Sport, announced the final list of British nominations, which will be considered by the United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organisation (Unesco) over the next five to 10 years.

Two of the 25 sites will be formally nominated this year - the Blaenavon Industrial landscape in South Wales, and the town of St George in Bermuda. The Dorset and East Devon Coast and New Lanark, south Lanarkshire, will be nominated in 2000.

Mr Smith said last August that Britain's industrial, cultural and scientific influence on the world was inadequately represented, and it is hoped that the final list of proposals will rectify that gap. The Cornish Mining Industry, the Forth Rail Bridge and the Chatham Naval Base in Kent are also on the list.

The World Heritage Convention was adopted by Unesco in 1972, and has been ratified by 147 states.

The first UK list was submitted in 1986 and there are now 17 British sites accorded heritage status, including

**BY KATE WATSON-SMYTH**

Stonehenge, the City of Bath, Durham Cathedral and Castle, and Hadrian's Wall.

World Heritage status means the Government is answerable to the international community for ensuring that the sites are maintained to high standards.

Maria Giot, the publicity officer for the 19th-century village of Saltaire, near Bradford, which is also on the list, said she was delighted. "We have worked so hard for this and it is really deserved," she said.

Saltaire, on the banks of the River Aire and distinguished by cobbled streets, almshouses and period-piece public buildings, was established by the mill owner Sir Titus Salt in 1853. It receives nearly a million visitors a year.

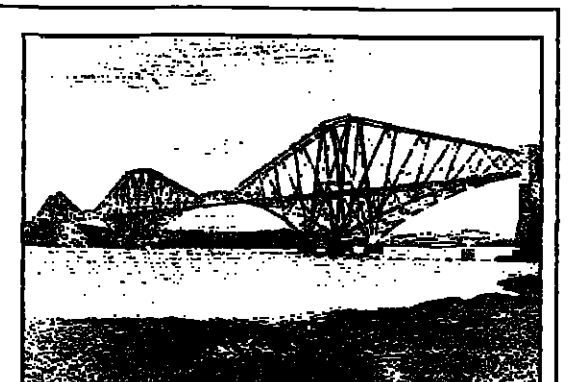
But a spokesman for British Waterways, which had hoped that the 200-year-old canal system would be nominated, said it was disappointed by the decision. "Half the population of Britain lives within five miles of our historic canal network and, of all heritage structures, few have had - or continue to have - such a huge impact in shaping a country's landscapes and communities."

"We hope it is only a matter of time before Britain's canals are given the international recognition they deserve."

Mr Smith said that places which had not made the final list may be nominated when the list was up for review in five years' time.



Liverpool, one of the great ports of the 19th century, from where Europeans set sail for the New World. *Brian Harris*



The Forth Rail Bridge near Edinburgh, which was completed in 1890.



Blaenavon, South Wales, with its finely preserved ironworks. *Huan Evans*



Mount Stewart Gardens in Northern Ireland, boyhood home of Lord Castlereagh.

BRITAIN'S NOMINATIONS FOR WORLD HERITAGE STATUS			
<b>ENGLAND</b> Chatham Naval Base, Kent Best-preserved of Britain's 18th-century dockyards. Cornish mining industry The birthplace of modern deep-mining techniques. Darwin's home and workplace Down House and environs near Downe village, Kent. Derwent Valley, Derbyshire An important centre during the industrial revolution. Dorset and east Devon coast A sequence of sedimentary	rocks formed over 180 million years. Royal Botanic Gardens, Kew The world's most famous centre for botany. Lake District, Cumbria Spectacular landscape of hills, valleys and lakes, with strong literary associations. Liverpool commercial centre and waterfront The greatest European port of the 19th century. Ancoats, Castlefield and Worsley (Manchester and Salford) The Bridgewater Canal in	1765 and the Liverpool to Manchester Railway in 1830. Monkwearmouth and Jarrow monastic sites Two monasteries in the North-east both built in the 7th century. New Forest, Hampshire A beautiful cultural landscape. Paddington/Bristol Railway (selected parts) Built by Isambard Kingdom Brunel in the 1840s. Saltaire, West Yorkshire Mill and associated settlement buildings.	<b>Shakespeare's Stratford</b> Now home to the Royal Shakespeare Theatre and the Swan Theatre. <b>The Wash and north Norfolk coast</b> This large expanse of water is known for its bird life and unique flora. <b>SCOTLAND</b> The Cairngorms, the Highlands Home to the UK's only herd of free ranging reindeer. <b>The Flow Country</b> In Caithness. The largest "blanket bog" in Europe.
<b>FORTH RAIL BRIDGE, CITY OF EDINBURGH AND FIFE</b> Completed in 1890, over the Firth of Forth. <b>New Lanark, South Lanarkshire</b> A 19th-century village and factory.	<b>WALES</b> Blaenavon industrial landscape, Torfaen The 18th-century ironworks is excellently preserved. Pontcysyllte Aqueduct, Wrexham Built by Thomas Telford in 1805.	<b>NORTHERN IRELAND</b> Mount Stewart, County Down Home of the 19th-century statesman Lord Castlereagh.	<b>OVERSEAS</b> Agullia, Fountain Cavern, West Indies A rare site with classic wall carvings. Town of St George, Bermuda The first English planned town outside Europe. Gibraltar fortress One of the great fortresses of the world.

## Once in a blue moon legend proves to be pie in the sky

**BY STEVE CONNOR**  
Science Editor

**THE FOLKLORE** legend which says that a blue moon is when two full moons occur in the same calendar month derives from an error made more than 50 years ago by an American astronomer.

New research into the origins of the phrase "once in a blue moon" has discredited the popular notion that it stems from the relatively rare occasion when a month has two full moons. Historians have traced sayings that include references to a blue moon for more than 400 years but its more modern meaning - two full moons in a month - has become common only over the past 20 years.

Although many people assumed this must have referred to centuries-old observations concerning the rarity of two full moons in a month, the earliest record of this usage dates back only to 1946, when it appeared in an issue of *Sky & Telescope* magazine. The author of the piece, J. H. P. Pruett, an astronomer from Oregon, cited a 1937 edition of the *Maine Farmers' Almanac* that discussed blue moons. However, an investigation by Roger Sinnott, the current editor of *Sky & Telescope*, and Donald Olsen, a

second full moon of the month. "Several clues in the almanacs pointed to a strong connection between blue moons and the seasons of the year, which normally have three full moons each," Mr Sinnott said.

They determined that the meaning of "blue moon" was a reference to the third full moon in a season when there were four, but only if you mark the beginning of the seasons using an outmoded rule based on the dates of Easter and Lent.

Mr Sinnott said that until now nobody had realised that Mr Pruett had misinterpreted the *Maine Almanac* and that his description had developed into a legend that had been repeated many times over the past 52 years.

Mr Pruett's definition of a blue moon became so popular, in fact, that it even surfaced in the game of Trivial Pursuit in the Eighties, where the myth has been repeated many times in family gatherings.

Texas physicist and authority on almanacs, revealed that there was no mention of a second full moon of the month in the *Maine Farmers' Almanac*.

They scoured more than 40 editions of the almanac and while they found plenty of blue moons, not one of them was the



Blue moons are not all they appear to be. *Reuters*

## Companies plan a 400-berth space hotel for astrotourists

**BY CHARLES ARTHUR**  
Technology Editor

IF THE Easter holidays have seemed too Earthbound, a conference is offering a proposal that may seem too good to miss: holidays in space.

Though the facilities may not be ready yet - in fact, probably not for another 15 years - a growing number of private investors in the United States, Europe and Japan believe that there will be a real demand and a realistic price for taking spacebreaks by 2025.

"The market will be there, and it will grow, not unlike the market for transatlantic flights in the 1920s and 1930s," said Dr William Gaubatz, who will be one of the speakers at the *Spaceships for Tourists* conference in Bremen, Germany. "It's easy to forget with modern travel that in those days there were very few passengers and prices tended to be high."

Michael Heaney, chairman of the Space Frontier Foundation of New York, agrees: "Access to space will become routine and much cheaper," he said. "Think

of it as being like going on a cruise, except that you're in zero gravity and you'll have the prettiest view imaginable." Certainly the first British astronaut, Helen Sharman, agreed on her return from the Mir space station that the colours of the Earth seen from space were "more intense than anything I've ever seen. Photographs can't reproduce it."

The would-be tour companies got a fillip from the US space agency Nasa two years ago, when its managers declared that future visits to space stations should be based on the cruise-line industry. Last September, an American consortium unveiled a \$5bn (£3m) plan to turn "space junk" - the tanks from Space Shuttles - into a 400-place orbiting hotel.

Mr Heaney believes there have already been a couple of "space tourists" in the form of astronauts whose presence

was more symbolic than useful, and cites the trip by the US Senator John Glenn, one of the original Apollo astronauts who went up again in the Space Shuttle last year, aged 77. "That was essentially tourism," Mr Heaney said. "I think there have been astronauts on Mir who were really tourists."

The principal obstacle at present is the cost of building the rockets to take tourists aloft, and facilities for them to stay in. Getting a pound of "payload" into orbit with the Space Shuttle costs about \$10,000 (£6,250), so that a human with a spacesuit and up to 400lb of water and equipment pushes up the cost to roughly \$4m (£2.5m) per person.

"But we should be able to get that down to, say, \$400,000 (£250,000) per ticket," said Mr Heaney. Even at that price, a survey in Japan recently found, thousands of people would be prepared to save up for the experience.

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CATEGORY	NO. OF WINNERS	AMOUNT FOR EACH WINNER	TOTAL EACH TIER
Match 6 (Jackpot)	1	£6,775,713	£6,775,713
Match 5 plus bonus ball	31	£67,252	£2,084,812
Match 5	936	£1,302	£1,218,912
Match 4	59,659	£48	£2,862,632
Match 3	1,128,646	£10	£11,286,460
TOTALS	1,189,273		£24,315,529
Total Sales including Instant and Wednesday Draw: £93,573,836			
Total week's contribution to Good Causes: £25,200,000.			
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# East Timor moves closer to civil war

THE OCCUPIED territory of East Timor moved a step closer to civil war last night as the guerrilla leader Xanana Gusmao warned of a "bloodbath" after a deadly battle between independence activists and supporters of the Indonesian government.

In a bitterly worded statement issued in Jakarta, where he is held under house arrest by the Indonesian government, Mr Gusmao denounced the "complicity of the international community and promised

BY RICHARD LLOYD PARRY  
in Jakarta

the renewal of the armed struggle by the East Timorese guerrilla army, Falintil.

"I am compelled to authorise the Falintil guerrillas to take all necessary action... against the unprovoked and murderous attacks of armed civilian groups and Abri [Indonesian armed forces]," he said. "I also authorise the population to undertake a general popular insurrection against the armed militia

groups who have been killing the population with impunity under the indifferent eye of the international community.

"I know that the East Timorese people will suffer another bloodbath, but I also know that we have no other alternative because it is our homeland and the right to it is ours. And we are prepared to make all the necessary sacrifices."

The announcement came after a day of fighting between hundreds of pro-Indonesian militia men and activists sup-

porting independence. Estimates of the number of casualties ranged between two and 17 killed, with some seven seriously injured by gunfire, and dozens of others wounded with machetes and arrows.

Western diplomats in Jakarta and local journalists reported that refugees, some wounded, were fleeing to the Timorese capital, Dili, after the worst confrontation since Indonesia's January announcement that it was prepared to let go of the former Portuguese territory.

The violence broke out on the road between the towns of Maubara and Liquica on the west side of East Timor. Ever since the Indonesian announcement, unrest has been growing among the minority of East Timorese who favour continuing integration with Indonesia. Yesterday's battle involved independence campaigners in Liquica and a pro-Jakarta militia group, known as the Red and White, after the colours of the Indonesian flag. Twenty-three years after a

brutal invasion, which led to the deaths of some 200,000 people, East Timor finds itself closer than ever to independence, but formidable obstacles remain. Talks in the United Nations between Indonesia and Portugal are scheduled to end this month with a proposal for "autonomy". If this is rejected by the East Timorese population, Jakarta has said it will relinquish sovereignty.

Large numbers of Indonesian settlers have left East Timor as tension has increased

between independence supporters and pro-integrationists, some armed by the Indonesian military.

Despite being massively outnumbered, the Falintil guerrillas have fought a stubborn jungle war since 1975. Since January, they have been largely inactive as hopes have risen for a diplomatic solution.

Mr Gusmao's remarks last night indicate his increasing impatience with the slow progress of negotiations amid the increasing atmosphere of

violence in the territory. "Our political goodwill and our commitment to peace have been perceived as our weakest point and because we have been trying to uphold this position the international community seems not to feel the necessity to contribute to a peaceful solution," he said.

"We have fought alone these past 23 years, not only against a despotic and murderous regime, but also against the complete indifference of the international community."

## France in panic over killer soft cheese

A SERIES of well-publicised - possibly over-publicised - cases of listeria in cheese has sent shock waves through the French dairy industry.

Traditional producers see a plot in Paris or Brussels, even in America, to destroy one of the great creations of French culture: the soft, runny cheese, made with raw, unpasteurised milk. Domestic sales of two varieties of cheese - *epoisses* and *saint-felicien* - have fallen by nearly 70 per cent. Unless sales pick up, even larger firms will be driven out of business.

The scare began when two people died, and a third lapsed into a coma, in January after eating a bad batch of "epoisses" made by a rogue company, which did not have the right to use the name. Since then the health ministry has ordered the withdrawal of several batches of cheese in which minuscule traces of listeria were detected. Cheeses affected include varieties of camembert, chaource, savoyard and maroilles.

All are made from raw, whole milk. In theory such cheeses are made from unpasteurised milk. In fact, many producers use methods that do involve a certain amount of heat treatment. Traditional manufacturers insist it is these cheeses - not the genuinely raw milk cheeses - that are causing the problems. Overall, cases of listeria in French cheese have, in fact, fallen in recent years.

Some producers blame the health ministry for demanding the withdrawal of cheeses from

BY JOHN LICHFIELD  
in Paris

the market on the slightest indication of infection. Others say that a 1994 French law, based on an over-rigorous EU directive, victimises soft and runny cheeses, because it allows zero-tolerance of listeria.

There is also suspicion that the new health drive is a response to long-standing US demands for the creation of world trading standards for cheese, which would, in effect, make pasteurisation compulsory.

Alain Dubois, a Parisian cheese trader, said: "Listeria is everywhere, in water, in the air, in the soil. If you did the same kind of minute analysis of German sausages or Norwegian salmon, the results would be very amusing... The French dairy industry is the safest in the world. There is no cause to threaten small producers in this way or to despise people who still want to eat real food."

Cheese wholesaler, Laurent Dubois, said there was a great unfairness in the consumer reaction. Sales of raw-milk, unpasteurised cheese had been worst affected. In fact, all the cheeses that had been incriminated had been made from milk which was part-pasteurised or heat-treated. "These techniques neutralise the bacteria in the raw milk. But some of these are antibodies, which defend the cheese naturally against dangerous bacteria. If listeria gets into these cheeses accidentally, it can develop unchecked."



French consumers are buying far less raw-milk unpasteurised cheese since the listeria scare Jacques Munch

## Stars' burger bar sinking into debt

PLANET HOLLYWOOD, the celebrity theme restaurant that promises sightings of Arnold Schwarzenegger and Bruce Willis alongside its burgers and fries, is teetering on the brink of bankruptcy after failing to sustain a lightning-speed global expansion.

Despite its star shareholders - who include Sylvester Stallone, Demi Moore and Whoopi Goldberg as well as Willis and Schwarzenegger - the non-stop media coverage of its fancy openings and showbiz parties, the chain is sinking ever deeper into debt and has started missing interest repayments. Last week, Planet Hollywood International reported a loss of \$228m (£146m) for the fourth quarter of 1998, bringing its total losses for last year to \$243m. The five celebrities shared a block of \$12.7m shares and face a huge loss on their portfolios.

It appears to have expanded too fast, suffered from increasingly crowded competition

BY ANDREW GUMBEL  
in Los Angeles

and failed to lure the curious, first-time diners back. Since its opening five years ago, Planet Hollywood has opened in cities all over the world. But it is putting its Times Square restaurant in New York up for sale, as well as its headquarters in Orlando, Florida. The company is revising its menu and changing booking procedures to try to return to profitability.



Willis: Celebrity backing did little for custom

## US gun law put to vote for first time

CAMPAIGNERS ON either side of the vexed US gun debate will be watching Missouri today as it becomes the first state in the US to take a vote on the right to carry a firearm.

The referendum is viewed across the country as a barometer of support for tougher restrictions, which are favoured by the Clinton administration. "Proposition B" asks voters to approve the legal "right to carry a concealed weapon" the standard expression for the right to bear arms in public. It

BY MARY DEJEVSKY  
in Washington

contains a string of safeguards, including denying the right to convicted or wanted criminals, which proponents of the measure say match the toughest in any part of the United States.

Missouri has been one of only seven states in the US where it is not legal to carry a concealed weapon. There are 12 states where the right is restricted, but it is legal in 31 states.

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## Girl, 13, killed by suicide bomber

BY JUSTIN HUGGLER  
in Istanbul

A TEENAGE girl was killed yesterday when a suicide bomber tried to hurl himself at a regional governor in eastern Turkey. The girl, 13, was the latest victim of a wave of bomb attacks that has swept Turkey since the capture of the Kurdish rebel leader Abdullah Ocalan.

No one claimed responsibility for the attack but officials blamed supporters of Mr Ocalan. Governor Suleyman Karamci, who escaped unharmed, said he was walking from his car to his offices when

the bomber ran at him, detonating explosives strapped to his body. "This is not an attack on me but on the Turkish state," said Mr Karamci. "The kind of people who can do this are traitors." Twelve bystanders were injured by the blast, which killed the bomber. Mr Ocalan's Kurdish Workers' Party has declared Turkey a war zone and warned tourists to stay away.

### IN BRIEF

#### Hutu rebels slash 40 to death

HUTU REBELS from Tanzania have killed at least 40 people with machetes over three days in neighbouring southern Burundi. The army said. Most victims were in Makamba province, 50 miles south of the capital, Bujumbura. Hutus form the majority of Burundi's 6.2 million population. The dominant Tutsis are the minority.

#### Saddam orders 'US demon' statue

PRESIDENT Saddam Hussein has ordered that a statue be set up in Baghdad depicting the US as "an angry demon seeking to suck the people's blood". The monument will represent American aggression, according to a statement issued after the Iraqi leader chaired a cabinet meeting.

#### Japanese recover wartime bomb

THE JAPANESE navy safely recovered a 660lb Second World War bomb from Tokyo Bay. Divers lifted the armour-piercing bomb from its resting place 20 feet below the surface. Tokyo was an important military port and bombs have occasionally been recovered.

#### Nigerian vote appeal dismissed

NIGERIA'S COURT of Appeal dismissed a legal challenge to the presidential election victory of the country's former military ruler General Olusegun Obasanjo, brought by his defeated rival Olu Falae.

## Russia crackles and pops into springtime

### STREET LIFE SAMOTECHNY LANE

IN RUSSIA, spring is a weary-some battle with winter, which overstates its welcome. February sees the frost release its iron grip, the birds begin to sing and the hours of daylight lengthen, yet the snow continues to fall thicker than ever. This year, between false thaws, the snow was falling until the end of March.

Only last week did the sun shine suddenly hot, melting the snow and turning the parks to lakes and the streets to rivers. There will be no leaves for another month and more snowflakes may yet swirl in the wind. But now, it is clear that the new season has taken the upper hand.

"I can't stand being stuck in the city another minute," said my friend Vitaly. "Let's go out to the countryside." It was too early, really. The roads to the dachas would be swamps. The neighbours in Samotechny Lane, still keeping their cars in their corrugated iron garages, looked at us as we were polished up Lastochka (Swallow), my faithful, flying rust bucket. "We'll stick to the main roads," said Vitaly. "We'll just go and see my sister in Kolonna. Maybe we will be in time for the *ledokhod*."

Kolonna is an ancient town with a krenlin and monastery, a two-hour drive south-east of Moscow. Vitaly's sister Natasha lives in an old house on Savurov Street, overlooking the Oka river. "You're too late," she said. "The ice has cracked."

I heard it the other night. It sounded like distant cannon fire. But let's go down to the river anyway. If no icebreaker cuts through the ice, it breaks itself in a dramatic natural process called the *ledokhod*. After the first boom,



Melting snow has turned the streets to rivers

the ice rears up and fractures into ever smaller pieces that crackle and pop like breakfast cereal in milk.

The river was half-flooded. Icebergs glided down the middle. On one large floe attached to the bank, anglers sat on camp stools, drilling through the ice like demon dentists and fishing through the holes.

"Come on over," shouted one. "It's perfectly safe. The ice is still seven centimetres thick." Natasha said: "They're mad. They're only fishing to feed their cats." Her brother ripped off his shirt and began rubbing his chest with ice crystals.

Natasha gave a disgusted look and led me off in search of pussy willow for Willow Sunday, as the Russians call it.

After lunch, Vitaly had to stay in, drying his boots and trousers on the radiator. Natasha took me shopping. We went to the honey shop, attached to an award-winning privatised factory that produces gourmet and medicinal honeys and mead. The head biochemist waxed lyrical about the bumblebees, which had just woken and were flying to the willows. "To me, that's the real start of spring," she said.

We left with a crate of different honeys - with walnuts, with ginseng, with propolis - and several bottles of alcoholic mead. Then it was on to a shop for sausages from a local factory that had adopted German wurst-making technology.

Natasha added two sacks of potatoes from her cellar and proudly filled the car boot with food for Vitaly and me. "In Soviet times, we country people had to take the train up to the capital to buy food. Now you come out to the country for it. That is the way it should be."

At midnight, I dropped Vitaly at his house, then drove to Samotechny Lane, where I parked in a deep puddle. The neighbours' curtains twitched as I unloaded my share of the booty. I was ready for bed - after I put my shoes and trousers to dry on the radiator. HELEN WOMACK











# Three steps to making work pay

MAKING WORKPAY is critical to the Government's strategy of tackling the root causes of poverty and disadvantage in our society. As we described in our Social Justice Commission pamphlet in 1993, the last 20 years have seen the rise of a two-tier labour market in Britain: a growing number of two-earner households alongside a record number of working-age households with no-one in work - either officially unemployed or trapped in "non-employment" (without work but outside the official unemployment count).

Today around 3 million households - nearly one in five - have no one in work, double the number in 1979. For many, the gains to work have simply been too low. The combined effects of paying tax and losing benefit meant they were little or no better off working than on welfare, locking people into the poverty and unemployment traps. This is the main reason for the tripling of the number of children living in poverty over the past two decades. Some doubted, before the 1997 election, whether tax reform to improve work incentives would make a difference to the number of people moving into work. Their mistake was to take an overly static view of the labour market. New research by Paul Gregg, Paul Johnson and Howard Reed - co-ordinated by the Institute for Fiscal Studies (IFS) - suggests it will. If the IFS study is right, the combined effect of the Chancellor's reforms could spring the unemployment trap for up to

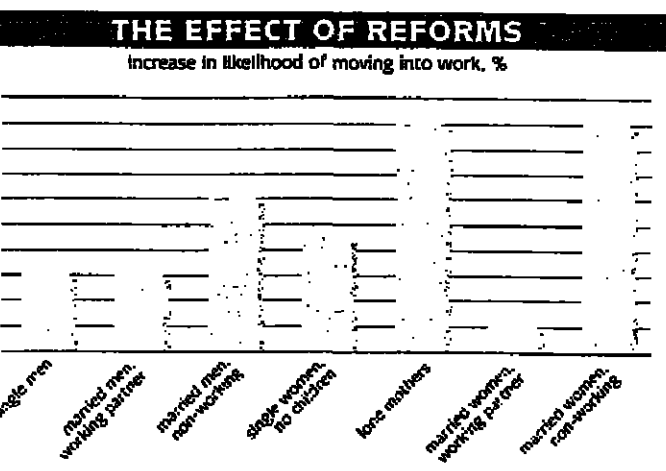
**PAUL GREGG  
AND ED BALLS**

*The minimum wage,  
10p tax band and reform  
of National Insurance will  
help spring the poverty  
and unemployment traps*

290,000 people who are estimated to move into work. The test starts now. April is delivery month for the Government's Make Work Pay agenda. A year ago the New Deal for Young People was rolled out as a national programme to get the under 25s back to work, matching new opportunities with new responsibilities. This month sees the introduction of the national minimum wage, the 10p starting rate of tax and the first wave of reforms to the National Insurance system designed to make work pay. From October, the Working Families Tax Credit (WFTC) will be boosting the pay packets of 1.4 million low-paid workers. Over 1.8 million low-paid people will see their income tax bills halved by the 10p rate, and a further 900,000 people will be removed from tax altogether by the second wave of National Insurance reforms announced in the Budget. Add to this the Working Families Tax Credit, and

the minimum wage, and the gain from work for a one-earner couple on £200 per week with two children under 11 will have increased by an average of 25 per cent from before the 1998 Budget - equivalent to an extra £25 per week. The traditional approach to modelling the effects of these policies has been to look at the wages of people currently in work, and assume that these are the wages that people currently out of work would command if they moved into work. For the first time, Gregg, Johnson and Reed model the effect of policy by making use of the actual wages earned by those who move into work. These new "dynamic" findings show that people who move into work do so at wages considerably below those of current employees with otherwise similar characteristics. Work pays less well for those who move from worklessness to work. The effect is that policies to increase the rewards of work have a correspondingly greater effect. The study uses data from the Quarterly Labour Force Survey (QLFS), which samples 12,000 people five times over a period of 15 months. This makes it possible to track working-age people who start off out of work, but subsequently make the move into work, and see what wages they obtain. On average, these are only two-thirds of the wages of working people as a whole. By modelling the tax and benefits system using data from the Family Resources Survey (FRS), it is then

possible to calculate how much better off people would be if they took jobs paying those wages rather than staying on benefits. Putting together this information from the QLS and the FRS, it is possible to estimate the effect of changes to in-work income on the numbers of people who move into work. The financial returns to working do affect the probability of entering work for both men and women, with the effects slightly larger for women. A £10 increase in the amount of income someone can earn is estimated to increase the likelihood of moving into work by just under 1 percentage point for men, and just under 2 percentage points for women. This relationship between the gains to work and movement into work seems to be strongest where the initial financial returns are lowest. The authors simulate the effect of three of the Government's headline policies to make work pay: the Working Families Tax Credit, National Insurance reforms, and the 10p income-tax rate. The WFTC will provide more generous in-work payments to working families than the current system of Family Credit, which it replaces in October. And because the taper - the rate at which WFTC is reduced as income rises - is lower, recipients will be able to keep more of what they earn, increasing their work incentives. From April 2000, WFTC will also be paid through the wage packet, eliminating the stigma of claiming



benefit for families in work, but the effects of this cannot be picked up in the IFS model. Nor are the effects of more generous childcare support in WFTC modelled. Both the 10p rate and National Insurance reforms give the greatest tax cut to those on low incomes. The WFTC alone is estimated to increase the number of people moving into work by over 90,000. The effects are very different across different types of people. For married women whose partners are out of work, and lone parents, the effects are substantial. Almost 7 per cent of lone mothers are estimated to move into work as a result of the WFTC (there are also likely to be large effects for lone fathers, but there are too few in the sample to model effects on them separately). And there are significant effects for married men with non-working partners. Of course, the effects of the Government's reforms cannot be measured just by their impact on helping people to move into work. The 10p

rate, WFTC and national insurance reforms all also deliver tax cuts to hard-working low and middle-income families. The cut in the basic rate of income tax, which the authors do not model, will also reward work and ensure that working families are better off. The overall effect of this package, before any increase in employment is taken into account, is to make working families with children better off by an average £740 a year, and more for low-paid working families. The net effect will be to reduce child poverty by 700,000. The report's findings show that making work pay will also have a significant effect on people moving into work, cutting the bills of economic failure, and so helping even more people to become better off and more independent. Tackling unemployment and persistent poverty in the modern labour market demands new policies based on state-of-the-art research and analysis. That is what this Government is now delivering. *Work and Welfare: tackling the jobs deficit, by Edward Balls and Paul Gregg, Institute for Public Policy Research, 1998. Entering Work and the British Tax and Benefit System, by Paul Gregg, Paul Johnson and Howard Reed, Institute for Fiscal Studies, £20. Ed Balls is the Chancellor's Economic Adviser. Paul Gregg is a member of the Treasury's Council of Economic Advisers.*

News Analysis: It may be an American import, but investors here are pouring billions into UK corporate bonds

## Companies switch from equity to debt

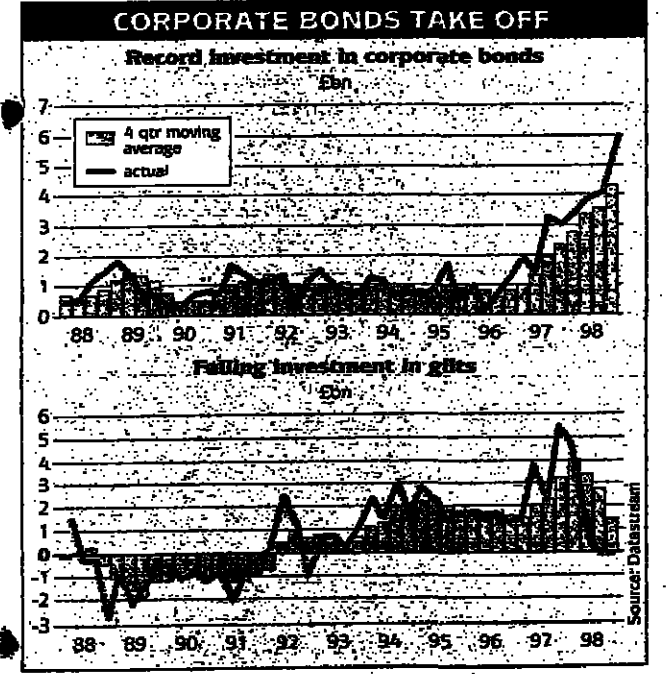
CORPORATE BONDS, an established method of finance for US companies, have become the latest American innovation to make it big on this side of the pond. In a marked departure from the past, barely a day is going by at the moment without some UK plc tapping the debt markets. Royal Bank of Scotland, Lloyds Bank and Wessex Water are just a few of the big British names to have turned to this less traditional form of finance in recent weeks. The capitalisation of the Barclays All Stocks Sterling Corporate Bond Index rose from £14bn in 1991 to £100bn by the

end of 1998 - an annual growth rate of almost 28 per cent. Institutional investors can't get enough of these corporate bond issues. Recent research by the investment bank, Credit Suisse First Boston, calculates that UK institutions have been ploughing in record amounts. As the first chart shows, institutional investment in corporate bonds took off dramatically last year. Average investment per quarter topped £4bn, far higher than the £1bn per quarter that characterised the early 1990s. Experts are reluctant to dis-

miss this explosion in corporate bonds as a mere fad, and say there are key influences of both demand and supply that should ensure that debt becomes an increasingly important source of finance for British business. Phil Adams, an analyst at Barclays Capital, said: "There will be more and more appetite for, and more and more need to invest in, corporate bonds." As far as institutional demand is concerned, the search for higher returns from investments has kick-started interest in the corporate bonds. Most analysts seem agreed that the world economy is moving into an era of relatively low inflation, an environment which typically favours bonds, not equities. Add to this the impact of the global economic slowdown on the outlook for corporate profits - and hence dividend growth - as well as the heady heights reached recently by some of the world's leading equity indices such as the Dow Jones, and it's not difficult to understand why over-reliance on equities is making investors nervous. Doubts about the sustainability of equity returns typically prompt a surge in interest in UK government bonds, or gilts. Over the past year or so, however, as the second chart shows, investors' interest in gilts has tailed away to virtually nothing, for a number of related reasons. To start with, the healthy position of the Government's finances has reduced projections for public borrowing and has meant that gilt sales over the



A key demographic change behind the trend is that ageing baby boomers near retirement prefer the safety of bonds to more volatile stocks



next few years are likely to be far lower than the levels to which the markets have become accustomed. This drying-up of supply, combined with the jitters about equity returns and the general surge in risk aversion that accompanied the financial market chaos of last autumn, has pushed gilt prices sky high and sent yields to near-record lows. The net effect of all this has been to prompt institutional investors to search out alternative sources of income. Corporate bonds fit the bill nicely. Their returns are relatively high, especially since last September's "flight to quality" widened the spread between yields on ultra-safe gilts and US Treasury bonds and other types. The recent Barclays Capital

equity-gilt study, an annual survey of asset returns, revealed that between 1991 and 1998 the real returns from corporate bonds averaged 13.15 per cent a year, marginally lower than the 13.47 per cent return on equities and significantly ahead of real gilt returns at 11.75 per cent. Even when adjusted for differing levels of risk, corporate bonds still consistently outperform gilts, according to the research. Demographic change is another explanation for the booming institutional demand for corporate bonds. Gerald Holtham, chief strategist at Norwich Union Investment Management, said the post-war baby-boomers are now beginning to approach retirement age. The nearer their retirement, the more likely are

policyholders to switch from more volatile investments such as equities to less volatile ones such as bonds. And the relative scarcity of government bonds means that corporate bonds, once again, are the investment of choice. Mr Holtham said: "The popularity of corporate bonds is not just a fad. There are real structural factors behind it." Demand has also been influenced by a number of government-led legal changes. Changes in the ACT rules for pension funds make it more attractive for the institutions to invest in bonds rather than equities. The surge in demand for corporate bond PEPs before they are replaced by ISAs this week has also been a contributory factor.

Changes in the tax regime have an impact upon the supply of corporate bonds, too. In particular, the abolition of ACT makes debt finance more tax-efficient for companies than equity finance. But perhaps the biggest factor behind the increase in corporate bond issuance is changes in institutional attitudes. Institutional shareholders are less and less willing to tolerate inefficient uses of capital. UK companies, which typically are far less geared than their US counterparts, are under growing pressure to use their balance sheets efficiently. Mr Adams said: "Traditionally, the UK companies have had less debt, and have been seen as more risk-averse than companies in the US. Now, however, that's all changing."

Institutional investors are also changing their attitude towards the UK stock market. Smaller quoted companies - in fact, most companies outside the FTSE 100 - are finding it more difficult to raise money on the equity markets, thanks to a range of factors such as the boom in tracker funds. So, rather than struggle with equity finance, a growing number of mid-cap companies are turning to the debt markets. Record levels of issuance, record levels of institutional investment - there is no doubt that corporate bonds have caught on in Britain. And thanks to some fundamental shifts in demand and supply, corporate bonds - like many other US trends that have found favour this side of the Atlantic - look here to stay.



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# London at a loss in final warm-up

IF THERE was a faint air of unreality pervading this game, both coaches blamed it squarely on the workload on their players rather than on their impending meeting at Wembley.

By the standards set in Super League so far this season, this was a tame, bloodless affair, lacking the usual urgency. Dress rehearsals for the Cup final tend to be that way, the failure of the game's decision makers to realise that rugby league in its current form should only be played once a week was surely the biggest factor.

"You can take Wembley out of the equation. It's playing two games in four days that did it," said an angry Graham Murray after his Leeds side had recovered from sleepwalking through the first half to put an end to the only unbeaten record in the game this year. "The players were lacklustre. You're putting

## RUGBY LEAGUE

BY DAVE HADFIELD

Leeds Rhinos 38  
London Broncos 12

tired players out there and that's when you get injuries." His opposite number, Dan Stains, whose Broncos have just a four-day turnaround before facing the Super League leaders, St Helens, on Friday night, was equally outspoken about the demands placed on players by squeezing an extra four rounds of competition into the season.

"It detracts from the quality of the product," he said. "What fans want to see is quality games. I believe rugby league is the toughest game in the world; even in boxing you get four or six months to recover."

Leeds' performance in the first half fell well below the stan-



Marvin Golden evades London Broncos' Steele Retchless during Leeds' 38-12 victory at Headingley yesterday

Simon Wilkinson

dard they would expect. Twice they fell behind to moves worked near their line, first when Shane Millard barged over and again when Glen Air in for the injured Shaun Edwards - put Karle Hammond in. Dean Lawford capitalised on a waiting run by Iestyn Harris for Leeds' first reply and Brad Godden's pass to Francis Cummins left them only two points in arrears at the break, however unconvincing they had been.

"I thought we were a bit untidy in the first half, but we had a chat at half-time and credit to the lads, they got their second wind," Murray said.

A London side lacking Peter Gill as well as Edwards did not quite have the expertise to hold on to its advantage. Two minutes into the second half, long passes from Harris and Lawford sent Anthony Farrell strolling through and Leeds hardly looked back again.

Lee Jackson's run after catching Air's low kick helped to set up Marvin Golden for the try that took it beyond doubt, before Leroy Rivett embarrassed John Timu with the old wing man's speciality of coming in to draw the marker and then accelerating down the touchline. Harris and Lawford completed a leisurely victory with Harris finishing with five conversions. While neither coach would admit to any connection with

their appointment on 1 May, it was London who came away with the fresh scars, their unbeaten record gone as well as a couple of players added to their injury list. Matt Salter is likely to need a lay-off to recover from concussion, while Steele Retchless emerged badly battered around the head and face.

Against that, though, Stains retains a lingering hope that Edwards might yet make a miracle recovery for Wembley.

"I know he hasn't given up hope and neither have I," he said. "The medical opinion is eight to 12 weeks and they know more about it than us, but Shaun is a different beast."

Leeds Rhinos: St Helens; Sterling, Golden, Godden, Cummins, Harris, Lawford; Huddle, Jackson, Barry, Morley, Farrell, St. Field. Substitutes used: Rivett, McDermott, Glanville, Mather. London Broncos: Telfer; Warrington, Fleming, Timu, O'Hare, Hammond, Air, Retchless, Calloway, Salter, Seabold, Millard, Toshack. Substitutes used: Ryan, Peters, Spencer, Hughes. Referee: J. Connolly (Wigan).

## Sullivan spearheads Saints rout

BY STEVE WAINWRIGHT

ANTHONY SULLIVAN scored a hat-trick as St Helens ran in nine tries in thrashing the depleted Bradford Bulls 58-14 to stay at the top of the Super League.

An early try from Bernard Dwyer and two goals by Paul Deacon proved a false dawn as the Bulls led 8-4 after 18 minutes before Saints rallied. They led 20-8 at the break with touchdowns from Ferret Tullagi, Paul Sculthorpe and Sullivan's first effort and then piled on the agony for a Bradford side without five players injured during Thursday's victory over Leeds. St Helens' coach, Elbery Hanley, was not satisfied. "I was a lit-

tle dirty on my players for conceding two tries," he said. "However, it was a very impressive effort considering we were backing up after a tough clash at Wigan on Good Friday. That victory took a lot out of my players but their concentration was very good and they were tuned in."

Warrington produced a stunning second-half revival to beat Gateshead 23-18 at Wilderspool, maintain their 100 per cent start to the season and stay alongside St Helens at the top.

The winger Jason Roach's second try of the game turned

the tide for the home team, who had trailed 18-8 midway through the second half. Lee Briers added a penalty before Alan Hume touched down to level at 18-18, then Briers edged Warrington a point in front with a drop-goal. Gateshead had a try disallowed before Warrington sealed victory with an injury-time try by Mark Forster.

Wigan had triple cause for celebration at Belle Vue. Not only did they overrun Wakefield Trinity, but in winning 52-22 they chalked up their second half-century score of the campaign. In addition, Denis Betts, the Great Britain second rower,

marked his return from a six-and-a-half month lay-off due to knee surgery by crossing for his 100th career try.

Sheffield pulled off a dramatic last-minute victory over the bottom club, Hull, when Mark Aston converted a second Karl Lovell try to give his side a 23-21 edge. The former Hull KR winger, Bright Sodie, scored twice for the visitors as they left Hull still searching for their first points of the campaign.

By contrast, Hull KR, the Northern Ford Premiership leaders, lost for the first time this season, when they went down 25-14 at Dewsbury.

## RUGBY LEAGUE RESULTS AND TABLES

### JJB SPORTS SUPER LEAGUE

Hull (8) 21, Sheffield (13) 23. Hull: Tries Campbell, Halls, Lester; Goals Prescott 4; Drop goal: Roberts. Sheffield: Tries Lovell 2, Sodie 2; Goals Aston 3; Drop goal Aston (4,500).

Leeds (10) 38, London (12) 12. Leeds: Tries Lawford 2, Cummins, Farrell, Golden, Harris, Rivett; Goals Harris 5. London: Tries Hammond, Millard; Goals Warrington 2 (12,565).

St Helens (20) 58, Bradford (8) 14. St Helens: Tries Sullivan 3, Stewart 2, Jonkers, Martyn, Sculthorpe, Tullagi; Goals Martyn 11. Bradford: Tries Dwyer, Harmon; Goals Deacon 3 (15,042).

Wakefield (22) 52, Wigan (34) 52. Wakefield: Tries Hodgson 2, N. Law, Talbot; Goals Talbot 3. Wigan: Tries P. Johnson 3, Betts, Cassidy, Connolly, Davies, Gilmour, Robinson; Goals Farrell 8 (6,104).

Warrington (4) 23, Gateshead (12) 18. Warrington: Tries Roach 2, Forster, Huntz; Warrington: Goals Briers; Drop goal Briers; Gateshead: Tries Daylight, Fetsch, Malden; Goals Harris 3 (4,919).

### NORTHERN FORD PREMIERSHIP

Barrow (14) 21, Huddersley (10) 22. Barrow: Tries Holt 2, Manthorpe; Goals Holt 4; Drop goals Holt, Huddersley: Tries Anonik, Foster, Ramsay, Schick; Goals Wood 3 (3,378).

Dewsbury (6) 25, Hull KR (6) 14. Dewsbury: Tries Agar, Evans, Fynn, Pearce; Goals Eaton 4; Drop goal Agar; Hull KR: Tries Fletcher, Kitching, R Smith; Goal Charles (1,732).

Whitehaven (12) 21, Batley (4) 8. Whitehaven: Tries Chambers, Kitchin, Morron; Goals Kitchin 4; Drop goal Joe Batley: Tries Baggate, Clarke (506).

Widnes (16) 40, Lancashire Lynx (4) 4. Widnes: Tries Murray 2, D. Myle, Cassidy, Harris, Portchall; Goals Hewitt 6. Lancashire Lynx: Tries Parsley (3,064).

York (6) 16, Hummel (0) 6. York: Tries Cain, Edwards; Goals Best 4, Hummel: Tries Towhal; Goal Fletcher (1,204).

Hull KR (8) 5, 1 123 85 13. Dewsbury (8) 6, 0 230 157 12. Widnes (8) 6, 0 2 184 130 12.

Hummel (8) 5, 0 3 198 102 12. Leigh (8) 7, 5 0 178 146 10.

York (8) 4, 1 3 136 119 9. Farnham (6) 4, 0 2 146 106 8.

Batley (8) 3, 1 4 139 123 7.

Warrington (7) 3, 1 3 144 195 7. Barrow (7) 3, 0 4 189 162 6.

Saturation (7) 3, 0 4 125 124 6. Whitehaven (5) 3, 0 5 141 140 6.

Huddersley (7) 3, 0 4 140 144 6. Lancs Lynx (5) 3, 0 5 118 232 6.

Oldham (6) 2, 1 2 79 147 5. Bramley (7) 2, 0 6 176 107 4.

Dewsbury (8) 1, 1 6 122 206 3. Rochdale (6) 1, 0 5 108 143 2.

NRL: Wests 2 Newcastle 26.

## Reid receives belated recall for Scotland

STUART REID cannot claim to have enjoyed a glittering career at Test level: a Scotland debut against the ruthless islanders of Western Samoa was hardly the most genteel of introductions and the lack of subsequent interest from the selectors, who steadfastly ignored him for the next three and a half years, must have left the try-scoring loose forward with his ego as bruised as his ribs. Happily, the former Boroughmuir and current Leeds captain saw his chances of playing some sort of role in this year's World Cup increase significantly yesterday when he was called into Jim Telfer's depleted squad for this weekend's Five Nations finale with France in Paris.

The 29-year-old No 8 is an odds-on favourite to win his second cap following Eric Peters' sad, not to say agonising, demise last Saturday. Peters fractured a patella in the closing stages of Bath's Premiership victory over Leicester - he will be in plaster for the best part of two months - and while he is confident of recovering full fitness in time for this autumn's international showpiece, this remains a heaven-sent opportunity for his understudy.

RUGBY UNION  
BY CHRIS HEWETT

Reid's chances of making himself part of the Scottish furniture during the 1996 Five Nations were undermined when he broke a leg. He took up the challenge of professionalism by negotiating a sabbatical from his police career and moving to Leeds on a full-time contract. While the Yorkshire club have failed to make their expected impact on this season's Premiership Two campaign, Reid has been an influential and consistent performer.

Injuries have forced Telfer to pull in two other forwards, both from Newcastle, George Graham is promoted as a direct result of the broken leg suffered by Tom Smith during the victory over Ireland 17 days ago - he will start among the replacements - while Doddie Weir, still one of the most reliable line-out forwards in Europe, acts as cover for Scott Murray, the form forward of the championship. However, Murray is expected to recover from damaged ribs in good time to face the Tricolours.

England, meanwhile, were

carrying out an urgent casualty check of their own yesterday as the walking wounded assembled for this Sunday's Grand Slam rumble with the Welsh at Wembley. Happily from the point of view of Clive Woodward, the red rose coach, both Jonny Wilkinson and Jeremy Guscott were full of positive vibes, despite the minor calamities that beset them over the weekend.

Wilkinson, who had his cherubic features comprehensively rearranged in the early stages of Saturday's Tetley's Bitter Cup semi-final between Newcastle and Richmond, was considered a certain starter. "The swelling over my eye has gone right down to almost nothing over the last couple of days," he said. "I should be perfectly all right."

Guscott's hamstring was still giving some cause for paranoia - in the absence of Paul Grayson, Will Greenwood and Phil de Glanville, England simply cannot afford any more cry-offs from their midfield - but the man himself was very nearly as bullish as his young partner.

Scotland squad, Digest, page 21

## King's win brings rich reward

MARY KING and her great 16-year-old, King William, galloped their way to another impressive victory yesterday when they won the Pedigree Chum Masters section of the Horse Trials here. It was the latest of the pair's four outings this year in which they have gained two wins, a second and a third.

"I've been having trouble with his waistline, so I thought that this run would slim him down a bit before he goes to Saumur in three weeks' time," King said. She was not thinking of the £1,000 first prize (a tempting reward by normal one-day event standards) as King William used his long ground-eating stride on the sunny hills

of this lovely parkland. "It only came into my mind as we went through the finish," she said.

Matt Ryan, the 1992 Olympic champion from Australia, said that thoughts of the prize money prompted him to push on faster than he might have done for a lesser reward with Kibah Sandstone, with whom he finished seventh at Burghley last year. He eventually finished second, just ahead of David Herron on Custom Todden (who had the fastest cross-country time) and the reigning world and Olympic

champion, New Zealand's Blyth Tait on Wellton Envy.

King's two top horses, Star Appeal and King Solomon, sustained leg injuries last year and are due to be scanned again early next month. All being well, they will compete again in July before going to either Burghley or the European Championships.

Mark Todd started yesterday with a ducking when Aberjack lost his footing in deep water (the level was subsequently reduced) but he had luckily come equipped with the dry clothes in which he later rode both Dazzling Light and Eyespy II to Open Intermediate victories. Results, Digest, page 21

## Neal's victory rebuffs doubts

### MOTOR SPORT

BY NICK PHILLIPS  
at Donington Park

PRIVATEER MATT NEAL struck a blow for the underdogs in the big-budget world of the British Touring Car Championship, when he took a dramatic win in the second of the season's opening rounds here. The feat earned him a one-off bonus of £250,000.

The 6ft 6in Midlander, who has been turned down on numerous occasions in his efforts to gain a works drive, was elated after one of the most popular wins in BTCC history. "It was like sticking a finger up in the air at the lot of them and saying, 'I can do it,'" he said. Neal led the race for the early laps, but almost blew his chance during the compulsory pit-stop. He tried to move off in second gear, stalled and dropped to fifth place when he returned to the track. But he worked his way up the field again and hunted down the leader James Thompson's Honda over the closing laps.

Third-placed Renault driver Jason Plato was impressed: "I was mesmerised by his speed at the end - it was hideous."

Neal says that the bonus will be used to pay off the overdraft the Team Dynamics outfit, which runs his 1998 Nissan Primera, has run up over the winter, though the first call on it would be for "a big party".

Neal's feat went some way to alleviating a disastrous weekend for Nissan. Qualifying day problems left both factory cars down the grid. While David Leslie took an excellent fourth place in one race, he failed to finish the other race after a clash with Anthony Reid's Ford, and his new team-mate, Laurent Aïello, did not score.

Thompson earlier won the shorter Sprint race. He beat fellow front-row starter Neal away from the grid and was never headed. In the early laps Alain Menu followed him closely, but gradually the Honda eased away, leaving Menu in the revamped Ford Mondeo to defend his positions from Plato, who called off his attack when he found his mirror filled by Leslie's Nissan.

Results, Digest, page 21

## Blaisdell issues a Storm warning

### ICE HOCKEY

BY IAN PARKES

MIKE BLAISDELL, the Nottingham Panthers coach, believes Manchester Storm could struggle to meet the newly imposed salary cap for next season's Sekonda Superleague.

In an effort to make teams more financially viable and to prevent them from going bust - with Sheffield Steelers' forthcoming liquidation a case in point - Superleague officials have imposed a £500,000 limit on wages for next season. But Blaisdell realises the financial managers of the league's eight teams will have difficulty this summer in trying to sign key players and keep within the wage structure.

Storm are believed to have the largest player budget in the league and Blaisdell acknowledged their dilemma in the aftermath of his side's 2-1 Superleague Play-off Trophy defeat to Cardiff Devils at the MEN Arena in Manchester on Sunday night. He said: "I don't know how many slots they [Storm] have left but I would imagine they are either going to sign some very cheap guys or they won't be under the wage cap."

"If they've already signed 10 of their premier players then I can guarantee those guys aren't going to come back to Manchester with a pay-cut," he said. "As for ourselves, you can take a chance, go with a shorter bench, sign some good players and pay them good money and hope you don't pick up a lot of injuries."

Ivan Matulik's two goals for the Devils in the Play-off Trophy final eclipsed Mark Kolesar's consolation for Nottingham, who suffered another night of agony after losing to the Sheffield Steelers in the Challenge Cup final two weeks ago.

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# Advocaat angered by dithery defence

DICK ADVOCAT, the Rangers manager, has criticised his defenders for the over-elaborate football that could scupper the club's title aspirations.

Advocaat's side now hold only a six-point advantage over Celtic after they lost 3-1 at St Johnstone on Sunday night. All they had to show for dominating most of the match was a second-half header from Craig Moore against a side they hammered seven past on their last visit to Perth.

Poor marking led to Saints'

BY SIMON STONE

captain, Jim Weir, opening the score in the 13th minute. After Moore, back from his spell at Crystal Palace, had equalised more slack defensive work allowed the substitute Miguel Simao to seize on Nick Dasovic's knock-back to put the home side back in front.

Kieran McAnespie's injury-time third rubbed salt into the Rangers wounds and, although Advocaat still believes his side will take the title in May, his

players need to heed a few harsh words.

The Dutchman complained that Saints had created only four chances but had scored three times. "Everyone knew who they were supposed to take at the free-kick which led to their first goal and the second was even worse," he said. "Sometimes I have a feeling that my defenders want to do things in a nice way that looks good. I'm not interested in what looks nice. I want the ball away from the goal. Our defensive

work was very poor and that shouldn't happen at this level."

Rangers have lost twice on the trot and Advocaat must now raise his players to take on St Johnstone again, in the Scottish Cup semi-final at Celtic Park on Sunday.

They will need to find a cutting edge. Only Rod Wallace and Jörg Albertz came close to matching their exalted reputations and their wide men, Neil McCann and Andrei Kanchelskis, endured miserable evenings.

Advocaat was also upset by newspaper reports linking Rangers with Hakan Sukur, Galatasaray's £13m-rated Turkish international striker.

"As for Sukur, I don't know where he lives or what he looks like," he said in dismissing the reports. "It is unfair to our fans to keep bringing these players up. You might as well say we are going to sign Ronaldo."

The St Johnstone manager, Sandy Clark, was delighted to have avenged that 7-0 humiliation. "It has kept being

brought up but I have tried to tell people the circumstances that night were exceptional."

The entire Saints rearguard could take immense satisfaction from a near-perfect display. Despite Rangers' territorial dominance, there always seemed to be a body in the way to quell the danger. Their goalkeeper Alan Main was at fault in failing to collect the corner from which Moore scored from Tony Vidmar's knock-back, but otherwise he did his international claims no harm under the

watchful eye of the Scotland coach, Craig Brown.

The victory kept Saints on course to finish the season in the top three, although they would accept they are not the equals of the two Glasgow clubs. "Rangers have some incredible players that frighten the life out of you," Clark said. "When you spend £34m you get some of the best players in the world. We have really done well to beat them and I just want all my players to enjoy this victory."

## Teesside revived by raider Ricard

BY SCOTT BARNES

Middlesbrough 3  
Wimbledon 1

MEANINGLESS IT might have been - unless, of course, you count qualification for the Intertoto Cup - but these often mediocre sides, whose mid-table respectability means they are immune to any end-of-season excitement, conjured up a first half of great enterprise and invention.

Sadly, the second half had nothing on the first. In fact, it had nothing but a consolation goal for the visitors, who are now behind Middlesbrough in the pecking order for that valuable Intertoto place.

Middlesbrough, still fresh after their sporadic scoreless draw against Blackburn on Saturday, started in the 32nd second. The ball ballooned off Hamilton Ricard's head and as it fell, apparently harmlessly, just outside the area, the Colombian hit it spectacularly on the half-turn into the top right-hand corner.

Neil Sullivan looked stunned but then came the onslaught, spearheaded by Robbie Mustoe. Twice in five minutes the midfielder burst clean through to face Sullivan. He placed his first shot wide and his second was deflected by Dean Blackwell for a corner. But it was no saving tackle, for when Andy Townsend slung over the third of a series of kicks, Keith O'Neill nodded it on and Gianluca Festa stooped at the far post to score.

With Paul Gascoigne running with menace, Ricard showing a full South American repertoire of skills and O'Neill, making his first start after his £700,000 move from Norwich, displaying full-blooded enthusiasm, Wimbledon's defenders were at full stretch.

Yet they should have coped with the third. Boro's Colin Cooper made his intention abundantly clear in the 29th minute, but still Blackwell allowed the long ball to clear him. With Sullivan caught in two minds and no-man's land, Ricard delicately lobbed the ball over the keeper for his 17th goal of the season.

The scoreline would have done nothing for Joe Kinnear's condition, but the Dons were in better health than it suggested. Festa had to tidy up a John Hartson flick in the sixth minute as Marcus Gayle threatened. Ten minutes later Gareth Ainsworth pulled a presentable chance wide but he immediately atoned with a 30-yard volley which flirited with the post. Best of all, Hartson nudged the ball off his chest into the path of Robbie Earle's run but the flick did not quite clear Mark Schwarzer.

The rotation of squad players as substitutes in the second half and the complete absence of yellow cards gave the game the feel of a pre-season friendly. Schwarzer was the busier of the keepers, if only because in the 73rd minute he had to pick the ball out of his own net when Carl Cort viciously volleyed home Gayle's touch from close range. But by that time the goal was meaningless.

Middlesbrough (5-3-2): Schwarzer; Stockdale (Nicks, 85), Cooper, Pallister, Fensh, Gordon, Townsend (Sumner, 73), Mustoe, Gascoigne, Ricard, O'Neill (Bentford, 91). Subs: Blackwell, Perry, Thatcher, Ainsworth (Roberts, 46), Earle, Eull, C. Hughes, Hartson (Cort, 68), Gayle. Subs: not used: Head (8), Castledine. Referee: P. Durkin (Portsmouth, Dorset).

## Stuart header grabs lifeline

ON A THRILLING afternoon in East London it seems apposite to paraphrase Mark Twain. Reports of Charlton Athletic's death have been exaggerated. After a tense match at Upton Park Alan Curbishley's feisty side leapt three places and out of the relegation zone thanks to a 75th-minute goal from Graham Stuart.

After the match Curbishley revealed that he had employed a more subtle approach than last season's do-or-die Wembley heroics.

"I felt on Saturday it was a bit pointless for a local derby," he said. "We came here determined today - we had a pre-match at the Valley. I wanted the players to sit in the empty stadium and get the message that to fill it up we need to stay in the Premiership. I think they got the message. I made a couple of changes when we had a couple of injuries and I wondered if I'd done the right thing. It was a fantastic performance. We just needed to get that goal."

It is, of course, too early to say that this result has rescued Charlton's season, but the boost from this determined victory will be enormous.

John Barnes, 36, in November and wearing the No 37 shirt, made his first start for Charlton and had a calming effect if only to encourage them to look up from time to time.

Both sides should have scored within the opening five minutes. Andy Hunt had a clear chance within a minute as Charlton pressed forward but West Ham weathered the storm and Paul Kitson was equally wasteful after taking two attempts to beat goalkeeper Sasa Ivic.

Marc-Vivien Foe is turning into the Patrick Vieira figure that the West Ham manager, Harry Redknapp, proclaimed he had purchased. This is true even to the extent of his regular bookings as the Cameroon international made his awkward presence felt amid the chaotic midfield mire in his marking role on Barnes.

West Ham reverted to 4-2-1 in the absence of the injured Rio Ferdinand. Consequently Foe was also able to advance upfield, given that his role as a de-

BY PETER CONCHIE

West Ham United 0  
Charlton Athletic 1

fensive midfield shield was superfluous.

The match came to life in an extended conclusion to the first half, one containing nine minutes of added play. After a lovely ball from Barnes to substitute Mark Bowen, on for the injured John Robinson, the replacement slid a cross into Stuart, who missed from less than six yards.

The chance gone, West Ham counterattacked and almost immediately had the ball in the Charlton net. A fine Frank Lampard shot had been palmed over his head by Ivic and although Marc Keller beat the goalkeeper to the rebound he was adjudged to be offside.

Ivic suffered blows to his head and a knee and was taken from the pitch on a stretcher. Andy Petterson taking over, and Paolo Di Canio rounded off an extravagant first half with an overhead kick from Trevor Sinclair's cross which flew over.

The second half opened in similarly breathless vein. Bowen's shot was well saved by Shaka Hislop, while Lampard saw a fine effort from 25 yards fly just over the crossbar. For Charlton Hunt's shot was well saved by Hislop and Pringle was close with a header.

West Ham came again as Kitson threatened the ball through to Di Canio only for replacement Petterson to smother as he rushed from his line.

With less than 15 minutes to go Charlton were presented with their Premiership lifeline by hesitation from Hislop and his left-back Scott Minto. From a Danny Mills free kick they both hesitated and as the ball bounced Stuart pounced to head Charlton's winning goal.

There was still time for Di Canio to hit the side netting as Charlton entered a nervous period of added time.

West Ham United (4-2-1): Ivic; Rudolph, Perovic, Minto, Lomas; Sinclair, Lampard, Foe, Keller; Di Canio, Kitson (Bentford, 91). Subs: not used: Forster (8), Moncur, Potts, Lazaridis. Charlton Athletic (4-2-1): Ivic; Petterson, Hunt, Powell, Rudge, Tyler, Kinsella, Robinson (Bowen, 33), Barnes, Stuart, Pringle, Hunt (Jones, 84). Subs: not used: Young, Bright. Referee: S. Dunn (Bristol).



West Ham's Frank Lampard (left) and Charlton's Mark Kinsella show total concentration at Upton Park yesterday

Allsport

## Ince incensed by the official line

PIERRE VAN HOOLJONK'S stoppage-time free-kick salvaged a point for Nottingham Forest and denied a lackadaisical Liverpool victory as a match of only sporadic incident ended amid controversy.

Paul Ince, who had been less than his usual impassioned self up to that point, had to be pulled away from the referee, Dermot Gallagher, as the teams left the field after the Banbury official had penalised the Liverpool captain to set up the chance for Forest's equaliser, expertly curled out of David James's reach by the Dutch striker.

Trying to usher the ball away as Forest made a last attempt to prevent a sixth successive home defeat, Ince stumbled under a challenge five yards outside the Liverpool penalty area and was furious when Mr Gallagher awarded a free-kick against him for handling the ball as he fell.

The position of the kick was perfect for Van Hooijdonk, who has few peers in the art of bending the ball around defensive walls and on this occasion he gave James no chance.

BY JON CULLEY

Nottingham Forest 2  
Liverpool 2

After the unwelcome repercussions of Robbie Fowler's latest ill-chosen actions in the Merseyside derby, the Liverpool manager, Gerard Houllier, was understandably reluctant to stir up another fuss and made little comment on the incident, preferring to blame his team for

allowing a winning opportunity to slip from their grasp.

"We let ourselves down because we had chances to kill the game and we allowed Forest back," he said. "After Michael Owen's goal put us back in front we should have kept the lead. But before Forest scored we should have been 3-0 or 3-1 up."

Liverpool had taken the lead after 17 minutes through Jamie Redknapp, whose fine goal stemmed from a free-kick in

more or less the same place as Van Hooijdonk's. Ironically, this one was awarded for a foul on Ince by Richard Gough. Ince took the kick, wrong-footing Forest's defensive wall by rolling the ball through Patrick Berger's legs, and Redknapp's strike found a gap.

After that goal Liverpool coasted, although there were chances for Fowler, Owen and Dominic Matteo to give them control. Forest seldom looked

impressive, but drew level 13 minutes into the second half when a throw-in taken by Alan Rogers was flicked on by Gough and again by Van Hooijdonk before Dougie Freedman bundled it home.

Forest sensed then that a Liverpool side lacking momentum might just keel over but a misdirected clearance by Gough, who did not enjoy the best of 38th birthdays, allowed Redknapp to release Owen with a first-time pass and the young striker had the pace to escape his marker before lifting the ball over and wide of Mark Crossley.

Houllier, who had already taken off Steve McManaman, replaced Fowler with Steven Gerrard, a defender, and that should have been that. But Van Hooijdonk never reluctant to back his ability from any dead ball, had the last word.

Nottingham Forest (4-2-1): Hooijdonk; Lee, Hendry, Berger, Owen, Fowler (Gerrard, 79). Subs: not used: Fiodri (8), Leobardieri, Gieseler. Referee: D. Gallagher (Banbury).

## Houllier adds his apology

THE LIVERPOOL manager, Gerard Houllier, last night added his apology to that of Robbie Fowler as the Anfield club sought to limit the damage caused by the striker's controversial goal celebration in last Saturday's Merseyside derby.

Houllier, who had initially dismissed Fowler's actions as a joke with its origins on the training pitch, admitted he had made a mistake in doing so. He had suggested at first that

Fowler was mimicking the routine in which defender Rigobert Song would take part with team-mates at Metz, but now was willing to stand corrected.

"Having seen the incident on television and listened to what others have said I accept that I was mistaken in my initial interpretation," Houllier said. "What Robbie did was not the right way to celebrate a goal. I have spoken to him and made it clear that I do not want to see that sort of thing again."

Houllier continued to voice his support for Fowler yesterday, despite joining the condemnation of his behaviour. "He was getting a lot of abuse from the Everton fans but he has admitted he did the wrong thing and has apologised for it. "Maybe you could say he is a similar case to Eric Cantona with his record of behaviour. Cantona had a lot of problems in France before he came here but he eventually proved that he could be very successful."

## Brown's equaliser pins back Preston

STEVE BASHAM gave second-placed Preston North End the perfect start against fellow Second Division promotion hopefuls Manchester City at Deepdale.

Basham scored the opener in the first minute of the game, but Michael Brown hit back for Joe Royle's side in the 22nd minute to earn a 1-1 draw in front of 20,857 supporters - the biggest Deepdale crowd for a quarter of a century.

While Preston were sharing the spoils with City, Gillingham made ground, moving up to fifth with a 2-0 victory over Wycombe at Adams Park. Barry Ashby and Carl Asaba getting themselves on the scoresheet.

Stoke failed to significantly further their promotional claims when held to a 1-1 draw

SECOND AND THIRD DIVISION

BY IAN RODGERS

at Chesterfield. Steve Blatherwick found the net for the first time in four years after 26 minutes before David Oldfield equalised six minutes later.

Wigan remained on course for the seasonal play-offs with a smooth 2-0 victory over struggling Oldham at Springfield Park. Simon Haworth and Carl Bradshaw securing the points.

As things unfolded elsewhere, Oldham were getting off lightly despite their defeat. Wycombe and Lincoln were both beaten, the latter staying in the relegation mire after Fran Tierney struck the 67th minute winner for Notts County at Sincil Bank.

Next-to-bottom Northampton could only manage a 1-1 draw at Bristol Rovers despite Carlo Corazzini edging them ahead in the sixth minute. That lead was wiped out by Gary Penrice's 101st career goal after Ian Hendon was sent off.

Burnley's survival chances increased when they hit back from a goal down at Turf Moor to beat Colchester 3-1. An Andy Payton's brace settled the issue.

Neil Harris hit his 18th goal of the season for Millwall to earn his side a 1-0 win over Blackpool at the New Den.

In the Third Division, leaders Cardiff had to wait until a 74th minute Kevin Nugent penalty to cancel out Colin Alcide's early effort for battling Hull City. The point increased the Bluebirds' lead to three points.

Paul Evans and Gavin



Asaba: On the scoresheet

Mahon struck late in the first half as Brentford kept up their promotional push with a 3-1 win over Plymouth at Griffin Park. Plymouth's woes were compounded by the dismissal of Paul Gibbs for serious foul play in the last minute.

Rotherham, now up to fifth, made good ground by beating Swansea 1-0, as Leyton Orient, Mansfield and Halifax were all held to disappointing draws.

Chris Tate's first hat-trick eased Scarborough's relegation fears in a 3-0 win over Carlisle at the McCain Stadium.

## Morgan keeps Fulham flying

KEVIN KEEGAN slipped back into the day job yesterday with his magic wand still in good working order. Fulham, in truth, were less than magical but still went back - slowly - up the contested M4 with their lead at the top of the Second Division extended to 14 points and enough material to keep the statisticians happy if not the quality controllers.

A 12th away win of the season and a total of 87 points both equalled club records and are likely to be broken before long while, with eight games left, the divisional record of 99 points is comfortably within reach.

Top of the Second Division since December, Fulham have lost this year only to Manchester City in the league and the other Manchester team in the FA Cup, winning 11 and drawing two of their most recent 13 games. The only statistic that remained unchanged was Geoff Horsfield's scoring run. He

BY STEVE TONGUE

Reading 0  
Fulham 1

barely had a single opportunity to add to his 10 goals in the last eight matches but had that in common with most other players on the pitch.

There were perhaps two opportunities to each team in each half, which added up to something less than a feast for the crowd of 18,741 - the second highest since Reading decamped to the impressive Madejski Stadium.

Keeagan could not blame his team's indifferent performance on Easter fatigue: this was their first game for 16 days. The Reading pitch, however, shared with Richmond Rugby Club, has had plenty of use and Keeagan said: "With all the money there is in football today, you just wish they'd spend a bit more on the playing surfaces."

Before half-time the home goalkeeper, Scott Howie, put a careless clearance straight to the feet of Paul Trollope, but Barry Hayles mis-cued the midfielder's pass. At the other end there was little to trouble Fulham's German-born Northern Ireland international Maik Taylor, other than Grant Brebner's header sliding past the post.

Reading, needing a victory to clamber back within sight of a play-off place, had matched their visitors in most areas until then and should have pulled ahead of them in the 72nd minute. Chris Coleman, stepping forward, failed to play the Liberian international striker Mass Sarr offside and Taylor was forced to make the one notable save of the afternoon.

Within six minutes the home side had been harshly punished. Trollope's free-kick from out on the right was flicked on by Hayles and Simon Morgan, a loyal old timer in a team of new

boys on the block, volleyed in. Being able to bring in Philippe Albert because of suspensions illustrated Fulham's relative strength compared to the rest of the division. Although threatening at set pieces, he looked occasionally uncomfortable as a left wing-back, but Reading could not take advantage.

Taylor's handling of crosses was excellent and, after going behind, the side that Tommy Burns strengthened with five new players just before deadline day did not look like forcing an equaliser.

Fulham supporters, not afraid to baunt their money or their position, chanted: "You'll never play us again." Not next season anyway.

Reading (4-2-1): Howie; Maybury, Pinnock, Coker, Gray, McClure (McKee, 70), Coker, Parkinson, Brebner, Scott, Sarr. Subs: not used: Glasgow, Hamer. Fulham (3-5-2): Taylor, Simons, Morgan, Coleman, S. Smith, Kayward, N. Smith, Trollope, Albert, Horsfield (Lichman, 88), Hayles (Pechouk, 82). Subs: not used: Collins. Referee: M. Bramwood (Staffs).







## SPORT

BRITAIN'S EPIC DEFEAT PIZZO LEADS SHINE IN REHEARSAL P20

Premiership: Goodison gloom deepens as Wednesday's Italian striker crowns fightback with two second-half goals

## Carbone casts spell on Everton

THOSE WHO could face the bitter end howled their derision and frustration. By then almost as many had drifted away in dismay, acknowledging that relegation is no longer a mere threat but a distinct prospect for Everton.

Their fourth consecutive defeat and a goal that gave Charlton victory at West Ham provided by Graham Stuart, a player they discarded, leaves Walter Smith's side in the bottom three and the signs are that no one at Goodison Park believes they can drag themselves back from the brink this time.

Wednesday, too, were in distinct danger of being sucked into the struggle for Premiership survival after a wretched sequence of five defeats and when they gifted Francis Jeffers the chance to put Everton ahead it seemed they were intent on professional suicide.

The perception of 18-year-old Jeffers and the aerial prowess of Kevin Campbell, making his home debut, promised a route to salvation. Wednesday, without Des Walker for the first time in two years, were in disarray, their self-belief holed.

The early indications of a recovery were evident in the closing stages of the first half and at the start of the second, Everton handed the initiative to Wednesday's little wizard Benito Carbone.

Two errors, one by David Unsworth and the other by Marco Materazzi, presented the opportunities and Carbone calmly dispatched them. He was the source of terror throughout that second period, draining dry any resources of optimism Everton possessed.

Anxiety riddled the home ranks and Carbone's impish

BY DERICK ALLSOP

Everton	1
Sheffield Wednesday	2

skills exploited their malaise with unfettered relish. Only a couple of extravagant saves by Thomas Myhre spared Everton a more comprehensive defeat.

Wednesday are now virtually safe, but for Everton the run-in looms like a trudge to the gallows. Walter Smith, their embattled manager, wore the countenance of the condemned as he conceded: "I've always thought we'd stay up but when you get results like this the question mark gets bigger."

"We have to show determi-

**PREMIERSHIP BOTTOM SEVEN**

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Leicester	29	9	10	10	30	37	37
Coventry	32	10	7	15	34	43	37
Charlton	31	7	10	14	34	41	31
Blackburn	31	7	10	14	32	42	31
Everton	32	7	10	15	26	40	31
Southampton	32	8	6	18	28	57	30
Nottingham Forest	32	4	9	19	30	64	21

nation and character to get out of it. This defeat wasn't down to anxiety, just errors. The disappointing thing is the manner in which we lost. It was only two bad errors on our part that decided it."

Everton had the benefit of Wednesday's generosity after just 11 minutes. Unsworth played a speculative punt forward and Pavel Sncicek, the Wednesday goalkeeper, inhibited by the presence of his defender Jon Newsome, spilled the ball. Jeffers reacted instantly and coolly, lobbing it into the unguarded net from the edge of the area.

Campbell's flicked headers

provided constant encouragement for Jeffers and supporting midfield players, but Wednesday somehow came through the rest of the half unscathed. Nick Barmby thrashed an effort across the face of the goal and Jeffers could not direct his overhead kick on target.

By the break they might have paid the price for allowing Wednesday too many sights of goal. Carbone and Emerson Thome headed wide, but Andy Booth forced Myhre to plunge smartly to his left to protect his team's advantage.

Wednesday intensified the bombardment in the second half and the pressure took its toll after 52 minutes. Unsworth, patently rattled, nervously attempted to push the ball back to Myhre but barely made contact and the keeper was powerless to prevent Carbone's equaliser.

Myhre leapt acrobatically to beat out a shot from the ever-mischievous Carbone but the second goal came Wednesday's way in the 68th minute. To compound Everton's anguish, it was a Carbone copy of the first. This time his compatriot, Materazzi, buffed his back pass and the striker beat the exposed Myhre.

Wednesday came close to adding a third. Myhre making a fingertip save from Wim Jonk, but potentially terminal damage had already been inflicted on Everton.

Everton (4-4-2): Myhre; Weir, Shaw, Materazzi (Balt, 75), Unsworth; Gemmill, Dacourt, Grant (Degen, 75), Barmby (Bakajoko, 77); Campbell, Jeffers. Substitutes not used: Simonsen (84), Cadamarteri.

Sheffield Wednesday (4-4-2): Sncicek; Atherton, Thome, Newsome, Hindcliffe; Alexander (Scott, 75), Jonk, Sonner, Rudi, Booth, Carbone (Crosswell, 89). Substitutes not used: Freeman (44), Broome, Agozo.

Referee: M Reed (Birmingham). More reports, pages 22, 23



Southampton's Mark Hughes finds it hard going against Coventry's George Boateng (left) and Trond Solvetved at Highfield Road. Allsport

## Boateng's strike sinks Saints

COVENTRY'S RELEGATION

worries eased significantly thanks to George Boateng's 64th minute goal that sealed a second win in three days for Gordon Strachan's men, who are now six points clear of the last relegation place. Southampton, however, are staring the drop in the face.

Not that Coventry ever had the easy ride it should have been against a Southampton side which has collected only six points and six goals in away games all season. They came close to adding to that meagre goal tally but never quite close enough.

After a fractious game, Strachan refused to admit his side were safe. "Last Friday I would have been happy with four points from these two games,

BY CONRAD LEACH

Coventry City	1
Southampton	0

but I believed we would get something," he added.

The breakthrough came when Coventry caught Southampton undermanned in defence and distracted by their striker James Beattie laying flat out. Paul Telfer found Gary Breen on the right and his quick cross forced Trond Solvetved into a diving header that goalkeeper Neil Moss could only scoop out to Boateng, who gleefully drove in from two yards.

The Southampton manager, Dave Jones, felt his team had gifted the goal, saying: "We were distracted and switched

off and left some double doors open for them at the back. It was always going to be a mistake that settled it."

Yet Coventry should have ended all debate five minutes later when Breen hit the side-netting after Darren Huckerby's cross had evaded the Southampton defence.

Coventry had the best of a poor first half as both sides looked jaded. It took 14 minutes before the first goal chance arrived, with Boateng the recipient of a poor clearance by Ken Monkou. Coventry's Dutch midfielder hit his sidefooted shot well from 20 yards but saw it go just wide.

Moss was in action with eight minutes of the first half remaining, this time to pull off a save from one of his team-

mates. It was the Boateng-Monkou combination again, this time the former floating in a long throw-in that Monkou sent arcing backwards and the goalkeeper did well to push the ball over his crossbar. A minute later Moss was left stranded by a Gary McAllister corner, but Breen's header was cleared off the goal line by Scott Hiley.

Jones made two changes to the Southampton line-up but resisted the temptation to recall Matt Le Tissier and Hassan Kaschoul, who both missed Saturday's goalless draw with Arsenal through suspension.

Jones did call on Le Tissier after the half-time break and it almost brought an instant reward. After just three minutes on the pitch Le Tissier swung

in a cross that Beattie headed down firmly only for Coventry goalkeeper Magnus Hedman to palm around the post. Le Tissier then went close himself as he headed just over the crossbar from Hiley's cross.

Southampton are now one of the bottom of the table but Jones refuses to give up hope. "We can still get out of trouble, we just can't get the away win and three points we need," he said. "I haven't set any points targets but we're going for the maximum from our remaining games."

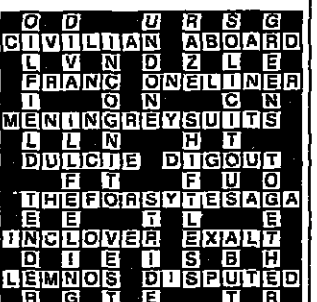
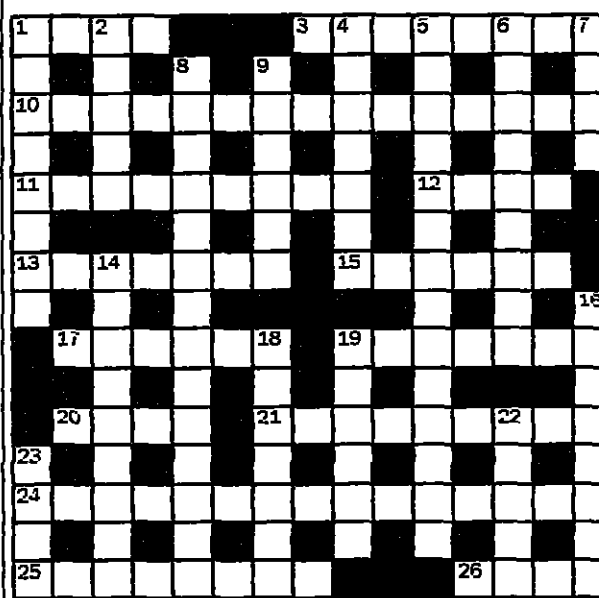
Coventry City (4-4-2): Hedman; Burrows, Williams, Shaw, Breen; Solvetved, McAllister, Boateng, Telfer; Huckerby (Goschling, 86), Whelan. Southampton (4-4-2): Moss; Solvetved, Kaschoul, Hiley, Bridge (Le Tissier, 4-1), Dodd, Mendenhall (4-2); Moss; Colligan, Monkou, Lundstram, Hiley. Referee: U Ronnie (Sheffield).

## THE TUESDAY CROSSWORD

No.3889 Tuesday 6 April

by Aelred

Monday's Solution



- ACROSS**
- 1 Punish murderer soundly? (4)
  - 2 Alert timekeeper catches nasty flu (8)
  - 3 Very eager user makes a stand for fair treatment (2,4,2,7)
  - 4 Women fish repeatedly, having broad outlook (4-5)
  - 5 You'd need this to fill in plunger? (4)
  - 6 Quiet milk distributor has to show fear (7)
  - 7 Bird is surrounded by cover (6)
  - 8 Other changes will keep daughter in excited state? (3-5)
  - 9 Finished with lass from the county (7)
  - 10 Nothing comes before

- the natural response of the listener (4)
- 11 Jumbo chocolate before penal reforms? (9)
  - 12 Roppy sort of broadcasting? (5,10)
  - 13 One in charge has gone to prophet (8)
  - 14 Like heartless Henry Grey (4)
- DOWN**
- 1 Credit sailor with sagacity to go sideways? (8)
  - 2 Snake delivered partial description of those in Eden? (6)
  - 3 A smile's silly and without point (7)
  - 4 Hopes to make move go wrong with E? (7,2,5)
  - 5 Parading mother's sister in a bit of fun (9)

- 7 Boy gets a car (4)
- 8 One-parent family on the run from plant (3-3-8)
- 9 Park-keeper has right to rage (6)
- 14 Disgusting Beaune a lieutenant found not fit for consumption (9)
- 15 Island tree marshal (8)
- 16 What circus performer might need to catch with ease, we hear (7)
- 17 Apply black paint to boat in study (6)
- 22 One has to come back by sea under another name (5)
- 23 Some of the choristers will need copy (4)

## Dunwoody rides into racing's record books

BY RICHARD EDMONDSON

RICHARD DUNWOODY became the greatest jumping jockey there has ever been yesterday. Better than Stan Mellor, the first man to reach 1,000 winners, better than John Francome and, most pertinently, better than Peter Scudamore. The 35-year-old Dunwoody passed his old rival's career tally of 1,678 winners with a double at Wincanton. Wherever he goes from here, and the Ulsterman might continue until he is 40, he will be pushing back a new frontier.

"I'm glad I didn't disappoint such an appreciative crowd," Dunwoody said. "It's a great moment, especially with my mother, father and sister here today. I would like to thank all the people who have supported me, owners and trainers. I just want to ride many more winners."

There were flying dismounts after the victories of Knight Templar and Yorkshire Edition at the Somerset track, and later a bottle of champagne in his hand as Dunwoody addressed the troops. Neither act



Dunwoody: 1,679 winners

nor accoutrement symbolise him correctly. Richard Thomas Dunwoody MBE is as much flamboyant as he is swashbuckling. Which is not at all. They call him "The Prince" because of his textbook and unrivalled technique, but there has been a greater factor he has brought into play ever since he partnered his first winner at Cheltenham's hunter-chase meeting in May 1983. Dunwoody dislikes losing as much as any jockey there has been. His clinical attitude to colleagues on the racecourse has

## RICHARD DUNWOODY FORM GUIDE

Born: January 18, 1964, in Belfast  
First winner: Game Trust at Cheltenham, 4 May 1983.  
1,000th British winner: Rakey Dove, Cheltenham, 18 January 1994.  
First century of winners in a season: 1989-90 - has ridden at least 100 winners in Britain every season since.  
Best seasons: 197 winners in 1993-94; Champion Jockey: 1992-93, 1993-94, 1994-95.  
Grand National winners: West Tip 1986, Minneringham 1994.  
Cheltenham Gold Cup winners: Charter Party 1988.  
Champion Hurdle winner: Pacesetter 1990.

## NATIONAL HUNT JOCKEYS HALL OF FAME

Jockey	Winners
Richard Dunwoody	1,679
Peter Scudamore	1,678
John Francome	1,138
Stan Mellor	1,035
Peter Niven	940
Fred Winter	923
Graham McCourt	921
Bob Davies	911
Berry Boddicombe	908
Jonjo O'Neill	885
Steve Smith Eccles	861

led to bans; and only recently he came to blows in the weighing room with an old friend, Mick Fitzgerald, because of a perceived sleight.

This combative attitude does not make Dunwoody unpopular. People with whom he works marvel at his level of professionalism. Trainers like to use him, punters like to back him. Even though his schedule has been pared down of late Dunwoody is still fifth in the jockeys' championship and his percentage is better than any leading rider. He currently wins exactly one in four races and is acknowledged as the master of the big occasion. This temperament has brought him two Grand Nationals and a Cheltenham Gold Cup. They even let him ride Desert Orchid.

Those who appreciate Dunwoody's achievement most include those he has overtaken, men who know the commitment to winning in the sauna and recovery from thumping the ground at close to 40mph. "Richard's performance is marvellous for himself and racing," Scudamore said. "He's a fantastic rider with tremendous determination and courage."

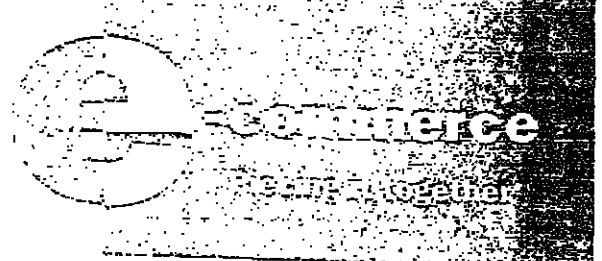
Dunwoody's general celebrity has reached a stage where he was the invitee on Desert Island Discs on Sunday. Dunwoody followed on to the radio programme Jenny Purnan, Bob Champion, Dick Francis and Frankie Dettori from the racing community. Now the rest of the nation's National Hunt jockeys must follow him and he will take a lot of catching.

Racing, pages 18 and 19

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# TUESDAY REVIEW

COMMENT • FEATURES • ARTS • PLUS THE INFORMATION DAILY

BY STEVE BOGGAN

This photograph is all that Helen McKendry has left of her mother Jean. Accused of being an informer, she was dragged out of her house in 1972 by a masked gang. Inquiries about her fate have been answered with a gun in the face. Jean was just one of the people killed by the IRA and disposed of in secret. Now the IRA has said it may reveal where the bodies are buried – on condition that no one is prosecuted. It's a bitter solution. But Helen is already preparing the flowers to put on her mother's grave



## Disappeared

**H**elen McKendry was just 15 when the IRA "disappeared" her mother. They came after dark, eight men and four women, wearing masks so her children would not recognise them. They dragged her from the bathroom of her maisonette in Belfast's notorious Divis flats and, in spite of the children's screams, bundled her into a waiting car. When her 16-year-old son, Arthur, tried to intervene, a gun was put to his head and he was told to "fuck off". It was shortly before Christmas 1972, and it was the last time that the children saw their mother, dead or alive.

It was a cowardly abduction, carried out because of dubious claims that Jean McConville was an informer, and it left 10 youngsters without a mother, without even a grave to mourn her. Mrs McConville is one of Northern Ireland's "disappeared", a group of between nine and 14 individuals who were killed by the IRA and buried in secret. Until recently few people knew that the Troubles had spawned this category of person – after all, this wasn't Chile under Pinochet or Argentina under the military junta. But try telling that to Helen McKendry.

Last week the IRA admitted for the first time that Mrs McConville had been taken by volunteers. Its Army Council said she was one of nine people the IRA had killed and buried for a variety of reasons between 1972 and 1981, "enemies" forgotten by everyone except the loved ones they left behind (others whom the IRA does not admit to went missing as late as 1986).

The Army Council said that it had located their graves and indicated that it would divulge the locations if the Irish and the British governments agreed that no prosecutions would follow. For Mrs McKendry, the announcement held out the cathartic possibility that she may finally be able to lay her mother to rest after more than 26 years.

"The night before they killed her, they took her from the local bingo hall for 'interrogation', she said. "They held her for hours and beat her, claiming she was an informer. But that was nonsense. Somehow, she got away and was found by the Army, wandering barefoot and confused. It was freezing cold, 6 December."

"The Army took her to the barracks in Albert Street and tried to make some sense out of what had happened. They came and asked me to collect her. When I got to the door of the barracks I could hear her screaming, but she insisted on coming home to look after us."

Mrs McConville had been a Protestant but converted to Catholicism when she married her husband, Arthur. They had lived for a time in a predominantly Protestant area but left at gunpoint in 1969 when the Troubles were in their infancy. The people of the Divis did not trust the former "Prod", but her husband protected her. However, a year before her abduction, he died of cancer, leaving her with 10 children at the age of 37.

"They had had their eyes on her for several months," said Mrs McKendry. "A soldier had been shot outside the flats, and she had gone down and put a pillow under his head and prayed with him until he died. Well, you just didn't do that there. That made her very unpopular."

The day after her "interrogation", Mrs McConville tried to restore an air of normality to her home and her traumatised children. Despite her injuries she spent the day looking after them, and was running herself a bath at about 6pm.

"She asked me to pop out to the shops, and they came while I was away. I didn't even get to say goodbye to her," said Mrs McKendry. "There were eight men and four women, and they dragged her from the bathroom – it didn't matter to them that there were children screaming and crying and hanging on to her."

"They said they were only taking her for a few hours. My elder brother, Arthur, followed them down to a waiting car, but they wouldn't let him go along. One of the men pulled a gun and put it to his head and told him to eff off."

"They had been wearing masks but they took them off once they got outside. Arthur knew who some of them were, but he has never said who and he never will – or the same thing might happen to him."

After the abduction, the children simply waited. They were too afraid to call the police. As well as Arthur and Helen, there were the twins, Billy and Jim, aged six. Suzanne, seven, Thomas, eight, Mickey, 11, and Agnes, 13. The oldest daughter, 19-year-old Anne.



Helen McKendry with husband Seamus, top; above, Beechmount in west Belfast where she believes her mother is buried Crispin Rodwell

who was mentally handicapped, was in hospital at the time: the oldest son, Robert, was in prison, jailed on his 17th birthday along with hundreds of other Catholic youths under internment.

"We just waited for her to come home, but she never did," said Mrs McKendry. "One or two of the neighbours came in with food and another gave us some little Christmas presents, but mostly we were ignored."

"The IRA put the word round that my mother had run off with a British soldier and abandoned us. People would come up to us in the street and say our mother was a whore who didn't want us. Over the years, some of the young ones began to believe that, and we had to keep reminding them that it wasn't true. The idea that she was an informer was ridiculous. If she was one of their informers, would the Army really have released her after the first beating? Of course not."

"We heard nothing about my mother, and then just after

Christmas a man knocked on our door. He had my mother's purse. Her three rings were inside it. He said he knew nothing about her and had simply been asked to give us the purse. And that was all we had left of our mother."

Helen did her best to look after the other children, but eventually they were taken into care with the promise, quickly broken, that they would be kept together. All their possessions were taken away; Helen managed to salvage a grainy photograph of herself with her mother.

On her 16th birthday, Helen was given £1 by the Sisters of Nazareth, who had been looking after her, and told to go and make her own way in the world. She relied on friends for help and kept in touch, when she could, with her brothers and sisters at a variety of homes. Fortunately she had met a young man, Seamus McKendry, who had been working at the home, and they were married at the age of 18.

Ever since that day Mr McKendry has done everything possible to locate his wife's mother. "Every time I was in a bar or a pub I would ask what people knew," he said. "Often I was ignored or cold-shouldered or threatened. I've had a gun in the face more than once."

The breakthrough came in 1994 with an IRA ceasefire imminent. Mr McKendry decided to tackle Sinn Féin head on. He walked into their headquarters and, to his relief, saw that a man he knew was on reception. "I told him that I didn't want to affect the chances of a ceasefire, but that we would go public if they didn't help us. He told me to come back in three weeks, but when I did he pretended not to know me or what I was talking about."

Undeterred, the McKendrises went on radio to tell their story – and the results were astonishing. The people of Northern Ireland were jolted out of fearful silence and the relatives of other "disappeared" people came forward. Soon, a rough list – disputed in parts by the IRA – emerged. There was Charles Armstrong, 55, abducted on his way to mass in 1981; Gerald Evans, 24, who vanished in 1978; Kevin McKee and Seamus Wright, both taken from their homes in Andersonstown in October 1972; John McClory and Brian McKinney, aged 17 and 22, who disappeared in 1978; John McIlroy and a second Seamus Wright, taken in 1974; Columba McVeigh, 17, missing since 1983; Brendan McGraw, 24, abducted by nine men in 1973; Sean Murphy, 25, taken in 1980; Seamus Ruddy, 33, a republican activist killed by associates in France in 1985; and, finally, the SAS captain Robert Nairn, who disappeared from a south Armagh pub in 1977.

The IRA now says that it has located nine of the graves, but it has signalled that it will go no further until it receives a commitment that no prosecutions will follow the recovery of remains and any forensic evidence that digging produces. The Irish and British governments have agreed in principle, but legislation may be needed before Mo Mowlam, the Northern Ireland Secretary, can waive the right to prosecute. Meanwhile, the families of the disappeared are in limbo.

"It's just so cruel," said Mrs McKendry. "They're not satisfied with sticking the knife in: they want to twist it."

However, with or without IRA help, Mrs McKendry may soon be able to give her mother a decent burial. Recently, through a series of anonymous telephone calls from clearly guilty participants, she has been able to piece together her mother's last hours.

She found that a terrified Jean McConville was "interrogated" at a house in Beechmount, now a desperately run-down area of Catholic Belfast that then boasted new housing. "Other houses were being built nearby at the time, so our guess is that they buried her under there," said Mrs McKendry. "Now those houses are falling apart, and they will be demolished soon. So I hope then that her remains will be found and we can bury her."

Last week, for the first time since they were taken into care,

Jean McConville's children gathered together in one room – only Anne, who died of a stroke in 1992, was missing – and they planned their mother's funeral. If it ever takes place, it will be at Our Lady Queen of Peace Chapel in Dunmurry, south of Belfast, because, like Mrs McConville, it was once Protestant and is now Catholic.

There will probably be a horse-drawn hearse to take Mrs McConville's remains to the Catholic Milltown cemetery, so that the American tourists can look at her grave as well as those of the men of violence who lie in the cemetery. The children have even chosen the flowers.

"There are some things that I can't remember about her," said Mrs McKendry. "But I do remember that my mother liked carnations and lilies, so we'll get some of those to put on her grave."

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						<b>MEDIA</b>



## Priorities in Kosovo

Sir: We acknowledge that the situation in Kosovo was already bad at the point at which Nato started bombing Serbia, and nothing can excuse the "ethnic cleansing" which is taking place. However, bombing and violence were always likely to make matters much worse and have indeed done so.

As Nato moves into further phases of its bombing strategy, the plight of the Kosovan Albanians deteriorates further and faster: the region becomes even more unstable and the Serbians unite behind Milosevic. Surely this is not the intention.

In the post-Cold War world we need to find new ways of solving conflict within and among nations and we must remember that history and psychology need to be taken into account. Sometimes doing the right thing may involve loss of face, but history will judge us kindly for choosing this option.

A ceasefire must be called before the region becomes further destabilised, with more lives lost, more refugees, and the conflict spread. There is still scope for diplomatic activity to negotiate a settlement under the auspices of the United Nations in order to protect the people of Kosovo.

An open-ended commitment to a major presence of non-military international observers and a substantial economic development programme are urgently needed to help the resettlement of refugees. The priority now is not to extend the bombing but to concentrate logistical efforts on delivering rapid emergency aid.

MEG BERSFORD  
and 12 others  
Winston, Strathclyde

Sir: In supporting Nato action, Branka Magas writes (letter, 1 April): "Nato's determination to humble - and hopefully remove - the Butcher of the Balkans is a precondition for the region's return to peace." She is right about the need to remove Milosevic and she may be right about Nato's determination to humble him but her hope that Nato may remove him is a hope without reason.

From 1993 onwards, I and many others (including Branka Magas) worked to support an undivided multi-ethnic Bosnia. Through experience in that war I drew the conclusion that the Western governments need Milosevic. They need a "strongman" of the Balkans. The rights of Bosnians, Kosovars or Serbs are of little or no consideration. They need a Milosevic and if, from time to time, they cut him down to size, they also quickly shore him up again.

For 10 years Kosovo Albanians have suffered a growing hell. Any democrat who knows their situation will support their right to self-determination. But Blair, Cook and Clinton have resolutely refused to support this right and their present military actions only make sense if judged, not from the claimed humanitarian purpose, but from their strategic goal - to stop the emergence of an independent Kosovo.

The people of Europe are going to have to find other means than Nato to stop ethnic cleansing. Thousands of young Albanians are joining the KLA but by themselves they will be slaughtered. What needs to be discussed is by what means we will all come to their assistance. Only this kind of international movement of solidarity will remove Milosevic and all those who think like him.

BOB MYERS  
Manchester

Sir: "Genocide" is not just another word for brutality, making people homeless, or even murder. It means, according to the OED, "annihilation of a race". The word was first used in the 1940s to describe the Nazi campaign to wipe out European Jewry.

Similarly, for more than half a century, "concentration camp" has not meant a place where large numbers of people are concentrated, even if it is against their will. Everybody knows that it

means a death camp, on the Nazi model, designed for the industrial implementation of a policy of genocide.

Can George Robertson and Robin Cook or the US State Department seriously justify the use of this language to describe the situation in Kosovo today? Of course it is a tragedy and people are suffering. Beyond that, nobody in Britain knows what is really happening in Kosovo. Experience should surely have taught us not to accept at face value every horror story coming out of a war zone.

Even if the worst accounts of Serb reprisals we have heard to date were true, it would still be dangerous to call this genocide. Anybody who tries to compare Hitler's Germany - the dominant and best armed European power of its age - with Milosevic's militarily weak and economically powerless Serbia is in danger of losing all sense of proportion.

Such comparisons risk seriously distorting the image we have of the Balkans today by branding the Serbs as the new Nazis. Even more importantly, they risk belittling the horror of the real Holocaust by putting the slaughter of 6 million Jews on a par with a local conflict, bloody though it may be.

MICK HUME  
London EC1

Sir: As an Englishwoman living in Greece, I can inform you that people here haven't felt so insecure in a long time. Without seeming to think about the consequences for the whole region, for Macedonia, Albania, Bulgaria and Greece, Nato has charged in like a bull in a china shop. Stabilisation of the region? I don't agree.

Perhaps the most ironic thing of all is that Nato has played into the hands of Milosevic who must be rubbing his hands together in glee. There is no way that he would have been able to produce such an efficient expulsion of the ethnic Albanians, and no way that the Serbs would be so united behind

matching Campari and soda. "More often than not, people in a British pub are half-watching one television programme while discussing another quite different one they half-watched the other night. The half-baked discussing the half-watched."

"The ultimate pub conversation," said the resident Welshman, "would be a bunch of people discussing a television programme that none of them had seen."

"No," said the man with the dog. "That's called a meeting of the BBC governors."

We all laughed, nobody quite knew why, and someone asked the Dutchman if Dutch people sat around in Dutch pubs discussing Dutch TV programmes.

"No," he said. "We discuss imported American programmes."

their leader without the assistance of Nato bombs.

LISA MANLY  
Skopelos, Greece

## Ulster's dilemma

Sir: Donald Macintyre suggests ("Ulster may yet prove the triumph of politics over tribal feelings", 3 April) that if Sir Patrick Mayhew had not put forward his "Washington Three" conditions, decommissioning might never have become the fundamental issue of the Irish peace process. The truth is almost the opposite of that. If decommissioning had not already been a central issue, Sir Patrick would not have put forward those conditions.

The Downing Street Declaration of December 1993 said that "the achievement of peace must involve a permanent end to the use of force and support for paramilitary violence" and that in those circumstances "democratically mandated parties which establish a commitment to exclusively peaceful means" would be "free to participate fully in

Sir: Cottage hospitals are not like branch libraries (leading article, 1 April).

Library visits tend to be weekly or fortnightly, but when your mother-in-law is convalescing you want to visit daily. The cottage hospital in Kingston, Herefordshire, has for a long time been threatened with closure despite the protestations of local inhabitants.

Next time a family member needs a hospital bed, the population of Camden may like to consider whether they would prefer it to be local or to be given the choice of, say, Staines or Orpington.

That is the equivalent of the option offered to residents of this area.

RICHARD RIMINGTON  
Prestigne, Poyys

democratic politics and to join in dialogue in due course between the Governments and the political parties on the way ahead."

In the Dail, Dick Spring, then Irish foreign minister, said: "Questions were raised on how to determine a permanent cessation of violence. We are talking about the handing up of arms and are insisting that it would not be simply a temporary cessation of violence to see what the political process offers. There can be no equivocation in relation to the determination of both Governments in that regard." Sir Patrick made a similar statement.

The Irish government's position changed after the first IRA ceasefire of 31 August 1994. In December, the Taoiseach, Albert Reynolds, said that it was not a sensible precondition to require the IRA to hand in weapons before multilateral talks began. On 1 March 1995, Gerry Adams said that decommissioning would happen at the end of the negotiations, not the beginning. The British were also under pressure from the Americans.

## IN BRIEF

Sir: Thank you for your article on Adrian Noble and the Royal Stratford Theatre ("End of the winter of discontent?", 31 March). I have seen many productions of *The Tempest*, and last year's was the best of them, well cast, brilliantly acted and directed.

Perhaps the stage is no longer state of the art - I wouldn't know - but I hope the mooted renovation will not mean any reduction in the seating.

A smaller auditorium may be cosier and chumier, but either the seats will cost more or the actors will be worse paid, or both.

WILLIAM CAREY  
Witley, Oxfordshire

The conditions set out in Sir Patrick's speech in Washington on 7 March were "a willingness in principle to disarm progressively", an agreement on the method of decommissioning, and a start to the process as a "tangible confidence-building measure". Sir Patrick wanted Sinn Féin to meet those conditions before entering negotiations. Is it unreasonable, four years later, to expect them to be met before Sinn Féin can enter the Executive?

STEPHEN FLOWDEN  
London NW1

## Questions of faith

Sir: The Bishop of London's article proclaiming the resurrection of faith (Saturday Essay, 3 April) completely fails to answer the questions that concern people who look for some version of truth.

Is faith - any faith - true? It's not good enough to say people want faith. They also want chocolate bars the size of Mont Blanc.

Why have people of differing faiths hated one another with more viciousness than any other form of

hatred across the centuries? The Bishop mocks "Consumer Unbeliever International", but Voltaire sensibly saw commerce as a way of finding common purpose between Jews, Christians and Muslims "where the only infidel was the bankrupt".

Why are the epiphenomena of religion so startlingly similar to the epiphenomena of mental illness? Anyone who has had experience of knowing someone afflicted by either will know that the delusions of the one (magic, control, irrational thinking) are often echoed in the other.

If religion is a good thing, why is the fundamentalist form today - whether of Judaism, Christianity, Islam or Hinduism - so intolerant, repellent, bigoted and politically intransigent? Surely something which seeks to define goodness should be good in its most extreme form. Yet the manifestations of extreme religion, from the destruction of the Ayodhya mosque westwards, have been events of peculiar horror and badness. How can the Bishop explain that?

CHRISTOPHER WALKER  
London W14

Sir: Richard Chartres starts a lot of hares and there is room for only a few shots at them.

He says that "the Church of England is supported almost entirely by voluntary contributions". What about its enormous tax-free income from properties and investments?

He says that when Christianity declines, "the result is not a generation of sturdy atheists but vast numbers of people who will believe in anything". Haven't Christians shown that they will believe in (and do) anything?

He says there should be more rather than less representation for religious interests in political affairs. What about proper representation of non-religious and indeed anti-religious interests?

NICHOLAS WALTER  
Rationalist Press Association  
London N1

## London's languages

Sir: As the authors of the forthcoming research referred to in your article of 29 March ("London: multilingual capital of the world"), we were very pleased to see your positive coverage of London's linguistic riches.

Even on the most conservative estimates of the number of languages, there are considerably more languages in the world than your article suggests. The Linguasphere project, which is concerned with classification of all the world's languages and dialects, reveals more than 10,000 languages, although it does depend on the precise definition of "language" adopted.

A quarter of these are African languages. Preliminary findings from our work suggest that about a quarter of London's top 30 languages are also African. This includes people from politically and economically important countries such as Nigeria.

The London Research Centre's figures are based on country of birth. They therefore understate the size of the population speaking each language. Our figures are based on languages spoken by schoolchildren. Thus, the estimates of the number of people speaking Creole (as spoken in Mauritius, the Seychelles, St Lucia and Dominica) is probably two or three times that based on the number of people born in those countries.

It is very likely that London is the most linguistically diverse city in the world but, importantly, we are probably the only city in the world which can count the languages spoken. The schools language surveys are a unique resource created originally to support the case for teachers to support the language needs of immigrant children.

JOHN EVERSOLEY  
Queen Mary and Westfield College  
University of London  
PHILIP BAKER  
School of Oriental and African  
Studies and University of  
Westminster

## Costly cabbages

Sir: Driving down the M4 recently, I spotted a large sign in a field which proclaimed the support of a major supermarket for Britain's beleaguered farming industry. The same supermarket also professes to champion the cause of the British consumer.

However, such altruistic behaviour does not preclude the making of a healthy profit out of both. At the time of writing, the supermarket in question was paying its Cornish growers just 10 pence for a bag of three premium grade spring-green cabbages (4 pence per three if not bagged).

Once on the shelf, however, the same produce was priced at 59 pence per bag - a mark-up of almost 600 per cent on cost price. By contrast, a typical greengrocer would expect to mark up produce of this kind by 50 per cent at most.

Still, if the growers don't like it, they can always sell their produce to - well, probably to no one actually, as the rise of the supermarket has decimated the traditional wholesale supply channel.

The DTI recently announced the launch of a European comparative price index, to crack down on exactly this type of profiteering. Is it too much to hope, however, that the major supermarkets will not simply abuse their huge purchasing power by insisting that their suppliers, rather than themselves, accept a substantial reduction in their profit margin?

DOMINIC PARKES  
Swansea

## Patriotism today

Sir: While sitting behind a rural 4x4 in a traffic queue, I wondered if the irony (or should I say hypocrisy?) of the message in the rear window was entirely lost on the driver. The sticker read, "Young farmers say British is best." The vehicle was built in Japan.

PAUL DUNCAN  
Knaresborough, North Yorkshire

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Post letters to Letters to the Editor, The Independent, 1 Canada Square, London E14 5DL and include a daytime telephone number, fax to 0171 293 2056 or e-mail to letters@independent.co.uk. E-mail correspondents are asked to give a postal address. Letters may be edited for length and clarity.



Working Poland No 2: Steel-workers gaze into the furnace at a plant in Krakow

Tom Pilon

## A half-baked discussion of a half-watched TV show

THERE WAS a Dutchman in our pub the other night. Nobody knew where he had come from. Holland, presumably. He ordered a half of lager and said: "Did you see that thing on television the other night?"

Most of us were half-watching some terrible football on the TV set over the bar, and it was only with some reluctance that the man with the dog said: "What thing?"

"I don't know," said the Dutchman. "I didn't see anything on television the other night."

"Then why did you mention it?" "Because I was told that if you wanted to get a conversation going in a British pub, the best thing to say is: 'Did you see that thing on television the other night?'"

"He's right in a way," said the lady with red hair, sipping her

matching Campari and soda. "More often than not, people in a British pub are half-watching one television programme while discussing another quite different one they half-watched the other night. The half-baked discussing the half-watched."

"The ultimate pub conversation," said the resident Welshman, "would be a bunch of people discussing a television programme that none of them had seen."

"No," said the man with the dog. "That's called a meeting of the BBC governors."

We all laughed, nobody quite knew why, and someone asked the Dutchman if Dutch people sat around in Dutch pubs discussing Dutch TV programmes.

"No," he said. "We discuss imported American programmes."

"It's the same here in Britain," said the red lady.

"Not in Wales it isn't," said the resident Welshman. "In Wales we discuss imported American AND English programmes. The English think they don't have many native programmes. Imagine how the Welsh feel."

"I'd rather not," said the red lady. "I haven't got the energy to summon up all that burning resentment."

"Why are the Welsh resentful?" asked the Dutchman.

"Because they like burning down second homes belonging to English people," said the red lady. "But it rains so much in Wales that they find it hard to get the fires started, and they blame the English for this too."

"That's one reason," said the



MILES KINGTON

The Dutch cross the Channel for our heritage. The English cross the Channel for cheap booze

Welshman, who has a sense of humour by Welsh standards. "But there are always new ones coming

along. For instance, we're now resentful because the Millennium Dome has been built on the far side of London, in Greenwich, which makes it even harder for the Welsh to visit. It's typical of the English to put the Dome where it's only easy for the English to get at."

"And the Dutch," said a voice. It was the Dutchman again. "It was very clever of your government to put it there, down in the south-east corner. Did you realise that most of the population of Belgium and Holland actually live closer to your Millennium Dome than all of the Welsh and Scottish and most of the English? And that it's easier for us to get to?"

There was a moment's silence. "That's the most amazing statistic I've heard in years," said the man with the dog.

"It's the second most amazing statistic I've heard," said the red lady. "The most amazing was that the 10 minutes or so which Gwyneth Paltrow spent weeping in the Oscar acceptance speech was actually longer than the time spent on screen by Judi Dench in *Shakespeare in Love*."

"Talking of which," said the man with the dog, "did you realise that the money spent by Steven Spielberg on *Saving Private Ryan* was more in real terms than the money spent by the British and US governments on the Second World War events depicted in the film?"

"Is that true?" asked the Dutchman.

"I've no idea," said the man with the dog. "But it sounds good."

"As a matter of interest," said the landlord, "is anyone here actually

definitely planning to go to the Millennium Dome?"

There was a silence. One hand went up. It was the Dutchman's. "You see, this is the difference between the English and the Europeans. We cross the Channel to see your heritage. You cross the Channel to buy cheap booze," said the Dutchman.

There was a loud laugh. It came from the resident Welshman.

"Nice one, boyo," he said. "Let me buy you a pint of incredibly expensive booze, or what the English call beer."

It was so long since the Welshman had bought anyone a drink that there was a long, stunned silence. The Dutchman saw this as his cue again.

"Did you see that thing on television the other night?" he said.



# THE INDEPENDENT

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## Taking our share of refugees will help steady the Balkans

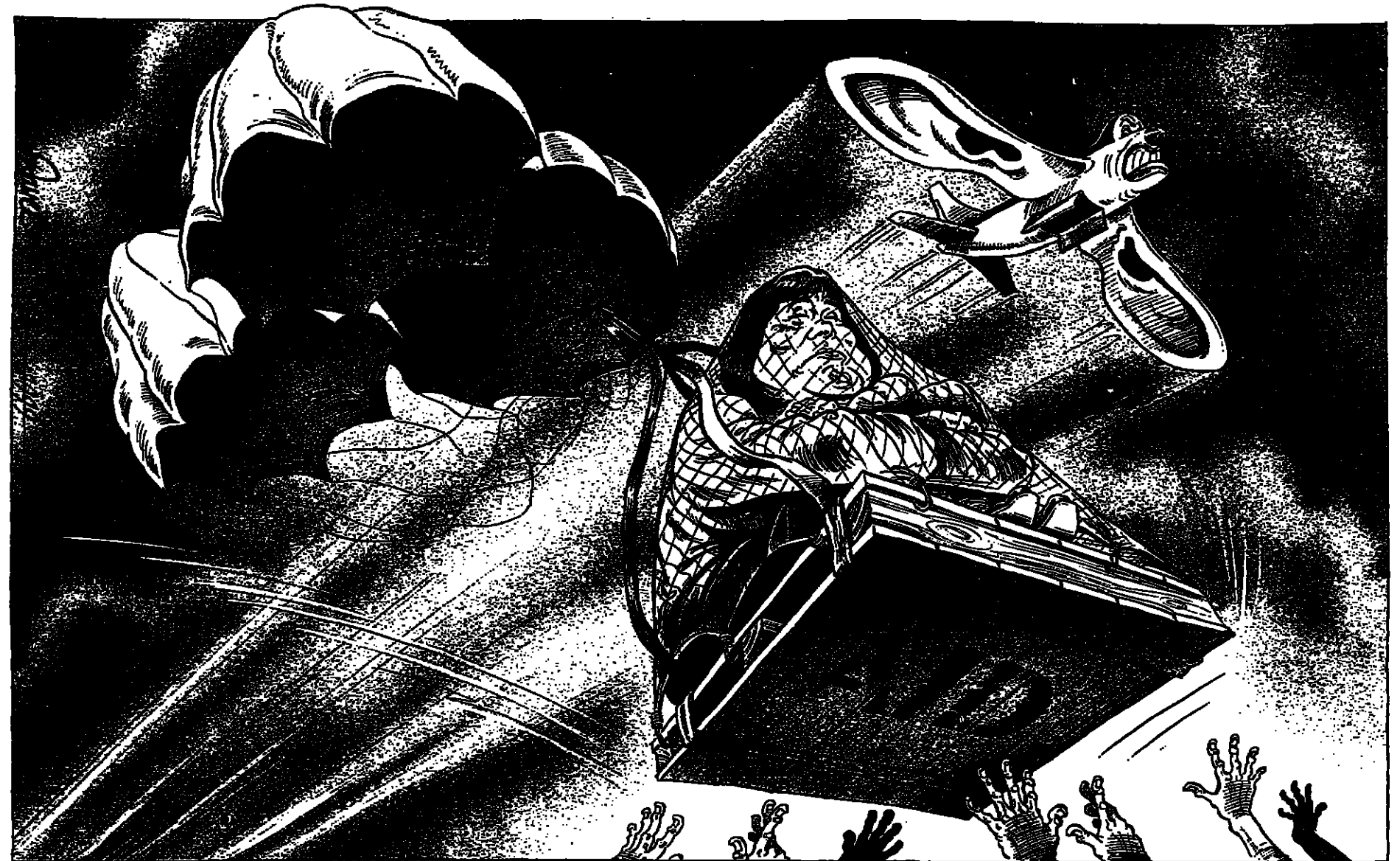
THE YUGOSLAVIAN wars of the past decade have produced few moral conundrums more difficult than the issue of taking in refugees from Kosovo. The Government has announced that Britain is now willing to take in 10,000 Kosovar refugees on top of the 9,000 already in this country. Given the experience from previous conflicts, for instance Bosnia, there is every likelihood that few of the refugees reaching our shores will ever return to the valleys and mountains of Kosovo. However that does not mean that Britain is colluding – albeit unwillingly and unwittingly – in the efforts of Slobodan Milosevic, the president of Yugoslavia, to change the ethnic make-up of Kosovo through a combination of threats, arson and murder.

Foreign policy is not best dictated by the gut. The sight of starving children, exhausted mothers and bearded men with their faces full of tears encourages the desire to bring the Kosovar Albanians away from the dangerously overcrowded borders of their homeland as soon as possible. The long-term effects of this will be to disperse the population of Kosovo not only across Europe but across the whole world.

The difficulty of the Government's decision to accept thousands of refugees is exacerbated by the lack of support for this move even within the Western Allies. Emma Bonino, the European Union's aid commissioner, has said that "we should not participate in ethnic cleansing". She has highlighted the difficulties of the rescue operation by asking: "How do you choose 10,000 refugees? How do you airlift 50,000 people?" The charities and aid agencies have echoed this call. Oxfam argues that refugees should only be taken away from the region if there is no other way to take care of them.

The doubts about the sense of this airlift exist within the Cabinet itself. This is hardly surprising when Tony Blair said in a newspaper article on Sunday that to disperse refugees across Europe would be a "policy of despair". Clare Short, the minister for international development, who has been visiting the aid effort, was perhaps only echoing the old Cabinet line when she said that moving people out of the region would be doing exactly what Milosevic wanted.

Despite the appearance that the airlift is motivated by the short-term emotional impact of descriptions and images of the refugees, there is long-term sense in removing at least some of the refugees from the edge of the conflict. The countries surrounding Kosovo have coped with unbelievable demands over the past week. Albania, Macedonia and the Yugoslavian province of Montenegro are all poor. Albania is emerging from a civil war. They are all unlikely to be able to cope with the tide of people crossing their borders for long. Furthermore, they



## Confusion is always the enemy of thrift

THERE IS a strain of madness in the British which encourages camping overnight to be the first in the Harrods sale or queuing for three days to secure tickets to Wimbledon. People seem to enjoy the feeling that their lives will not be complete without a cut-price daily holder or ticket to see the latest British hopeful get thrashed.

The hysteria surrounding the end of PEPs (personal equity plans) and TESSAs (tax exempt special savings accounts) is no different. Normally sane people have spent their Easter holidays rushing about desperately to secure them before they are abolished in favour of ISAs (individual savings accounts).

The customer is not always right. As our story on page 9 of the news section shows, most buyers have little idea

of the differences between the old and new schemes. Even professionals find the new one complicated. Tory governments were happy to publicise PEPs and TESSAs. The Labour Government should have been swifter in advertising the benefits of ISAs and calming the public over the issue.

Confusion discourages saving. The Government has made a mistake abolishing a workable system. It will be some time before people feel confident about the new one.

## Great expectations

READERS WOULD be forgiven for thinking reports about a giant salamander infesting a lake in West Bromwich as about as likely as the Hound of the Baskervilles. Modern people have become so used to a world in which nature is off-white in tooth and claw. For a salamander to be mistaken for an alligator it must be one hell of a salamander. But then why should nature fit with our puny expectations?

# My country needs me – and the cause is worth fighting for


THE AIR is thick with the stink of attitudinising. Every columnist, reporter, letter-writer, pub bore and backbencher knows what should have been done, and what ought to be done now. You can sense the determination to be on the right side of history when you hear them utter sentences beginning with words like "it was quite obvious from the beginning that..."

Yesterday morning, disgracefully, I went back over past pieces that I have written about Kosovo, hoping that they would show what a prescient and clever fellow I am, and that they would defend me from the various charges that those opposed to intervention now level at those who support it. Sometimes I disgust myself.

What I believe about Kosovo – that we had little alternative but to intervene, and that we should now begin to deploy an army charged with winning it back for its dispossessed people – is not the consequence of deep strategic and military insight.

It is, rather, a product of conscience allied to a deep worry about what would happen elsewhere were we to fail this test. People on either side of this argument, who proclaim a clear and almost infallible understanding of cause and effect in the Balkans, are seeking to mobilise opinion rather than telling the truth.

The desire to be vindicated by events is particularly strong in those currently in opposition in Britain and America. At the end of last week, I heard an interview with the Tory Party chairman Michael Ancram (William Hague has been practically invisible since the bombing began), in



**DAVID AARONOVITCH**  
*We pampered Westerners are all very martial as long as we are only dropping ordinance from the sky*

Its threat to Tony Blair to withdraw its support from the war effort if ground troops were to be deployed should be treated with total contempt. Last week, at the Press Gazette awards, the editor of *The Sun* got so pissed that he sat for quite some time on the floor, unaware that he had fallen off his chair. Beaverbrook he ain't.

But that doesn't mean that the argument should not be taken seriously. Many soldiers' families read *The Sun*, I imagine. And common sense suggests that, should we lose dozens of casualties in a Balkan war, then that bit of opinion in Britain that hasn't cared much either way so far may decide that this was never our fight anyway. All of a sudden, Mr Ancram might discover a strong opinion on Kosovo and Mr Hague might reappear from exile.

Central to *The Sun's* objection to the risking of British lives in Kosovo is its perception of those who are not quite so squeamish. "Too many arm-chair generals and media commentators are calling for force on the ground," it said, suggesting, somewhat surreally, "Maybe they should go and see the movie *Saving Private Ryan* to see what a ground war is like." Or *El Cid*, perhaps?

This reproach to the supporters of action is now one that is almost universally used. To the ever-madder John Pilger, people like me are "junior Lord Haw Haws" (this invocation of a Fascist traitor and collaborator with the Nazis is explained by Pilger's eccentric view that NATO is always the enemy, who prescribe force "having never seen a shot fired"). In its editorial, the *New Statesman* states: "Whether those who advocate a ground offensive have relatives in the services – or whether they would countenance the conscription that might be required to sustain a long conflict – is unknown. But the world has never been short of those willing to send other people's sons to war."

And Alan Watkins in our Sunday sister paper observes: "Those with some knowledge of warfare are members of the Peace Party, whereas the War Party is composed largely of those who have not even heard a popgun fired in anger."

Now, I don't find it necessary to slap my weapon on the table and compare it for size with that of Alan Watkins. John Pilger, the editors of the *New Statesman* and *The Sun*, or anyone else for that matter. Their jibes are

**QUOTE OF THE DAY**  
"All you have to do is just think every time you get inside that aircraft 'someone is trying to kill me' – it is a great motivator."  
Group Capt Travers Smith, RAF spokesman

**THOUGHT FOR THE DAY**  
"The shortest and best way to make your fortune is to let people see clearly that it is in their interests to do so."  
Jean de La Bruyère, French satirist



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THE MISSION is justifiable. The leadership is contemptible. The Clinton administration is now flat out lying to the American people and the world when it says it is still ruling out the use of ground troops.

There will be ground troops in Kosovo. It is either that or an end to this mission all together – which would mean the end of the NATO alliance and a humiliation for the United States.

If a tin-pot monster like Slobodan Milosevic is allowed to defy

the democratic West on a matter that is strictly humanitarian in nature, there's no telling what lesson more dangerous copper-pot dictators will glean from NATO's defeat.

*New York Post*

COULD THE job be done in the Balkans? The answer is probably yes.

But nobody can pretend it would be easy, and it would almost certainly require a level of commitment that would

leave America with only paper defences elsewhere.

*The Detroit News*

IN KOSOVO, as in Bosnia, the major powers that are committed to humanitarian action to protect civilian victims seem to be looking for a quick fix solution that isn't possible.

Bombing alone will not end the ethnic cleansing, but

## MONITOR

ALL THE NEWS OF THE WORLD

*The American press considers the case for deploying ground troops in the Balkans*



## PANDORA

ROBIN COOK's increasing obsession with physical fitness is spilling over into the serious business of briefing the media about affairs of state. While backgrounding lobby journalists on the latest about Lockerbie, Cook described the new prison in Holland where the two alleged bombers of Pan Am 103 will be warehoused during what looks like protracted judicial proceedings. "The prison has a very large gymnasium," Cook said, "and it will be made available to the gentlemen" (and presumably the gentlewomen) "of the press." Observers of the *Cook Monster* have noticed that our gnomish Foreign Secretary has adopted a stringent new daily regime: Cook has taken up jogging round St James's Park most days that he's in London in Pandora's told, "rather fetching skinny shorts". Cook watchers say that the motivating force behind him slipping into his trainers can be summarised in one word: Gaynor.

A DATE with the judge might beckon if toy giant Hasbro tracks down a group of ex-teenagers who have been driven to dementia by the warblings of their younger siblings' Furbies. The naughty nerds have opened a renegade site featuring Furbie Hookers. And no, Miss Widdowcombe, it's nothing to do with Rugby Football.

WHODATHUNKIT? Neurosurgeons have performed brain surgery on cockroaches.

IF BBC Radio 2 has got it right and "Yesterday" really is today's most popular song, what kind of lyric is most likely to make lovers' pulses beat a little faster tomorrow? A trip to the website of Cern, the Geneva high-energy particle physics lab widely credited with inventing the World Wide Web, may provide a Scooby.

When not smashing atoms or constructing super colliders, the lab's big brains play in a couple of bar bands. One is a doo-wop outfit called Les Horribles Cernettes.

What kind of twisted lust was it that inspired guitarist/keyboardist/computer scientist Silvano de Gennaro to pen this lyric to a tune he calls Liquid Nitrogen? "You said I'd be yours 24 hours a day!"

Integrating until the end of time! Now in nanoseconds that's just the square root of 2670 billion times 10 to 90 divided by two. OK Silvano, you hum it and I'll play along...

JEFFREY ARCHER, at the Commons launch of Catholic soul predator Father Michael Seed's book *What Heaven Means To Us*, confided to one guest that he has been going out with a homeless charity to meet London's indigents first-hand. Assuming this is neither shameless book-pushing nor desperate vote-grabbing, isn't this the sort of role that we should expect putative royal bride Sophie Rhys-Jones to step into? Or is the London mayoral aspirant more serious than we thought about creating a migration of the emotionally disconnected from the city's streets?

DOUBLE THINK, or maybe no thinking at all, at gay rights activists Stonewall. The pink pressure group is supporting New Labour plans to overhaul the House of Lords, telling its members that hereditary peers are holding up the amendment to equalise the age of consent. Perhaps someone should set them straight: Baroness Young, who is leading the anti-gay campaigners in the Lords is a life peer. Earl Russell, the most vocal supporter of equal homo-hetero ages of consent, has a title that's emphatically hereditary.

CELEBRITY DRESS sense: Cate Blanchett (pictured) insisted Asprey fly in, at 24 hours notice, a 10-piece set of bangles for her Oscar outfit. She then wore the earrings in her hair.

CELEBRITY TRESS sense: Caroline Abernethy, the repulsive Mrs Merton's alter ego, was sharing studios with a group of star-struck teenagers in Manchester to tape the kids' show *Why Don't You?* Spying a sassy grey lock among 16-year-old rising star presenter Jo Hunter's flame red tresses, Abernethy plucked it out, saying she would weave it into Mrs Merton's wig. Yes, it's another free public service from Pandora's Celebrity Night School: if you can't keep your hair on - borrow someone else's.

Contact Pandora by e-mail: [pandora@independent.co.uk](mailto:pandora@independent.co.uk)

## My brief cyber-affair with Cutie



TERENCE BLACKER

*A couple engaged in oafish flirtation - 'Hey, babe, wanna get 2gether & make sweet music!'*

Maybe I took a turn into a murky byway (I'm a writer, for God's sake; it's my job). Anyway, somewhere "in the wild", I seem to have picked up an unpleasant virus.

The first sign that all was not well was when I was unable to get online because my password no longer worked. When I rang the server, I discovered there had been a problem with my bill involving extra

charges and - the woman to whom I spoke seemed simultaneously disapproving and evasive - a "code violation" had been reported. I tried to go online once more with a new password. This time, my screen froze in horror at what it found.

I returned to the server. The nature of my code violation was established. I had incurred extra charges with an unauthorised mass mailing shot. Er, mass mailing shot? Yes, it seemed that my screen address had been used to send a Viagra ad to people around the world - 6,250 people, to be precise.

I had what they call a "Trojan horse" in my system. I needed to see the doc. There was, of course, a queue at the surgery, allowing me several hours of profound anxiety. In that machine was my life: records, notes, letters, not to mention 60,000 words of a half-completed masterpiece of contemporary fiction. Somehow, without my noticing, the computer had become an extension of my brain, and now an Alzheimer's-like bug was infecting it, wiping my life, transforming me overnight into a sleazy online Viagra salesman.

Of course, I know that, in the world of computers, different realities apply. My brother Philip, even more cybernetically virginal than me, had recently had a humiliating experience in a chat-room. A couple in the room had been engaged in the traditional oafish flirtation - "Hey, babe, wanna get 2gether & make sweet music!" one was asking - when Philip, attempting to enter into spirit of things, jocularly typed in, "Can I watch?" Suddenly all hell broke loose. "Hit the decks, guys - we got a crazee on board," wrote one chatter, and seconds later poor Philip was ignominiously expelled from the room.

But this was different. Something horrible and hostile had attached itself to me from this fantasy world, had followed me back into my real life and was doing terrible things to it.

Later that day, guided by the doc, I went in search of my Trojan horse. Together, we stalked the thickets of technology until, after 45 thrilling, heart-stopping minutes, we found it. Its name was Cutie. Beside the famous, elegant-sounding super-virus Melissa, Cutie sounded a bit

small-time and slutty, and her Viagra mailing had petered out well short of 6,250 people. At least, unlike Melissa, she didn't target friends on my mailing list and send them pornography under my name.

We zapped her. Cutie is history. And now that I know that she has not after all destroyed a future winner of the Booker Prize, I find I am intrigued by the stories of virus-writers now appearing, post-Melissa, and somewhat encouraged that they exist.

As I understand it, a virus-writer's aim is to take on the absurdly overpaid computer teases who dominate our lives. They live for intellectual challenge. They make no money from their little bugs.

Celebrity is anathema to them. It could be argued that, surrounded by consensus and conformity, they represent an implicit spark of human bloody-mindedness in an age of depersonalised technology. They also serve to remind us of our gullible and dangerous over-dependence on the all too fallible machinery of artificial intelligence. For that, at least, I'm grateful to Cutie.

## There's many a slip 'twixt cup and lip, Donald



JOHN CURTICE

*No less than one in four Scots are still undecided. Labour's lead could yet go into reverse*

The Nationalists would be left clearly trailing with just 40 seats.

Yet the outcome should not be taken for granted. For there is still a substantial mood of uncertainty among the Scottish electorate. No less than one in four Scots have still to make up their minds how to vote; a figure on the rise. Labour's lead could yet go into reverse.

Labour strategists believe that the SNP's decision to use the tax-varying powers of the new parliament to reverse Gordon Brown's income tax cut, together with Alex Salmond's opposition to the Nato action in Yugoslavia, will play into their hands.

Yet on both subjects the public is more equivocal than Labour might hope. Two polls in the last week have found a clear majority of Scots saying they are in favour of the SNP's position on tax, while another found that less than half believe that the Nato bombing campaign will help the people of Kosovo. Indeed, the only poll so far to have been taken since Alex Salmond attacked the Nato campaign as "unpardonable

folly" found SNP support up two points. But there are doubts.

Take tax, for example. While the SNP was quick to announce after the Budget that it would use the tax-varying powers of the parliament, it has been very slow to spell out how it will use the money raised. Only this week will we be told. Labour has been able to keep the SNP on the defensive on tax, and avoided having to defend itself on spending. There are clear signs that some of Labour's attacks, such as the alleged impact of the SNP's policy on pensioners, have scored points.

Thanks to the new electoral system this election is meant to inaugurate the revival of the Conservative Party in Scotland. But standing at between 10 per cent and 13 per cent in the polls, the party is currently in even more dire straits than in 1997 when it won 17 per cent of the Scottish vote. It could be left with little more than a dozen MSPs. With none of its big hitters deigning to stand for the new parliament, the party is struggling to avoid looking an irrelevance.

The prospects are hardly brighter for the other also-rans of Scottish politics, the Liberal Democrats. Most recent polls have put the party below the 13 per cent it scored in 1997. The new electoral system may mean that a Lib Dem vote is no longer a wasted vote, at least on the party list ballot, but that message has yet to have much impact.

But the biggest problem facing Jim Wallace, the Liberal Democrats' Scottish leader, is how to maximise his party's chances of seeing power, or at any rate, influence. A hung parliament will not in itself guarantee the Liberal Democrats a key role. Their potential bargaining power has been eroded by two, for them, disturbing developments.

The first is the decline in the



Together we stand: Gordon Brown and Donald Dewar

Nationalists' position. On policies the Lib Dems and the SNP have been moving closer together. The Lib Dems are inclined to agree with the SNP that the parliament should use its tax-varying powers. Meanwhile Alex Salmond has sent out smoke signals suggesting his party would not necessarily insist on holding a referendum on independence. But all of this will be irrelevant if, as currently seems likely, the two parties' combined strength is far from a majority.

Thus, instead of being "king-maker" between the SNP and Labour, Jim Wallace's only real choice seems to be between a deal with Labour or no-one.

The Lib Dems' second problem comes from the Conservatives' changing mood.

Last month the party's Scottish leader, David McLetchie, dramatically announced that his party might help keep a Labour administration in office in order to ensure that Nationalists did not get a foothold on power. The Conservatives will not join Labour in an anti-Nationalist

coalition, but they might be prepared to give them the support Labour needs from the backbenches.

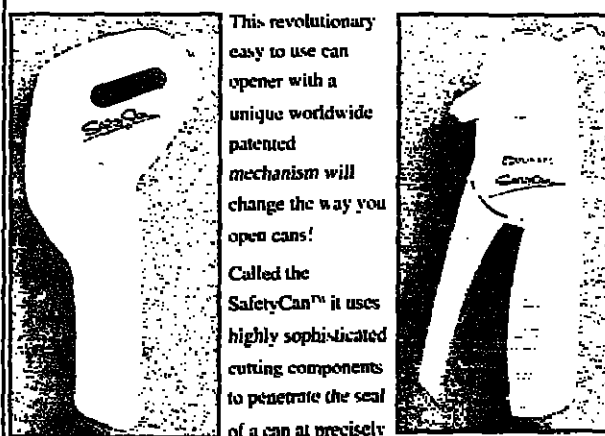
And if the latest polls are right, then Labour might well have sufficient strength to elect the current Scottish Secretary, Donald Dewar, First Minister against both SNP and Liberal Democrat opposition, just so long as the Conservatives abstain. Once so elected, sustaining a minority administration in office is likely to be easier in the new parliament than it is at Westminster, as government defeats on individual measures are not automatically issues of confidence.

Donald Dewar may still be the clear favourite to become Scotland's first First Minister, but his pathway to power could yet provide a few nasty surprises.

John Curtice is Deputy Director of the ESRC Centre for Research into Elections and Social Trends. Their analysis of the Scottish and Welsh Referendums, *Scotland and Wales: Nations Again*, is published by the University of Wales Press.

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## The power of Muhammad Ali



PODIUM

CHRIS BROOKEMAN  
From a talk by the principal in American Studies, the University of Westminster, to a seminar in London

MUHAMMAD ALI's autobiography *The Greatest* is now recognised as an important record of his continuing influence on the course of African-American and world history.

The emergence of Ali's political consciousness is generated by three symbolic acts that occur in the autobiography. The first is his encounter with a racist restaurant owner who refuses to serve Ali when he was joined by a few friends to celebrate his winning of an Olympic gold medal at the 1960 Rome Olympics. The restaurant owner tells them: "I done told you, we don't serve niggers." Ali then throws his medal into the Ohio river in disgust. A few days later, Ali and a group of friends derail an Amtrak train.

More important than these incidents is Ali's memory of Emmet Till who was murdered in Mississippi for making a pass at a white girl. Ali remembers that Emmet's twisted body had been displayed in a casket for all to see. Ali began to identify with Till when he discovered that he was born on the same day and year as Till. Ali was never to

forget the racist power of the American South and the low status of the African American.

Ali was a master at getting under an opponent's skin and he used all the techniques of provocation he had acquired from African-American culture in order to embarrass people who tried to put him down. He had in his repertoire a series of masks that he could put on to dramatise these insults.

At one moment he would play the crazy coon like Stepan Fetchit, rolling his eyeballs, whining, and shuffling his feet. Then he would play at being the angry buck who would threaten opponents with violence.

All these masks had been used by black actors like Sidney Poitier, Jim Brown and Brock Peters.

Ali was a master at discovering and deconstructing the myths that have governed black-white relations. All persuaded millions of people of colour in the Americas, Asia and Europe that they were just as capable of creating world culture as the whites.

The way Ali's speeches and actions created trans-generational bonds between black militants of all ideological per-

suaions made him the most exciting catalyst of his era, more than a match for Martin Luther King. The scale of his influence was truly remarkable, particularly during the period when he was preparing to fight George Foreman. He became the honoured guest of kings and presidents who were keen to be seen with this most glamorous of athletes.

His physical presence in this era was extraordinary.

Norman Mailer writes: "There is always a shock in seeing him again. Then the world's greatest athlete is in danger of being our most beautiful man. Women draw an audible breath. Men looked down."

In the film *When We Were Kings* we see Ali with a variety of groups. He is comfortable with them all, particularly children. During the course of the film we see a national hero becoming a global leader. He had the makings of a director general of the United Nations. Norman Mailer called him "the black Kissinger".

He was open to all influences and he knew how to convert popularity into political capital. Unlike the Black Muslims he was inclusive. His embrace was worldwide. Unlike the Black Muslims who saw themselves a separate element, he was an independent champion who had stood out against the American State and had refused to use American arms against his brown brothers in South East Asia.

He was royally paid for his efforts and his magical boxing style. His share of the profits of the fight with George Foreman in Zaire was \$10 million. Every-

thing about him was the greatest. His audience via satellite was the greatest that there had ever been. His message that the black man was equal to the white man was transmitted through a body of perfect proportions that danced around the ring on tiptoe, his opponents chasing shadows.

What was the Ali message? First, there was the sheer physical power of his physique and the way he could move around the ring for 15 rounds outwitting his younger and stronger opponents. Then there was the technical message that the black man was way beyond the white man in the skills necessary to compete as a heavyweight.

The strongest part of his ideology was his anti-imperialism. He praised the arts and culture of the non-whites. His great esteem for his own skills did much to empower the millions in the ghettos to whom he was a hero.

He was the top man, the king of kings and he descended into the ring in a white robe and immediately inspired the audience to call out after him his battle cry "Ali boma Ye".



# Ali



## 6/OBITUARIES

Dorothea  
Brooking

THE WORK of Edith Nesbit, the turn-of-the-century children's author, is known to generations of 20th-century children not only through the printed word but through television, film and video. The first British television version of her 1906 story *The Railway Children* was adapted and produced by Dorothea Brooking, and transmitted by the BBC as an eight-part serial in February-March 1951.

Edward Barnes, former Head of Children's programmes, states that through her realisation of the books of E. Nesbit, Brooking "conjured up a world of Edwardian childhood that has never been surpassed".

Young viewers of today, accustomed to multi-channelled coloured television, would find it difficult to imagine the media in March 1950 when Brooking transferred from the BBC overseas service at Bush House to be a producer in the newly formed children's television department at Alexandra Palace. The black-and-white BBC channel was the only one available, and only to people living within range of the London and Sutton Coldfield transmitters. The July 1949 mass observation report on television had found that only one in 50 interviewees had a television set, and one in three had never seen television. Expansion came rapidly in the 1950s.

Brooking was born Dorothea Smith Wright in 1916, to a family with theatrical connections. One ancestor was the 19th-century actor Charles Mayne Young (died 1866), who performed at Drury Lane, and Dorothea's brother was also an actor. Educated at boarding school in England and finishing school in Montreux, Dorothea studied acting at the Old Vic - her stage name was Daryl Wilde - where she met and married a fellow student, John Brooking, whose stage name was Franklin.

After the birth of her son, Timothy, the family went to Shanghai where Dorothea spent two years working in Shanghai radio. Escaping before the Japanese occupation in the Second World War she joined the BBC on her return to England, one of seven producers - four women and three men - who were chosen from over 100 applicants.

The department soon left the confines of two tiny studios at Ally Pally for the larger studio reserved for children's programmes at the former film studios in Lime Grove, West London. This was hardly luxury by present-day standards as there were only three cameras, very few film facilities and a limited pool of actors with television experience, until commercial television started in 1955.

In spite of the high cost of sets, many families bought one in order to watch the coronation of Elizabeth II in 1953. By 1955 more children were watching television than listening to children's radio programmes. Everybody was expected to be versatile, and Dorothea Brooking's early programmes covered such diverse subjects as HMS Worcester and agricultural implements.

In 1951 came her adaptation of *The Railway Children*, with Carole Lortimer, Michael Croudson and Marian Chapman playing the children. This was transmitted live, and appealed to adults and children alike. It was followed in 1952 with another huge success, the first of Brooking's three BBC productions of another children's classic, Frances Hodgson Bur-

*In her adaptations of E. Nesbit's books, Brooking 'conjured up a world of Edwardian childhood that has never been surpassed'*

nett's *The Secret Garden*, starring Elizabeth Saunders as Mary Lennox. Also in that year, Brooking made a programme for younger children entitled *Meet The Penguins*, which was written by her sister Josephine. The penguins, drawn by Bill Hooper, were like animated puppets.

Brooking's talent for children's serials had by now been established, and the remaining years of the decade saw her productions of *Genie Falcon*, *Benbow*, *The Angels*, *The Prince and the Pauper*, *Black Brigand* (based on a Dumas story), *Little Lord Fauntleroy* and *Louisa May Alcott's Good Wives*, with Phyllis Calvert playing Mrs March.

By 1959 television was no longer "the rich man's toy", and the term "children's television" was dropped from billings. Brooking's production of *Great Expectations* with Dinsdale Landon playing Pip was seen as the Sunday serial, by many who had never read Charles Dickens's novel.

The *Adventures of Tom Sawyer* followed in seven episodes from July



'Very serious, very combatant, but good to work with': Brooking on set in the 1950s BBC

1960, and the second BBC production of *The Secret Garden* with Prunella Scales playing Martha repeated the original success to an increased audience. Brooking then adapted *The Treasure Seekers*, another Nesbit novel (first published 1899) with Philip Latham. *The Phoenix and the Carpet* followed in 1974.

Other 1960s productions included *The Racketty Street Gang*, *Katy* (based on Susan Coolidge's stories of a girl in late 19th-century America), and in 1963 Eric Ambler's *Epitaph for a Spy*. In 1964 the children's department amalgamated with women's programmes to form a short-lived department entitled "Family Programmes". Brooking spent some time in schools broadcasting where her notable programmes included a play about the Brontë Sisters, before returning to children's programmes.

In the late 1960s she retired early from the BBC and went freelance. Television had changed enormously in just two decades. A television set was now "part of the furniture". Commercial television had brought a second channel in 1955 and BBC2 started up in 1961.

Noel Streatfeild had long been a favourite with children. Her novel *Ballet Shoes* had first been heard on radio *Children's Hour* in 1947 and had had three subsequent sound productions. Streatfeild was a friend of Brooking, who directed an adaptation of her 1970 novel *Thursday's Child*, reputedly with the author playing a small part. Rumer Godden was another friend who worked professionally with Brooking. The adaptation of her 1972 Whitbread award-winning book *The Diddakoi* was transmitted on 27 December 1972 as *Kizzy*, the name of the heroine. Nineteen seventy-five saw Brooking's third adaptation and production of *The Secret Garden* for the BBC. The video of this production was sold not only in Britain but also in the US.

Although she worked on other serials until her last in 1981, *The Haunting of Cassie Palmer* by Vivienne Alcock, Dorothea Brooking

will be remembered for her talent in bringing to life children's classics.

Anna Home, in her book *Into The Box of Delights* (1993), a history of children's television, paid tribute to Dorothea Brooking as "one of the most influential makers of drama from the early Fifties onwards". A vision mixer from early days remembers her as "very serious but good to work with, very combatant at a time when many were not; she was outstanding in that way".

The respect and affection of those who worked with her extended to her friends and neighbours in Sussex. Dorothea Brooking acted with the Nulley local drama society (and was its president when she died) and worked for the church.

JUNE AVERILL

Dorothea Smith Wright, television producer and director: born Slough, Berkshire 7 December 1916; married 1936 John Brooking (died 1984); one son; died Haywards Heath, West Sussex 23 March 1999.

Claude  
Manceron

AT SCHOOL, I could never believe what I read in my very tedious, pictureless history textbooks, until my interest was awakened in fourth form French by one of our "set books", Jules Michelet's 19th-century life of Louis IX (Saint Louis) whose adventurous and admirable life (1215-70) culminated in canonisation by Pope Boniface VIII. I believed every word of it. Part of my fascination sprang from the initial difficulties I experienced in reading the text, then from my gradual realisation that I was not just understanding it, but also enjoying the graceful literary style as well as the story. I wonder if fourth formers read such works today. I doubt it.

Claude Manceron, like President Mitterrand, the man in whose service many years of his life were spent, was also a fervent admirer of Michelet. His childhood was an enchanted one, in Brittany, where his father was a naval officer married to the romantic figure of Marie Mavrogordato, a penniless Greek princess.

Then, at the age of 11, Claude was struck down by poliomyelitis and had to spend the rest of his life in a wheelchair: thus depriving him of all formal education. But that proved a secret blessing. He developed a passion for reading, and his parents kept him well supplied with all kinds of books - poetry, biography, navigation manuals, works of science, novels of all kinds and above all history, in which his great favourite was Michelet.

Claude Manceron was an enthusiastic fiddler too, and it was Abel Gance's great *Napoleon* (the 1934 sound version of the 1927 classic) that made him decide to become an historian.

Despite his handicap, Manceron was a man of formidable courage and great intellectual energy, with a passionate love of life and enthusiasm for everything he undertook. When he was only 17 he became an instructor to the handicapped at the Saint-Clement centre, where he worked all through the Occupation.

Though he was academically unqualified, he became a great teacher of the handicapped, bringing them all his knowledge of history, natural sciences, philosophy and literature. His teaching was that of a devoted fellow-sufferer, filled with emotion, imagination and humour, the qualities he was to transform into the literary rapture of his writings.

In 1956, he published his first book, a historical novel, *A peine un printemps*, about an event that was to occupy his writing life, the Hundred Days - Napoleon's all-too-brief return from Elba that was to end with Waterloo. It became an immense success with critics and readers, and

Manceron decided to devote the rest of his life to writing. But though his novel had been a success, he felt that the form was not really suited to all he wanted to express about history. So he followed it with *Tambour de Borodino* (1959); *Le dernier choix de Napoléon* (1960); *Napoléon reprend Paris* (1965) and *Austerlitz* (1962), all lively, exhilaratingly vivid true historical happenings and characters.

Manceron also wrote historical biographies including one devoted to his friend and adviser, *Cent mille voix par jour pour Mitterrand* ("One Hundred Thousand Voices a Day for Mitterrand"), when the future president was the candidate of the Left for the Presidency - he was finally elected in 1981. He also wrote books on Beaumarchais and Mirabeau (1968 and 1969).

But Claude Manceron's greatest work was one he devised when he became editorial adviser to the publisher Robert Laffont in 1960. It was to be a multi-volume work, an enormous history of the Revolution as seen through the eyes and the words of an extensive dramatis personae of real people, all speaking in character and to the immediate historical point. In 1963 he planned a series of six volumes with the overall title of *Les Hommes de la liberté*, of which the first tome, *Les Vingt ans du roi*, appeared in 1973, followed almost annually by subsequent volumes until the fifth, *Le Sang de la Bastille*, in 1987.

An offshoot of this task was another massive work, a *Dictionnaire biographique de la Révolution française* (1989) which brings to starting life not only the main protagonists but also the less well-known, covering 500 names from d'Abancourt, who directed the 10 August resistance in the Tuileries, to Ysabeau, representative from Indre-et-Loire at the Convention nationale.

All this later work was made possible in the peace of the countryside with the collaboration of his wife Anne, a tireless researcher. But, like his idol Michelet's final monumental *Histoire*, Manceron's great sequence remained unfinished with the fifth volume, when he had to abandon the sheer physical labour of writing. Until 1995, he remained in his post at the Elysée, one of Mitterrand's most treasured friends and advisers. Claude Manceron remains a shining example of triumph over adversity, and of scholarship without pedantry. And totally believable.

JAMES KIRKUP

Claude Manceron, historian: born Paris 5 February 1923; twice married, secondly to Ann Colson; died Rambouillet, France 23 March 1999.

## Sir Ross Chesterman



*Chesterman wanted Goldsmiths' either to become a school of London University or to be granted its own independent charter*

WHEN ROSS Chesterman became Warden of Goldsmiths in 1953, it was a small college beset with academic and financial problems, facing an uncertain future in its relations with London University. Today it is a constitutional and flourishing school of the university. Most of the necessary ground work that made this transformation possible was carried out during Chesterman's 21-year term as warden.

Chesterman was born in 1908, and graduated with first class honours in Chemistry from Imperial College, London, in 1930. He went on to combine a career in polytechnic teaching with part-time doctoral studies. After the award of his doctorate in 1937, he taught in various grammar schools, served as headmaster of Meols Cop Secondary School in Southport from 1946 to 1948 and held the post of chief county inspector of schools for Worcestershire from 1948 to 1953. Then, in his mid-forties, he applied for the wardenship of Goldsmiths' College and much to his surprise and delight, was appointed.

His delight was swiftly qualified as he came to realise the complexity of the task which he has taken on. Goldsmiths' was an institutional anomaly. It consisted of a teacher training department, an arts school, and a department of evening studies, all separately funded and intent on following their own agendas.

College policy as such was decided by a deputation of London University, which owned the freehold of the land on which the college stood. A few of the staff held the status of recognised teacher, which allowed them to serve as examiners.

In other teacher training colleges, all students followed a two-year certificate. Some of Goldsmiths' students, however, were registered as undergraduates, but admission to these courses was restricted to prospective teachers. The college was also allowed to award its own teacher certificates. In all other matters, its scope for policy initiatives was strictly circumscribed.

Nevertheless, Goldsmiths' worked reasonably well as an educational institution. During the first decade of Chesterman's wardenship, it began to work even better. With the help of his registrar, George Wood, he imposed a coherent structure on its managerial and financial arrangements. He created a greater sense of collegiate unity while preserving the distinctive identities of Goldsmiths' three institutional parts. He appointed a younger generation of new education lecturers. The art school prospered and achieved new eminence. The evening courses were transformed into a burgeoning department of adult studies.

Chesterman's plans for securing the future of Goldsmiths', however, were overtaken by the dramatic expansion of higher education which followed the publication of the Robbins Report in 1963. In the early 1960s, Chesterman anticipated these changes and persuaded the college and the deputation that unless Goldsmiths' diversified and grew, it would eventually be absorbed into one of the new polytechnics. He wanted Goldsmiths' either to become a school of London University or to be granted its own independent charter.

Chesterman devoted the second decade of his wardenship to the aim of creating a new kind of university

institution in south-east London. He wanted it to become a college offering a combination of courses in academic disciplines, professional teacher education, the creative and performing arts and adult learning. New degrees were soon established in the social sciences, social and community work, music, drama and dance. With much patience and diplomacy, Chesterman persuaded the university to establish the college's first chairs in education and social administration. The second of these posts was funded by the Borough of Lewisham, and was the first university chair to be sponsored by a local authority.

Despite these achievements, the Murray Committee refused to award school status to Goldsmiths' when it reported on the future of London University in 1972. Indeed, the committee went on to recommend that Goldsmiths' links with the university should cease. Chesterman, with the backing of many influential supporters, secured the restoration of the status quo. But the denial of school status was a cruel setback.

Chesterman refused to accept defeat. He spent the last two years of his wardenship restoring morale, encouraging new academic initiatives and attracting more revenue to finance further growth. When he

retired in 1974 he left his successors a college that was prepared and poised for future success. In 1987, the senate voted to make Goldsmiths' a school of the university.

Throughout his long life, Ross Chesterman strove to foster and encourage innovation and excellence in teaching. He was continuously active in building closer links between Goldsmiths', the London Borough of Lewisham and its local schools and social services. In 1968 he was made a Liveryman and Freeman of the Goldsmiths' Company and his distinguished services to education were recognised by the conferment of a knighthood in 1970.

He married Audrey Hollick in 1938 and this was to be the beginning of a close and constant partnership that enriched both of their lives. They shared the same enthusiasms for hill walking and natural history, painting and music. Audrey always accompanied Ross on his travels throughout the world as an educational consultant. They were together for eight years of happy retirement until Audrey's death in 1982.

Ross had an imposing presence, a natural congeniality and concern for others and a great zest for life. He married again in 1985 and shortly afterwards moved to the Lake District with his second wife, Patricia. He died a few days short of his 90th birthday, still active and happily involved with family life and friends.

ROBERT PINKER

Ross Chesterman, educationist and university administrator: born 27 April 1909; Headmaster, Meols Cop Secondary School, Southport 1946-48; Chief County Inspector of Schools, Worcestershire 1948-53; Warden, Goldsmiths' College 1953-74; Honorary Fellow 1980; Dean, College of Craft Education (later College of Design, Craft and Technology) 1958-60; Vice-Master 1960-62; Master 1962-99; KT 1970; married 1938 Audrey Hollick (died 1982); one son, one daughter; 1985 Patricia Burns Bell; died Lancaster 24 March 1999.

## Gary Morton

GARY MORTON was married to Lucille Ball for 28 years until her death, and became executive producer of her television programmes. He was a moderately successful stand-up comic who had graduated from the summer camp circuit to night-clubs when he met Ball on a blind date.

Born Morton Goldapper in New York in 1917, he learned the rudiments of the comedian's art entertaining troops during the Second World War while serving in the Army Special Services. Afterwards he became a regular entertainer on the "Borscht Belt", the string of summer camps in the Catskills, and by 1961 had graduated to night-club work, including sets at the Copacabana in New York.

One of his friends was a fellow-comic Jack Carter, whose wife Paula Wayne was appearing on Broadway in a musical starring Lucille Ball. Ball had divorced Desi Arnaz in May 1960, and with her marriage and hit television series *I Love Lucy* behind her, she had decided to try conquering Broadway.

The vehicle she chose, *Wildcat*, underwent drastic changes during its tryout tour, received lukewarm reviews on its Broadway opening, and the energetic singing-dancing role proved an arduous chore for the 49-year-old actress. To help her relax, Wayne and Carter suggested that she accompany them on a blind date with Morton.

"I put it off two or three times," said Ball later. "I was too tired. Finally one night I was hungry and said 'Well, I'll go for something to eat' and I met Gary. We had fun, and started seeing each other after the theatre. I found out that he was uncomplicated, good, sweet, hip, funny, and he appreciated a home, not just the trappings."

In November 1961, Ball and Morton were married. *Wildcat*'s run had been terminated in June when Ball collapsed on stage. "I didn't want to get married again," stated Ball. "I didn't think I would find a mature, adult person like Gary, a really un-

derstanding guy who is wonderful to be around and uncomplicated. He has none of the worrisome characteristics I had lived with. I learned from experience. I wasn't going to walk into the same trap." Instead of a honeymoon, Morton completed a pre-arranged night-club tour while Ball returned to California to fill her post as chairman of Desilu Productions.

The following year, when Ball returned to the television screen in a new hit series, *The Lucy Show*, Morton had his first involvement with her career when he acted as warm-up comedian, telling jokes to the audience prior to transmission. Later he would occasionally appear in a small acting role. For a time Ball's ex-husband Desi Arnaz was the show's executive producer but he was ultimately replaced by Morton.

In 1967, when Ball sold Desilu to Paramount, she formed a new company, Lucille Ball Productions, and named Morton vice-president. In 1968 *The Lucy Show* underwent some cast and plot changes and, with the title *Here's Lucy*, became a production of the new company, with Morton still sometimes warming up the audience.



Morton: 'sweet, hip, funny' AP

Those who knew the couple had conflicting opinions of Morton. One friend described him as "a horse's neck", a nuisance with little ability of his own, while others claimed that he worked extremely hard to become a good executive.

Ball herself when interviewed would stress the warmth and joy he brought into her life and would staunchly defend her hiring him (along with other relatives) to work with her. "Gary studied five years before he took over," she declared, adding, "I've been very lucky with the use of nepotism. Why not? If you have a nepot around that's worthy, use him or her... by the way, what the hell exactly is a nepot?"

Here's *Lucy*'s run finally ended in 1974 - it had peaked in 1970 when an episode on which Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton were guest stars achieved one of the highest ratings in television history. Both during its run and afterwards, Morton produced several specials starring Ball, including *Lucy in London* (1966), but an attempt to resurrect the sitcom formula for Ball in 1986, titled *Life with Lucy* and produced by Morton and Aaron Spelling, was cancelled after only two months.

Morton played occasional film roles, including that of a comedian in *Lenny* (1974) and a famous star's husband in *Postcards From The Edge* (1990), and he was an executive producer of the early Tom Cruise film *All The Right Moves* (1983). After Ball's death in 1989, Morton retired to their home in Palm Springs, where he enjoyed playing golf, and three years ago he married again.

TOM VALLANCE

Morton Goldapper (Gary Morton), comedian and television producer: born New York 1917; married first Jacqueline Inmoor (marriage dissolved); second 1961 Lucille Ball (died 1989); third 1996 Susie McAlister; died Palm Springs, Florida 30 March 1999.







# A message to you Rudy

To many New Yorkers, the zero tolerance policy meant quality of life. But for a mainly white police force it became a racists' licence to kill. And now its author, Mayor Giuliani, is facing the backlash. By David Usborne

The past five years have been lonely for Robert Lederman, a New York street artist who specialises in Adolf Hitler caricatures of Mayor Rudolph Giuliani. Through all that time, Giuliani, a former prosecutor and a Republican, seemed invulnerable to all political torpedoes. Even Manhattan's powerful liberal establishment embraced him. He was, after all, the "quality-of-life" mayor; the tough-guy leader, who made "zero tolerance" fashionable and who oversaw a downturn in the city's rampant crime rates.

Why, then, the giddy smile on Lederman's face on this sunny Wednesday outside the State Supreme Court in the Bronx? Because, suddenly, this 30-year-old subversive, who has scraped a living from lampooning the Mayor since he took office in 1994, is in the company of friends - lots of them.

For the last five weeks, Lederman has been at the centre of headline-grabbing demonstrations against the Mayor and his police department. His mocking paintings have become the protesters' battle-banners. His art has been on front pages and TV news bulletins. And the demonstrations tell him something has changed: Giuliani, tipped to run next year for a US Senate seat, maybe against Hillary Rodham Clinton, is in trouble.

The deepening crisis, which is enfolding racial divisions in the city, began nearly two months ago on a dark evening not far from here in the Bronx. Four plain-clothes officers of the police department's vaunted Street Crimes Unit were on patrol looking for a serial rapist. They spotted a man they thought was suspiciously loitering in the entrance hall of an apartment house on Wheeler Avenue. Within moments, the four men found themselves emptying their pistols into the hall. Together, they unleashed a sustained fusillade of 41 bullets, of which 19 struck the man and killed him.

The incident in itself might not have been so remarkable. Shooting people is a hazard of any New York cop's job. But several details set it apart. The officers were all white and their target was black. Moreover, he had no record and, as it turned out, was unarmed. The officers seemingly opened fire when he reached into a pocket. But he was reaching, they belatedly discovered, not for a gun but for his wallet. The victim's name was Amadou Diallo, a 22-year-old immigrant from Guinea, who worked as a street peddler in Manhattan. And his death uncapped a volcano of resentment towards the police.

With his zero-tolerance doctrine, the Mayor has given the NYPD licence to abandon standards of decency and human rights. Worse, some argued, it has given succour to racism in the police. What has been remarkable about the daily protests has not been their size so much as the diversity of those participating. Among the more than a thousand who have been arrested (and swiftly released) for blocking the doors of police headquarters have been blacks, whites, gays, lesbians, Hollywood stars, US congressmen and Orthodox Jewish rabbis. The Reverend Jesse Jackson, former presidential candidate, was arrested, and so was a former chief of the police department, Ed Koch, a former mayor himself, submitted to the plastic handcuffs. So did David Dinkins, Mayor Giuliani's black predecessor and



Demonstrators brandishing satirist Robert Lederman's caricatures of Rudolph Giuliani as Hitler outside the State Supreme Court in the Bronx

still much respected among blacks and liberals.

On this day in the Bronx, emotions are at a new pitch. Inside the courthouse, second-degree murder charges are being read to the four officers. The chants out here are thunderous. "No justice, no peace" ... "Arrest Giuliani."

Yards away, beyond two metal barriers, several hundred off-duty police officers bellow a different message: what happened on Wheeler Avenue, they cry, was not murder but a tragic accident. "We serve an ungrateful community," read a placard.

Lederman, who is white, pauses to ponder the impact of the case. "I think there has always been an undercurrent of resistance to Giuliani, but never one symbol strong enough to bring that out on to the streets." The Reverend Al Sharpton, who has often been dismissed as a polarising and inflammatory figure on the New York stage, has been a key figure in these demonstrations, and his activism in the Diallo furor has earned him unusual applause.

"Sharpton's genius has been in bringing together people from every race, economic group and religion and getting them to work together on this," says Lederman.

It would be ironic indeed if Giuliani, who until recently was even being suggested as a future presidential hope for the Republi-

cans, becomes impaled on the issue that he has seized as his own: law enforcement. So successful have been Giuliani's policies of zero tolerance - murders in New York have fallen by 70 per cent since he took office - they have been espoused by police forces around the country. He has followed his philosophy resolutely, applying it not just to hard crime cases, but to the squeegee men lunging at car wind-screens (they are no more in New York), to jay-walkers, to drunk drivers and even to dog owners who

cent six months ago to just 40 per cent. "The mayor of the city is going down on the issue," commented Marvyn Kornberg, a lawyer for the four accused officers. "And his enemies are not going to let up." Giuliani is not helped by an unhappy confluence of events. Last week, the trial got underway in another case of alleged police brutality. Five officers are being tried for the beating and torturing in 1997 of a Haitian immigrant brought into a Brooklyn precinct station after a street brawl. Abner Louima

those words were ever uttered. In an effort to blunt the criticism, the Mayor last week ordered some changes in the Street Crimes Unit - changes that officers have privately deplored. Fifty of its number are to be replaced with officers from ethnic minorities and, from last Sunday, all its members now operate in uniform.

It is not difficult to test the depth of mistrust that exists between New York's "finest" (an epithet rarely heard these days) and the city's blacks and Hispanics. As ran-

*'You can be walking along, and if you fit the description, they'll lock you up. If you're a young black man, you're a marked man'*

violate city leash laws.

In the first few weeks of the crisis, Giuliani infuriated critics by steadfastly speaking up for the police force. He tried to meet with the Diallo family, only to be turned away. When he attended a memorial for the dead man, he was jeered. In recent days he has reached out to local black leaders, whom he had previously spurned.

The early evidence suggests that the mayor is in a political tailspin. Latest polls show his citywide approval rating plunging from 60 per

cent to 40 per cent. Giuliani's approval rating has fallen from 60 per cent to 40 per cent.

Just as in the Diallo case - though to a lesser degree - Louima came to symbolise racist brutality by the police. Worse, when the story first broke, claims surfaced that one of the two officers involved in the sodomy told Louima to brace because this was "Giuliani time". It has hardly mattered that no evidence has ever surfaced that

dom interviews in the Bronx this week bore out, almost every non-white young man has a personal tale of harassment at the hands of the police. Above all, officers are accused of abusing their rights to "stop-and-frisk" suspects, especially if they are not white.

For Angel Rosado, 23, from Puerto Rico, it was the night he was strolling to visit his mother who lives in a housing project. He says he was picked up for "trespassing", because he was in an area of heavy drug activity and fitted the profile

of a trader. He was fined \$190 in court. "You can be walking down a street, and if you fit the description, they'll lock you up," he says.

George Sims, 31, adds: "If you are a black young man, you are a marked man. I feel like a marked man. It's that crazy."

Sims recalls leaving a film set in Harlem last September - he had been working as a PA to the director Spike Lee. He had his walkie-talkie and headphones with him, but he was stopped by a squad car and roughly frisked for a weapon. The officers said that there had been a burglary in the area, and it was only when the victim arrived and could not identify him that the officers let him go. "It's the kind of crap we shouldn't have to put up with," he says.

The Louima trial is likely to extend into summer. A hearing for the four officers accused of killing Diallo has been set for 30 April. So far, tensions in the city have been contained and the demonstrations have been peaceful. What might happen if either of the trials ends in acquittal is anyone's guess, but Robert Lederman is unequivocal: "If that happens, there will be riots in the city."

If that happens, Giuliani's future looks less than secure. It even opens the possibility, previously thought remote, of a victory for Hillary Clinton at the Senate.

## THE JOYS OF MODERN LIFE

40. THE ANYWAYUP CUP  
BY NICK COLEMAN

PARENTS GET used to violence - both the casual, spontaneous kind and the nastier, premeditated strain. You learn either to anticipate and take evasive action or simply to take the pain. The worst kind of assault, however, entails no pain. Yet it is as pernicious as a form of parent-baiting as you can imagine, a manoeuvre that is executed quietly in the dead of night while you sleep, and is cloaked with kindness - the sort of benevolence you would instinctively show to any worm or beetle. What happens is this.

You are in oblivion. The night is deep. The plumbing mutes. The car is being silently robbed outside. Somehow you become aware that two gilet fingers have been inserted into your nostrils, driving your head back into the pillow and causing your mouth to gape. A cold imperative whisper follows: "Daddy, drink!" And panic engulfs the sleeping senses as you struggle to the surface of night's black water only to be met by a tide of Tesco's orange juice coming in the opposite direction. Ears, eyes, nose and mouth fill up, the bed turns into a bog and small child casts himself on to the floor howling.

Ah-ha. Not anymore. For we have discovered the Anywayup Cup. This is a marvellous thing. It is a gilet, a yellow plastic beaker with a lid that, no matter how hard you try to upset it, will not let its contents go without a good hard suck on the softly contoured, gum-friendly, spouting protuberance on top.

How does it work? Simply. First, and most important, the lid is designed not to come off without gelignite. Second, there is a sliver of slitted plastic set into the throat of the spout which functions as a valve. It's primitive but it works. The valve gets silted up every three months or so with bits of orange and other non-specific oral gunk, and then you have to buy a new one. But it's worth the expense.

There appear to be two sorts of Anywayup Cup. One is small and has two symmetrical handles, which is ideal for weeny ones. It's not so good for parents, though, because even Semtex won't get the lid off. Less humiliating for grown-ups is the larger size cup, which goes without handles and holds at least half a pint. You need only spend a few minutes each morning whacking the edge of the lid against a door handle to get into it. And because it's made of a softish, textured plastic, the spout can be jabbed in your eye all day and you'll only suffer moderate bruising.

Keep one primed by your bedside, a weapon in waiting for any nocturnal assailant. Also, when the time comes in the small hours for your pre-hangover headache to kick in, there it will be. You can reach out, grab, tip, suck and sigh without shifting an inch. And if that isn't an unqualifiable joy, I don't know what is.



## The great summer getaway starts here

The Easter holidays prompt plans for longer trips for some, but others still sense tension in the house. By Cayte Williams



ROBBIE  
studying  
economics



LEONA  
was studying  
maths



DAVID  
studying  
management



IAN  
studying  
geography



TASH  
studying  
management



ALISTAIR  
studying  
management



ROSIE  
studying  
French

THE STUDENTS have only two months left of their second year. There are two weeks of Easter holidays, a month of lectures and two weeks of exams, so some of them are already planning ahead for the far more exciting prospect of summer.

Alistair has started organising a trip to Africa. "I finish on 9 June and I leave two days later," he explains. "After that, I'm going straight to America where I'll be studying next year." As soon as Easter is over he's going to start selling off possessions he won't need, and he's storing the rest of his stuff in London. "I can't wait to pack my backpack and go off to Africa for seven or eight weeks. At the moment the plan is to fly to Nairobi and take a tour to Victoria Falls and then it's on to Cape Town and Johannesburg." Unfortunately, his American girlfriend, Tori, won't

be joining him. "Her parents are scared of her going to Africa, but I'll see her soon enough in America."

So how is Alistair going to pay for his trip? He's made a lot of money from the club nights he's promoted, and he and David are going to relaunch their latest venture, Magic Mondays, on 19 April. "I'm also selling my bike and my computer, which is five years old. It's the simplest word processor with only an 80K memory. When I come back I'll need to get a business loan for a better computer."

Apart from organising his summer trip, he's using the Easter break to do some college work. "I had my holiday when Tori was over, so I need to catch up and get rid of all my essays and do some revision," he explains. But before he can do that he's got to entertain his dad. A

### THIS STUDENT LIFE



EASTER BREAK,  
WEEK 13 AT THE  
MANCHESTER  
STUDENT HOUSE

professor at the University of North Carolina, he's coming over to Britain on business and he's going to meet up with his son in Manchester. So is

Alistair going to take him on a guided tour? "I've no idea where I'm going to take him. I guess we'll just catch up and have a few beers. I'm going to give him some stuff to take back to Tori in the States because he owes me one. He made me take a huge Christmas present when I went to visit him last time."

Ian is using the nice weather to play his favourite sport, tennis, and he's looking forward to a course trip to Amsterdam next week. "We're going to look at urban planning, but we've also got to do a study on our own," he says. "Mine's on Amsterdam coffee shops. I'll get to speak to the owners, so maybe I'll get some free gear!"

Has this got anything to do with geography? "It's all about the locations and settlements of people," he says. "I'll be trying to find out if

the shop-owners are locals or migrated people from different countries who are making a quick buck." He's also writing a 5,000-word essay on abortion, which is making him queasy. "I've got to compare how health policies differ in the UK and the USA. I could have done smoking, but I chose this instead. It was quite silly really, because some of the things I've read have been quite disturbing, especially the old methods of abortion."

Meanwhile, the warm weather seems to have mellowed the mood of the house. "We're all, like, pretty easy and cool now," says Ian, although he's still feeling the strain of living in a mixed house. "In a way, I wish I had moved into a house with all lads now. With girls, you don't know if you can have a laugh with them. Every lad in this house is

chilled, but girls have moods. I'm trying to understand them."

Alistair, on the other hand, doesn't think there is a girl-versus-boy thing going on at all. He gets on really well with Tash and Leona. "There are naturally more divisions between blokes and girls," he acknowledges. "Dave and I are best mates and we do a lot of stuff together. Tash and Leona are best mates, so it naturally happens that we go out in groups, although Tash and I go out together a lot. I don't really see any big divide. It's just who's mates with who."

Still, he keeps a safe distance from any trouble. "I don't want to get involved in any arguments about the telephone bill, although we still can't make out-going calls... I don't see the point of taking sides with anyone because it gets silly."



# Sound and vision

The ECM label and its founder Manfred Eicher have altered musical history. After 30 years, their albums still range over jazz and classical music, the eclectic and unclassifiable – and have a sound world as distinctive as the record sleeves' famous austere design. By Phil Johnson



Manfred Eicher: record producer as auteur, selecting artists, casting the production, choosing venues, supervising recordings and post-production Jean Pierre Larcher

It's now 30 years since the first album appeared on the German ECM label. The company, whose off-quoted initials turn out to stand for nothing more mysterious than Editions of Contemporary Music, has gone on to become the most important imprint in the world for jazz and new music; a late-20th century equivalent to earlier pioneers like Verve and Blue Note.

Just as those legendary labels favoured both a particular repertoire and a coherent approach to packaging and cover art, ECM has cultivated its own house style, with a cool, minimalist approach to graphics, and black and white photography.

This visual aesthetic complements ECM's preference for a crystalline clarity of sound where the music is cushioned by the acoustic like a fragile object wrapped lovingly in cotton wool. The question of the ECM "sound", or even "aesthetic", has provoked many critical debates, although the label's founder likes to deny that any such thing exists.

Whatever the truth of the matter, ECM has created its own distinctive genre of spare, ambiently-inclined, chamber jazz and contemporary classical recordings.

The success of the company has in turn influenced the development of jazz itself, helping to shift the centre of improvised music ever closer to Europe, and offering a quieter and more contemplative alternative to the blues-based structures of the Afro-American tradition.

As a consequence, the centre of jazz has not just shifted; increasingly, it has failed to hold. Many artists now prefer the term "new music". Contemporary classical recordings on its New Series imprint – from Music For 18 Musicians by Steve Reich in 1978, to recent works by Arvo Part, John Adams and others – have blurred the boundaries further still.

ECM was founded in Munich in 1969 by Manfred Eicher, then a young assistant producer working with string quartets and the Berlin Philharmonic, and also a double bass player with a passion for both jazz and chamber music. Eicher is still at the head of the company today, and his leadership is

- ### TEN GREAT ECM ALBUMS
- Conference of the Birds**  
Duke Ellington  
(ECM 1027, 1973)  
The catchy title track of this improvised jazz album anticipated the label's later concentration on atmosphere.
  - The Köln Concert**  
Keith Jarrett  
(ECM 1064/5, 1975)  
Supremely lyrical inventions on a doggy-sounding piano. The Bösendorfer delivered to the concert hall was the wrong instrument, but Jarrett let the recording go ahead. Four million copies later, it's still selling.
  - My Song**  
Keith Jarrett  
(ECM 1115, 1978)  
"European" quartet with Norwegian sax Jan Garbarek in country-tinged repertoire.
  - Music for 18 Musicians**  
Steve Reich  
(ECM New Series 1129, 1978)  
This is perhaps the best of all Reich's recordings.
  - Old and New Dreams**  
Don Cherry/Dewey Redman/Charlie Haden/Ed Blackwell (ECM 1154, 1979)  
A superb tribute to saxophonist Ornette Coleman.
  - Folk Songs**  
Charlie Haden/Jan Garbarek/Egberto Gismonti (ECM 1170, 1979)  
A breakthrough for the new, multi-cultural fusion.
  - Ballad of the Fallen**  
Charlie Haden (ECM 1248, 1983)  
Carla Bley arrangements of songs for Nigargara; one of the greatest jazz albums ever.
  - Passio**  
Arvo Part  
(ECM New Series 1370, 1988)  
A spare and intense setting of the Passion of our Lord Jesus Christ according to St John. Perhaps the Estonian composer's most sympathetic production.
  - Officium**  
Jan Garbarek and the Hilliard Ensemble  
(ECM New Series 1525, 1994)  
Medieval chant, early polyphony and Renaissance motets combined with saxophone improvisations in an Austrian monastery. It has now sold over a million albums.
  - Angel Song**  
Kenny Wheeler (ECM 1607, 1997)  
Ambient-inclined songs without words from one of the ECM label's veterans.

the reason why ECM has retained its independence and its sense of identity so strongly. He acts as the producer for each of the label's releases, but in Eicher's case the producer's role isn't restricted to twiddling a few knobs. Instead, he's an auteur: selecting artists, casting the production, choosing the recording venue and supervising the sessions.

Even if absent for the original recording, Eicher's work during post-production ensures that the ECM identity is inscribed in the finished product as unmistakably as the lettering in a stick of Blackpool rock.

Eicher is dismissive about the notion of an ECM "sound", if only he tells me, because the concept has become such a cliché. I am interviewing him at the monastery of St Gerold in the Austrian Tyrol, which was the venue for the recording of the label's last big hit, Jan Garbarek and the Hilliard Ensemble's *Officium*. Eicher is famously reluctant to divulge too much about his methods, but over breakfast in the monastery's café he

seems more than happy to answer questions. Now 56, his appearance is that of a rather well-heeled ex-hippie with longish hair and a drooping moustache.

"The ECM sound is more about the choice of music in the catalogue," Eicher says. "It has a lot to do with the example of chamber music, and with a kind of poetic approach to music. My preference is towards that which has to do with lucidity, transparency, and the movements of sound. I like to make every movement, voice and texture available, but also the pauses and the silence. It's not only the notes, but the thought behind them, that sculpt the sound. It's the white space, the empty space between the tones, that is the inspirational source."

Eicher's role in the recording process, is always, he insists, a sympathetic one. "I am with the musician in his solitude, and I never say this is right or wrong. I say 'Are we in the right moment?' The musician makes the final decision, and the music always starts before the microphones

are set up. We then capture the sound we receive through the microphones and wires, but we have to get something out that the musician recognises as himself, and this is a big job, for it always has to go through these wires. We have to start afresh with the sound every day, and there are never any fixed microphone positions. I leave everything open."

A typical ECM jazz session will take three to four days of recording and mixing, using a two-track system because, Eicher says, "it reflects the moment." The editing is done by Eicher and the engineer, and although the musicians are invited to attend the final edit, Eicher admits that the result is "not necessarily democratic."

When Eicher first started the label he claims to have had no real models in mind, although he admired the sound of Miles Davis's *Kind of Blue* album on CBS. Jazz attracted him, he says, partly because in the Sixties it was a music of protest that reflected society. "In the Seventies it became a surrogate of pop music to be played in

restaurants with a lot of noodling around. What remained of jazz's avant-garde was coming from Europe."

In retrospect, the debut recording – *Free At Last* by the Mal Waldron Trio – might not seem like a typical product of what has since come to be regarded, rightly or wrongly, as the company's house style. At the time, however, together with other early titles by American artists operating outside the jazz mainstream, free jazz by black musicians represented a very strong part of the label's identity, alongside European improvisers like Derek Bailey, Jan Garbarek, and Dave Holland.

In the succeeding years, the proportion of Americans on ECM has probably decreased, and the commitment to free jazz lessened somewhat, but otherwise not a great deal has changed. Garbarek, Holland and Keith Jarrett, are still there, and Derek Bailey was featured on a recent album. Few of each month's schedule of releases can be expected to shift many units, but for ECM this isn't necessarily the point. The occasional big hit, like Keith Jarrett's *The Köln Concert* from 1975, the best-selling solo piano album ever with over four million copies sold, and 1994's *Officium*, approaching a million copies, and still selling, help subsidise the less successful recordings.

The long-awaited follow-up recording to *Officium* by Jan Garbarek and the Hilliard Ensemble will be released on 12 April. Manfred Eicher could be forgiven for anticipating a bumper pay-day, but he's more interested in quoting Goethe than discussing sales figures. "My aim is to transmit what we hear in a studio, or a church, into a manifestation for the listener, who trusts this result of musicians, sound engineer and producer," he says.

*Mnemosyne* by Jan Garbarek and the Hilliard Ensemble is on ECM New Series 1700/01, order no. 4651222. The European premiere concert of the recording will be held at King's College, Cambridge on 14 April (tel: 01223 357851), and further UK dates are scheduled for November, including the Royal Albert Hall on November 16.

## A pack of porky pies

I DIDN'T inherit much from my grandmother: a small plaster statue of the Holy Family, a stuffed koala bear and her recipe for Baked Alaska. Yet somehow, by the age of five, I had already absorbed the one truly valuable thing that she possessed – her unwavering belief in the guiding motto: never spoil a good story by sticking to the truth.

Tell a lie? Never. Why be economical with the truth, when you can be lavish? Shun mendacity, my child, but never miss an opportunity to enhance, embellish and embroider.

Not everyone, however, shares these same high principles. Shocking to tell, there are those who'll drop a falsehood quicker than you can say, "I did not have sexual relations with that woman". And these rapscallion pseudologists actually line up every year to fib it out in Britain's Grand National Lying Contest.

"Tonight's event has been cancelled," yells the doorkeeper, shooting the queue towards the box office. "Buy your tickets here, for tonight's cancelled event!" Rather than a gathering of lawyers and boy-band managers, the eighth annual Lying Contest is the province of the aromatherapeutically-massaged community of traditional storytellers. In a darkened room upstairs at the Spitz, in rapidly-gentrifying Spitalfields Market, the contest is hosted by the Crick Crack Club, as part of their dedicated mission to revive the public art of telling fairy tales for grown-ups.

More often engaged in serious delvings into the legends of Gilgamesh, Beowulf and the Kalevala, tonight the Crick Crackers loosen their applied Nepalese collars and compete for a pink-silk purse containing £100 in shiny £2 coins and a battered silver "Cup of Hogwash and Baloney".

Three judges take to their positions, heavily disguised as Imelda Marcos, illusionist David Copperfield, and the pig-tailed Swedish sea-captain's daughter Pippi Longstocking. Holding aloft numbered placards, this trio evaluate the contestants on "content of lie", "delivery of lie", and "audience response".

Her name drawn from a shoe, the first contestant is June Peters, a teacherly middle-aged white woman dressed in a loud green Ghanaian suit. A touch over-eager, she scurries back and forth, whipping her hat on and off, to assume dual voices in a gabbling Mesopotamian master-slave dialogue. It is all rather stagey, and doesn't exactly have anything to do with telling porkies.

Michael Dacre, with cream loon pants, a lilac and aubergine suede patchwork waistcoat and a medieval haircut, rambles on about "the second coming", about the premature ejaculation of the false millennium.

Rhona Topaz, a slightly nervous, curly woman in black T-shirt and leggings, tells of her long-running attempt to seduce Stephen Fry (which seems more on the right track

### THEATRE GRAND NATIONAL LYING CONTEST THE SPITZ LONDON

to me – but is savagely scorned by the judges).

Susannah Steele suddenly raises the standard, channeling her Antrim grandmother, who was "twice the size of any woman half as big". She unleashes an amiable stream of blarney about horns on foreheads, and the uses of natural remedies such as mouse-oil, turkey treacle and gilets from a wild dishcloth. "There isn't very much real lying going on," mutters Simon, the chap in the black suit sitting next to me, at the interval. "I feel like a little bit of mischief – what do you reckon, shall I have a go?"

"Go on," encourages Tim, another first-time audience member. "I was hoping for some really inane bullshit." With that, random audience members begin to declare their candidacy.

Xanthe Gresham, in severe trendy glasses, recalls some highly plausible playground trauma about snapped knicker elastic. Arms and legs extended in geometric chaos, Xanthe reads passages of Ken Campbell and Tibetan Buddhist theory to back up her claims that invisibility is possible "by adopting a bizarrely unalarming posture which by-passes the muscles of the human eye".

Liverpudlian professional storyteller Cat Wetherill, a willowy temptress in coveyby mohair, caresses herself with black-painted fingertips, breathlessly evoking an erotic bath-time apparition by a veiled goddess. Simon Miles rises from my side, wild eyes staring, to speak spontaneously of the pain of telling loved ones the secrets of your soul, only to be cruelly disbelieved. "Do you have a teddy?" he implores a nine-year-old girl, who tells him about her bear, Barley. "Well apart from Barley, who's special," he rasps, "all those teddies and other inanimate objects you have loved, have never loved you back."

Out pours a hilariously heart-rending account of his father's absences, and his mother's passion for an oak tree. "In all the ways that really matter," he cries, "that tree was my father." After years of sexual inadequacy, Simon finally found love with a girl called Theresa, who could turn him on with knock-knock jokes in bed: "Who's there? Theresa Who? Trees are glorious, wild and sexy, their long branches waving and reaching into the sky..." he moans, amidst tumultuous applause.

All done, Susannah Steele is judged to have won, with Simon Miles a close second, winning a monstrous, yet apt, booty prize of a pair of brass froglets swinging from a tree.

JUDITH PALMER  
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## What Plato did next

IT PAYS to advertise. The front of the programme says it all: "Escape Fantasies Fulfilled". "Dirty Talk A Speciality." This is more than just a cheap come-on, it is, to borrow the phrase, the real thing.

The dialogue in Mike Packer's new play is peppered with sexual expletives – trying to quote almost any of it is firmly beyond the vocabulary of a family newspaper – but what else would you expect from a tale about card boys, the lads who put up pictures in phone boxes advertising the services of prostitutes? It's a world of money and profit, easy sex and violence.

The card racket is run by Plato (a buoyant Albie Woodington) a man given to sudden bursts of dangerous anger. More importantly, he is also a ridiculously self-conscious poseur, a cliché-spouting dreamer and schemer with a penchant for bogus personal

### THEATRE CARD BOYS BUSH THEATRE LONDON

enlightenment, tree-hugging and Cat Stevens. He is like a less benign version of the mother's dippy, hippie boyfriend in Jonathan Harvey's *Beautiful Thing*, and suffers from the same problem of the playwright having written a quasi-comic character who is stylistically removed from everyone else.

Plato is about to move to the country to live off a secret marijuana farm set up by his pregnant girlfriend, Kath, who will return to London and the game to earn their keep until the dope business is up and running. But when Kath abruptly changes her mind, he winds up heading out there with filthy, foul-mouthed Teddy,

a Geordie old man Steptoe living (just) on a strict diet of fags and Special Brew.

The engaging and sometimes very funny central scenario of the two men's odd-couple relationship is the meat of the play, but it is surrounded by an unconvincing, slackly handled plot which fails to up the dramatic stakes. The play is also bookended by inert scenes using sketchy, under-developed characters who are really only there to set up the milieu. Even the valiant Susan Sylvester cannot invest Kath's contradictions with enough depth, as her vacillating behaviour is dictated by the plot, rather than dramatically satisfying emotional needs.

Thanks to Willie Ross's wonderful, vital wreck of a performance, Teddy turns out to be the pivot of this inconsistent, uneven play. Whether gently adding to his tottering pyramid of beer cans, lashing

out in horrified disbelief at Plato's ridiculous delusions, or merely shambling unwashed about the set, his conviction is so complete you cannot take your eyes off him. His raddled, ruddy face switches hilariously between almost explosive, silent innocence and disgusted experience. Even spitting out foul-mouthed ripostes he suggests oceans of sadness.

"Breath with fuckin' teeth, that's what words are," he cries. It's a nice line, indicative of the well-caught rhythm of the writing. But even Simon Usher's careful direction on Anthony Lambie's neatly designed set cannot paper over the cracks as Packer's writing lurches between comedy and short-winded pathos before coming down heavily on the side of sentimentality.

DAVID BENEDICT  
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# Manoeuvres in the dark

Douglas Gordon's *Feature Film* is a tribute to the power of the soundtrack, but also underlines its weaknesses. By Tom Lubbock

**F**ilm music goes like this. You see a film, enjoy it, and note the really high quality of its music. You buy a recording of the soundtrack. At first the music is so saturated with the film that it still seems very good. In fact, the music plus the memory of the film seems almost better than the film itself, a pure distillation of its emotional essence. But after a few listenings (five, 50) you start to hear the music as music. You realise, sadly, it won't do. It needed the film. Even though as film music it was very good. Or so, roughly, it has seemed to me since, 30 years ago, I bought my first LP: Ron Goodwin's music for *Where Eagles Dare*.

Douglas Gordon's installation *Feature Film* is a tribute to the power of film music, specifically to the power of Bernard Herrmann's score for Alfred Hitchcock's *Vertigo*. It's in some ways a powerful piece itself, but I'm not sure quite where the credit should go. Hitchcock's genius clearly needs no telling. And Herrmann's achievement among film composers – *Citizen Kane*, *Psycho*, *Taxi Driver* – is now widely honoured too. Tough collaborators.

You might say that in this year of Hitchcock's centenary, *Feature Film* is another, but oblique, artistic homage to the master who's received so many. It's certainly a deliberately second-hand, or at-one-remove creation. Visitors to the Atlantis Gallery in Brick Lane, East London, should be aware that, to enjoy it, they need to know *Vertigo* pretty well. Equally, it's probably important that they don't already know Herrmann's music for it too thoroughly. I'll describe the piece in a moment.

Douglas Gordon is a Scottish artist in his early thirties and he won the Turner Prize in 1996 – mystifyingly, because he rather obviously wasn't the best artist on that year's shortlist. His work comes in all sorts of forms – photos, text, sound, film – and generally seems to depend on some interesting, quasi-paradoxical thought which isn't quite so interesting when you come to think of it. Whenever I've seen a piece by Gordon, I've always heard the voice of Neil the hippy in *The Young Ones* going "Oh wow!"

In the present context, the work to mention is an earlier Hitchcock-based thing, Gordon's 24 Hour *Psycho*, in which the famous thriller is projected so slowly that it lasts a full day. I did hear of one person who had watched it all through, but even from a description you can well imagine the thoughts it might occasion about time, action, hope, delay, narrative suspense etc in a cooperative mind. In *Feature Film*, the cinematic experience is dislocated in another way. The relationship between a film and its music is in effect reversed.

The show goes like this. You enter an enormous darkened chamber – the Atlantis Gallery – the lighting about as low as a cinema's is during a screening. The chamber is filled with orchestral music which broods, swoons, surges, pulses and shudders. A large screen hangs in the middle, showing a film of a man conducting, with tense and flowing hand movements, tossing head and burning eyes – body parts and gestures busily edited in isolated close-ups and smeary slow-motion. The orchestra is never seen. From time to time the music climaxes or calms and comes to stop, and the screen goes blank. After a bit it starts again. Meanwhile, over on a wall in a far corner there's a small projection of *Vertigo* itself – but totally silent, just the images.

And here are some useful facts. This is a complete, note for note, re-recording of

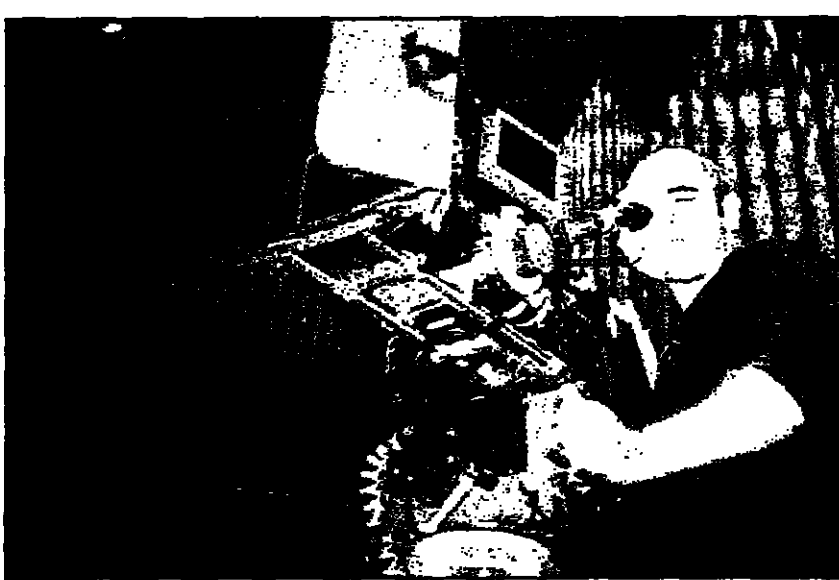


Heady stuff: a scene from Douglas Gordon's installation 'Feature Film', inspired by 'Vertigo'; below, Gordon behind the camera

Herrmann's score, from an orchestral performance conducted by James Conlon, who was filmed in the act. What's more, the music was performed in synch with its occurrence on the original soundtrack, and played back here in synch with the silent screening (hence the pauses).

So visiting this show you have a choice – a choice of synchronisations. Either you look at the main feature with the conductor, and hear the music as an odd and interrupted sort of orchestral performance. Or you look at the small, silent projection and hear it as a film soundtrack (albeit as a pure music track, with no dialogue or sound effects).

Or there is a third choice, which is not to look at either projection, simply to move around in this big space and lose yourself in the music, the darkness and the memory of the film. The music is certainly the most immediately involving thing. And the best time I had at *Feature Film* was doing just that – treating the sound from the mighty, loudspeakers and the great big darkened space as a kind of public head-set, an enormous Walkman, and reliving, via the music, the hysterical romance of Hitchcock's over-egged psychological thriller. As a facility for a kind of wakeful dreaming, *Feature Film*



provides a good and rare public service.

*Vertigo* lends itself beautifully, and yet oddly to this proxy experience. The film is itself so dependent on Herrmann's heady *mélange* of Tchaikovsky and Wagner. Indeed, it needs the music to stop it from being a clinical horror – a film in which,

essentially, a madman (played by James Stewart) obsessively pursues a zombie (played by Kim Novak) to death. Herrmann's music glosses this rather deranged, necrophiliac story as a grand, tragic passion. It redeems, or at least relieves, its potential cruelty and repulsiveness. And

so, getting the music neat, you don't just get an intense distillation of the film; you get a more attractive version of it.

So that was a good time, and it lasted about half an hour, and then various factors brought it to an end. One was starting to look at the film of James Conlon conducting – which is the only thing here that's all Gordon's own work – and thinking: all films of conductors are dreadful, and this one, though it tries to dramatise the conducting body in interesting ways, doesn't escape the general truth on which so many classical music televisuals have floundered.

Another factor was realising the elaborate conceptual scheme of the piece – the double synchronisation, the splitting of music as soundtrack from music as music, the reversal of priority – and feeling that it was pointlessly elaborate, because it didn't really add to the thoughts one might have about the relations of films and their music anyway.

There was the realisation, besides, that the work was obviously very turned on by general ideas about setting experiences at a remove and dismantling fictions, about signs and traces, and presences and absences and simulations – in short, by an intellectual agenda which has been

hanging around in the visual arts for about 15 years, and amazingly still gets people going, but not me though.

And there was the suspicion that the whole thing was sustained by a formula cleverly using the words "dependency" and "control" – the mutual dependency/control of film and film music, a film about emotional dependency and control, the conductor both leading and possessed by the music, a new artwork that's largely dependent on an old film, while controlling our perception of that old film. All sort of true enough in the saying, but not really made felt, save in one way.

Namely, the inevitable sad dependency of all film music that's specifically written as film music, and that includes the best film music that's ever been written, and the inevitable moment when that dependency fails, when, as music, it becomes intolerable. It happened for me about 50 minutes in, with the thought that I just could not listen to Herrmann's driving, Ravel-like mad waltz motif one more time, and I was gone.

Douglas Gordon: 'Feature Film'. Atlantis Gallery, 146 Brick Lane, London E1; until 3 May. Sun-Wed noon-9pm; Thur-Sat noon-to-midnight. Free admission

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## Out of Africa, into south London

### REVIEW

AFRICAN WORLDS  
HORNNIMAN MUSEUM  
LONDON

THE FREIGHT terminal at Gatwick Airport has seen some strange sights, but this was a novel addition to its list: the pieces of a huge, brightly coloured construction of cloth and wood, together with a startling selection of ghoulish human and animal figures made from material stuffed with foam-rubber. This was the *Igbo Ijele*, an example of the largest mask in Africa, bound for the newly opened "African Worlds" exhibition at the Horniman Museum, where it is now the centrepiece of London's first permanent African gallery.

The Horniman in Forest Hill, south London is a much-loved local museum, but this new permanent exhibition will widen its appeal. It was built in 1901 by the collector and tea merchant Frederick Horniman, who gave it to the people of London for their "instruction, enjoyment and recreation". The striking turreted building was designed by the Arts and Crafts architect Charles Harrison Townsend and the "African Worlds" show has been assembled in his fine barrel-ceilinged South Hall, where the designers Jasper Jacob Associates have created a dramatic, visually exciting effect. "I'm not interested in doing anything that's been

done before," explained Anthony Shelton, the museum's curator, "and so I asked the designers to dream."

The centre of the hall is dominated by three huge fibreglass panels, one displaying the 14ft *Igbo Ijele* and the others very large *Bedu* (Ivory Coast) and *Dogon* (Mali) masks. "We wanted to allude to Africa and so we used a sun-baked, terracotta colour paint on the outside of the display cases," says Shelton. "But this is a modernist exhibition, not an African installation work. We've used glass, aluminium, steel, fibreglass and Nextel, which was developed for the American space programme. It absorbs light, which makes it a very effective background for showing off some of the material."

The Horniman has more than 17,000 African objects in its collection, and so it has been a hard task to select the 200 or so that are included in the exhibition. "We chose pieces not only for their aesthetic qualities, but for what they told us about the continent's history. For instance, the Ethiopian

Christian paintings displayed are not of the highest quality, but they do make the point that Christianity is a strong force there as well as Islam."

It is an African collection unlike any other in Britain. "Most of the ethnography museums have gathered material from the countries which were Britain's former colonies. By contrast, we had a German curator from 1947-65 who had a completely different purchasing policy; and for the last few years we have deliberately concentrated on French-speaking Africa in order to create a more balanced picture."

A distinctive feature of the exhibition is that it shows how the cultures of the Caribbean and Brazil have been indelibly influenced by their African population. One of the most dramatic exhibits is the Mid-night Robber head-dress from the Trinidad Carnival, a towering contraption featuring an awesome skeleton seated on a golden throne.

Displays of this kind in Europe are often criticised for only seeing through Western eyes. To redress the balance, the Horniman Museum collaborated with many African art historians, including Joseph Eboime, the director of the National Museum in

Benin, who undertook two years' research to interpret the Benin bronzes in their collection. "We asked Benin to tell us their story rather than telling the 19th-century British story."

Another key figure in the project is Emmanuel Arize, the former director of the Nigerian National Commission for Museums and Monuments. "Emmanuel said at a very early stage that we needed a huge mask," explained Janet Vismayer, the Horniman's director. "He commissioned the *Ijele* for us and visited us often, bringing videos to show its progress."

What makes this exhibition so exciting is the emphasis on the visual effect. Labelling is kept to a minimum, but plenty of information is available and videos under the bigger masks show how they are worn and used in ceremonies.

But the Horniman Museum is not just interested in historical Africa. Above the main exhibition space, there is a balcony which will be used for a changing show of the work of contemporary African artists, opening with the paintings of Osi Adu.

FIONA MACLEOD

Horniman Museum, 100 London Road, London SE23 3QJ; 0181-699 1872/4911; admission free



Eloi figures from the Benue Valley in Nigeria



# HEALTH

Tom Lubbock

When Mary Higgins discovered a lump on her two-year-old son's neck, she feared cancer. She certainly didn't imagine it was TB

## The killer inside my baby boy

**M**y eldest son Sam was two years old at the time. A happy, seemingly healthy boy, he would not sleep through the night. Nothing strange about that: many children of that age have difficulty sleeping. In Sam's case, however, it was a little different.

I first noticed the lump on the side of his neck when I was dressing him for nursery one day. It looked as if he had swallowed a lollipop whole that had then got stuck in the side of his throat. He had a snuffle but was keen to get to nursery, so off we went.

I made an appointment with the GP who asked about any other symptoms, but there weren't any really. He thought that it was probably either a lymph gland that was enlarged due to Sam's cold, or else it could be a cyst. It didn't hurt when touched, and didn't bother him, so the doctor advised we should wait and see.

But a few nights later he awoke in obvious distress. He was crying and clutching his neck, and couldn't hold his head straight. He was running a temperature and his pyjamas were soaked with sweat. We were told to take him to hospital.

Sam didn't like the hospital, nor the many blood tests. And he certainly didn't like the cannula that was put in his ankle to allow the antibiotics that were prescribed to be injected. He pulled the first one out, even though it was covered with a bandage.

When he walked, he held his head to one side, protecting his swollen neck. Over the week he was in hospital, the swelling subsided a little, and he gradually recovered much of his usual vigour, though he still tired easily. When we left the hospital we had an outpatient's appointment as a formality. There was still a lump on his neck but he seemed much better, and the whole incident was put down as an "infection". I hoped that was the end of it.

At the outpatient's appointment, he was examined again. The lump seemed slightly smaller. The doctor wasn't sure what was causing it, but wanted Sam to have a Heaf test to rule out TB. We went to the chest clinic and Sam received his special "tatoo". We returned five days later for the result. The nurse confirmed that he had a grade three reaction. She explained that this didn't necessarily mean that he had TB, as the test isn't 100 per cent accurate. We were referred back to the children's outpatients' department.

The paediatric consultant explained that the Heaf test result meant that Sam



Mary Higgins with her son, Sam, four, who at the age of two contracted lymph node TB but recovered after chemotherapy

Andrew Fox

had probably been in contact with someone who had "open" (infectious) TB, and it was possible that Sam had contracted TB as a result. Sam had an X-ray, but it was clear. As they couldn't be certain any other way, he said that he would like the surgeon to look at Sam for his opinion.

The surgeon said that he was pretty sure it was TB, although it could be cancerous. The only way to be completely sure was to take a sample of the tissue. He said he would schedule Sam as an urgent case for the following week. We would know the results two weeks after that. I asked if he would just do a biopsy but he said that it might as well be removed completely.

My father had had Hodgkinson's disease, a cancer of the lymph glands, and I could not bear the thought of Sam having this too.

On the day of the operation, we were seen by the anaesthetist, but the consultant who had told me he would do the operation was busy with another list so his senior house officer was to do it. This unnerved me tremendously, especially as this person had never seen Sam before. As he prodded at Sam's neck, which was as swollen as it had ever been, I could see that he was perturbed.

He explained he would be doing a biopsy. This was not what the consultant had said, and I told him that. Sam was in his gown on my knee about to undergo surgery and I needed some reassurance. I asked him where the consultant was and said that I wanted his opinion before the operation could proceed. He disappeared off while I hugged Sam close.

When he returned he said he had discussed it and because the lump was so big it would be impossible to remove wholly as a day-case operation, so a biopsy would be the best. I agreed and was asked to help hold the mask over Sam's face as he was anaesthetised. He was placed carefully on a trolley and wheeled into the theatre. The wait while he was gone was terrible, but although he was groggy when he woke up, he was grumpy but fine.

The two weeks we had to wait for the results went very slowly. In a way I hoped it was TB, because the alternative was much worse. It was about this time that I discovered that I was pregnant again.

The consultant didn't waste any time telling us the news. Sam had lymph node TB, and would require a lengthy course of

chemotherapy. At least it was not cancer, but it was a potential killer. He told us that this was not a fatal form of TB, though treatment was slow. The scar from the biopsy would take a long time to heal and the lump would only recede slowly. But he would make a full recovery.

Sam had to undergo a course of antibiotics for at least six months but he was not infectious as he had "closed" TB. My husband Paul and I were a bit shell-shocked. We were now, effectively, on our own, the next appointment two months away. There was no support group, no leaflets, no number to call. No one else we knew had had TB, and although we were to have chest X-rays to ensure we didn't have active TB, there was to be no investigation as to how Sam had contracted it.

I trawled the Internet for sites about TB. I learned that it is the single biggest killer of humans ever, and that three million people still die each year from it even though it has been totally curable for over 50 years. I also learned how multi-drug resistant strains were now emerging that did not respond to conventional treatment. This is making the spectre of TB as an untreatable, fatal disease, once more a reality.

In the weeks before Christmas I noticed another lump on Sam's neck, underneath his biopsy scar. The consultant reassured us that the treatment was working. There was another lymph node enlarged, but that happened sometimes.

When we saw the surgeon, he told us he would like to try to aspirate (suck out) material from the second lump. I was a bit surprised, even more so when he got up and left the room without further explanation. Paul and I joked that he was going to do it now, at outpatients, with no anaesthetic. When he returned with a nurse and a large needle our smiles froze. We didn't have time to argue as he told me to hold Sam as still as I could. Sam, not surprisingly, protested and when the needle went in he tried to jump off my knee. It was one of the most unpleasant experiences of my life. As Sam screamed and struggled the consultant pulled the plunger out of the syringe, but nothing appeared. When he was satisfied, he withdrew the needle.

Sam, whimpering and shaking, refused to look at him when he tried to cheer him up. I was none to happy myself. The consultant said the lump would probably weep and discharge, but this was to be expected. A loose dressing was all that was required. He apologised to Sam but said it was necessary and he wouldn't be doing anything like that again.

At first the pin-prick seemed quite dry but a few days later the skin got redder and redder. A small hole appeared in the skin, which became very thin, and a creamy-coloured substance oozed from it. After a few weeks, it dried up of its own accord.

I arranged to go for a chest X-ray to make sure I didn't have TB after I was 18 weeks pregnant. As it turned out the X-ray showed no abnormalities, and I subsequently gave birth (10 days overdue) to a healthy baby girl.

The last visit to the chest clinic was a happy occasion. Sam had put on weight throughout his treatment and was now looking like a happy, healthy three-year-old. As the consultant spoke to us Sam eyed the KitKat on his desk, and he gave it to Sam as a parting gift.

## The suddenly fashionable wort

Hypericum, or St John's wort, is being hailed as an effective treatment for depression. No wonder long-time practitioners of folk medicine are feeling smug. By Liz Bestie

**A**CCORDING TO the self-help charity Depression Alliance, around four million people in Britain suffer from depression at any one time. Add to that the fact that the cost of depression to the United Kingdom is £8 billion a year - of which £500 million goes on medication - and it comes as no surprise that so much attention is focused on any new treatment which arrives on the market.

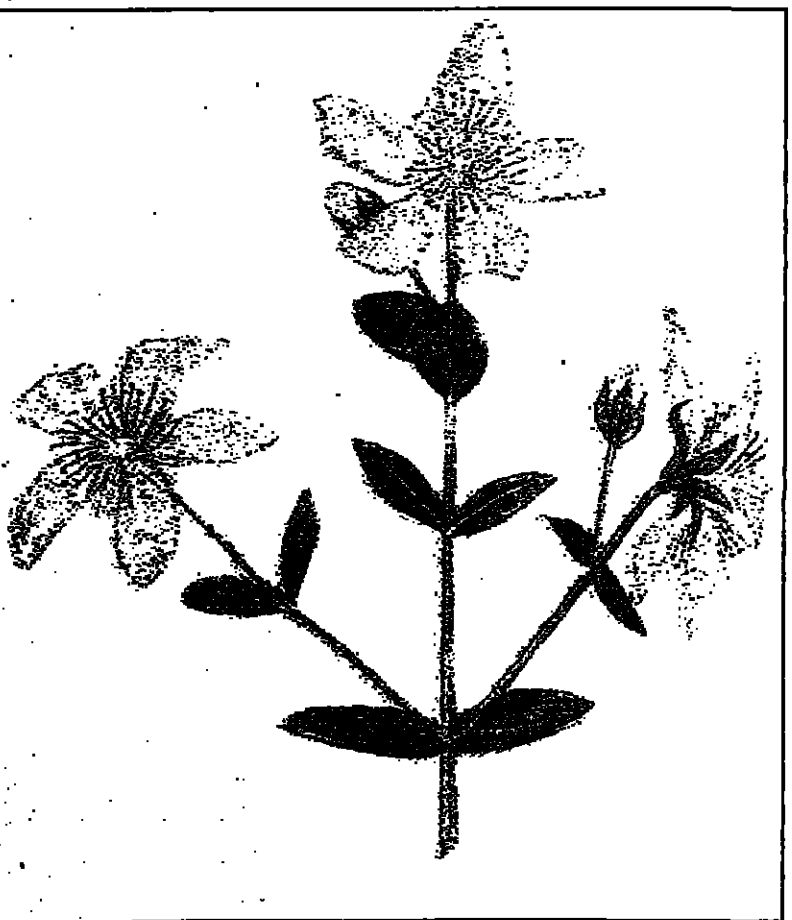
The current vogue is for hypericum, or St John's wort, a rather unassuming little plant which is confounding the medical profession with its efficacy both as an anti-depressant and for its lack of side effects. Hypericum has been used for centuries in folk medicine for everything from diarrhoea to sleep disorders, but it is now being hailed as the "alternative Prozac", an effective treatment for depression, insomnia, seasonal affective disorder and premenstrual syndrome. But does it really work?

The best clinical trials have taken place in Germany and all of them show very good results. Indeed, in Germany St John's wort is licensed as a prescription drug and out-sells Prozac by seven to one.

In his book *St John's Wort*, Dr Norman Rosenthal from the National Institute of Mental Health in the US says there is no reason why the same results should not be achieved in Britain. "To date there have been over two dozen studies of the efficacy of St John's wort as an anti-depressant and the simple conclusion is that the herb works," he says.

It seems there are even added benefits to taking the herb. "Many of my patients report that their sex lives improve, they get better sleep at night, and for women it can take the edge off their PMS," says Dr Rosenthal.

This comes as no surprise to medical herbalists like Dr Ann Walker, who has known about hypericum for years. "Now that the clinical trials are proving the efficacy of hypericum - something we have known all along - suddenly the



St John's wort: making its presence felt in the medical profession

medical profession is sitting up and taking notice," she says.

"Hypericum has a wide therapeutic profile but most herbalists use it for more than depression. In fact, in my practice the most common use for hypericum is in the treatment of symptoms of the menopause," she says. "Hypericum supports the nervous system which, during the menopause, is often a bit shattered because of the rapid changes in the hormones."

"It has extremely strong antiviral properties, which is why it has been widely used for fevers, coughs and

colds," she says. "It was also used to treat urinary tract infections and can generally raise vitality levels."

Some experts are adopting a "wait-and-see" approach. Professor Stuart Montgomery, emeritus professor of psychiatry at Imperial College London says: "St John's wort is a very useful addition to our current armoury but there is not enough data for us to believe it is equivalent to the mainstream selective serotonin re-uptake inhibitors (SSRIs)."

The most recent evidence shows that St John's wort actually works in a similar way to the mainstream SSRIs,

influencing one or other of the three important neurotransmitters in the brain - serotonin, norepinephrine and dopamine.

A recent report published in the *British Medical Journal* analysed 23 clinical trials of the plant and found it to be "significantly superior" to a placebo and just as effective as standard anti-depressants.

Dr David Wheatley is a consultant psychiatrist with a private London practice. "I started to use it (hypericum) in my own practice and found that it works very well in mild or moderate cases of depression," he says.

Dr Wheatley believes there is a case for both SSRIs and hypericum. "It is really a question of matching the treatment to the individual."

Melinda Holt is in no doubt about the efficacy of St John's wort. She has suffered from more than 18 years of depression. Her mother had depression for the last 10 years of her life and ended up committing suicide.

Melinda is very aware of what depression is and what it can do. "In the past when I have had depressive episodes I have always refused anti-depressants. I didn't want to get caught in the same trap as my mother," she says.

Last year, after losing both her parents within a fortnight, Melinda found she couldn't drag herself out of the depths of despair. She was put on Prozac but says she was "like a zombie" for weeks. "I couldn't co-ordinate my right arm and my left leg, and vice versa, and I felt very unsafe, particularly as I had to drive a car."

After the short burst on Prozac, a friend recommended St John's wort and she gave it a try. "Initially, from feeling so bad I couldn't get out of bed in the morning, my mood started to lift. Suddenly I felt able to communicate with people and within a few weeks I had started visiting friends again."

"I don't believe St John's wort is a magic cure but it has helped me cope."

## Morning sickness occurs day or night

**H**OW LONG does morning sickness in pregnancy last, and are there any effective treatments?

"Morning sickness", which can occur at any time of the day or night, sometimes starts within days of conception. The worst time is usually the first three months of pregnancy, but some very unlucky women feel sick and nauseous for many months. For the vast majority of women, the feeling of sickness disappears by the time they are 16 weeks pregnant.

There are dozens of dietary, herbal and medicinal "treatments" for morning sickness, but most of them have not been proven to work. Several controlled trials of acupressure (acupuncture without the needles), at the P6 point on the inner side of the wrist, have shown this to be helpful in reducing nausea and vomiting. Wrist bands (available from chemists) that are used to treat motion sickness put pressure on this point and they are certainly worth trying. Powdered ginger root (250mg, four times a day) has also been shown to work, but its safety in pregnancy has not been conclusively proved.

### A QUESTION OF HEALTH



DR FRED KAVALIER

**the correct treatment for rheumatoid arthritis?** Methotrexate is used to treat both cancer and rheumatoid arthritis, and it is highly effective for both diseases. In chemotherapy it is prescribed for childhood leukaemia and a number of other tumours. Rheumatologists use methotrexate to treat rheumatoid arthritis as it has been shown to be an effective way of suppressing the disease. It is usually not used unless other forms of treatment, such as anti-inflammatory drugs, do not control the symptoms of the disease. Methotrexate won't have an immediate effect on rheumatoid arthritis, but it may well improve symptoms over the course of several months. It can have side effects on the blood and the liver, and so it is important to have regular monitoring by blood tests. Women who are pregnant, or likely to become pregnant, must not take methotrexate.

**BOTH OF my children have a bright red rash on their faces which was eventually diagnosed as Fifth Disease. I can't find any information about this, apart from the fact that it is caused by an unknown virus. What is Fifth Disease?**

In the 1800s doctors identified six rashes that occurred in children. One of them - *erythema infectiosum* - became known as Fifth Disease because it was fifth in the list of these six rashes. The others were measles, scarlet fever, German measles, *rosola infantum*, and an obscure condition known as Filatow-Dukes' disease. We now know that Fifth Disease is caused by a virus known as *Parvovirus B19*. It is a mild illness that causes children's cheeks to go bright red. It is sometimes known as "slapped cheek disease". By the time the rash appears, children are usually not infectious any more, so keeping them isolated is futile. Pregnant women, however, can be affected by this viral infection in the first half of pregnancy, and they should consult their doctors to see if they are immune.

Please send your questions to *A Question of Health*, The Independent, 1 Canada Square, Canary Wharf, London E14 5DL; fax 0171-293 2182; or e-mail health@independent.co.uk. Dr Kavalier regrets that he is unable to respond personally to questions



## MEDIA

## Publish and be damned clever

When journalists turn to fiction, as they inevitably do, they should steer clear of the newsroom. By DJ Taylor

The late Jeffrey Bernard, who wrote *The Spectator's* "Low Life" column for 20 years, used to say that the achievement of which he was proudest was not having written a novel. The implication – that there is a line to be drawn between "hack" and "serious writer", and that the distinction is one that the average hack can be proud of – isn't one that commends itself to the current generation of young journalists, most of whose members are itching to forsake the newsagent's barrow for the Dillon's display window.

In fact, this spring's publishers' catalogues positively bristle with offerings from cool-eyed ornaments of the *Daily X* and the *Sunday Y*.

For example, former *Sunday Mirror* editor and newly appointed Tory spin doctor Amanda Platell has her first novel out in the early summer. *Telegraph* man John Preston's novel *Ink* is already in the shops. Polly Samson's collection of stories, *Lying in Bed*, is out shortly from Virago, with a novel promised for next year. *Sunday Times* columnist Zoë Heller produces in June, while *The Mail on Sunday's* Suzanne Moore is apparently readying herself to deliver.

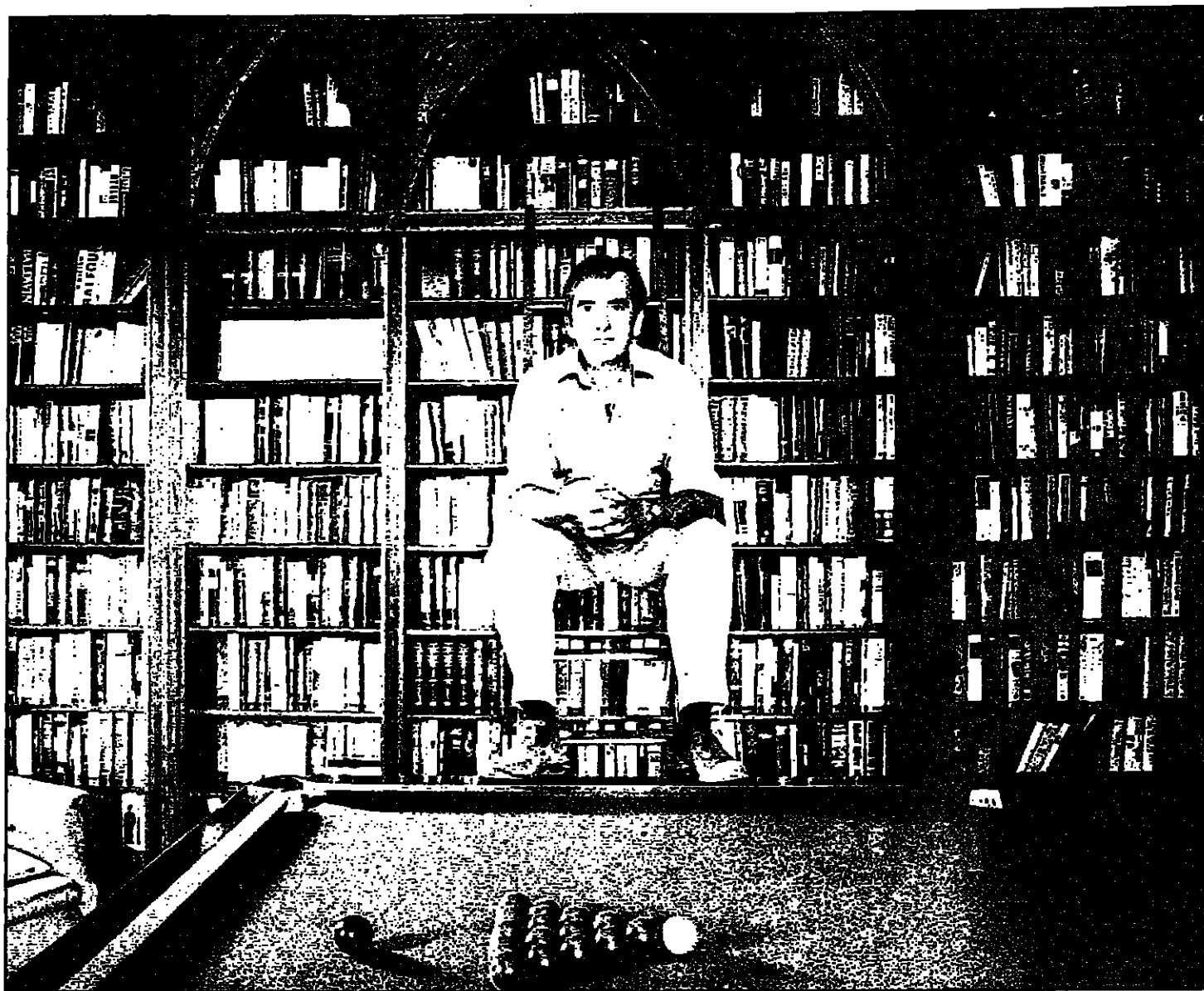
Searching to explain this torrent of print, compiled on afternoons off from Wapping or Canary Wharf, one stumbles on the simultaneous lure of cash and cachet. There never was a journalist – Bernard excepted – who didn't wish to aim higher: to use the bread and butter world of Fleet Street as a stepping stone to serious literature.

On the other hand, many of the columnists now blossoming into print have been actively encouraged by publishers. Hot, new literary talent is always in short supply, and practically any journalist who shows the slightest spark of originality and, in addition, commands a regular following, learns to expect polite letters beginning "Dear X, I am a great admirer of your work and wonder if you have ever thought of writing a novel..."

There are, of course, immensely respectable historical precedents for this. Both Dickens and Thackeray – to take only two 19th-century behemoths – began their careers as newspaper hacks. Graham Greene's first novel was written between stints sub-editing on *The Times*, and Frederick Forsyth served an apprenticeship in the King's Lynn office of the *Eastern Daily Press*.

In the recent past, several household names have paid their dues in Fleet Street before proceeding to the best-seller lists. Veteran hacks will remember the youthful Sebastian Faulks as arts correspondent of *The Daily Telegraph*, while Robert Harris, whose work *Archangel* is currently crowding out *Waterstones*' shelves, was a political commentator for *The Sunday Times*.

Unsurprisingly, this tradition of novelists spending their formative years on the sub's desk has produced a distinctive genre of journalists' novels about journalism.



Robert Harris, author of 'Archangel', is a former political editor of 'The Observer'

John Lawrence

Thackeray's *Pendennis* (1850), for example, offers a rather sanitised prospectus of the early-Victorian newspaper world. George Gissing's *New Grub Street* (1891), alternatively, is a work of stark realism, full of down-at-heel hacks contemplating suicide in their cheerless garrets.

The foreign correspondent's novel begins with Evelyn Waugh's *Scoop* (1937), subtitled "A Novel about Journalists", and featuring the megalomaniac newspaper proprietor Lord Copper, owner of *The Daily Beast*. Ferdinand Mount's *The Clique* (1978) opens early in 1965 among a group of notebook-wielding carion crows assembled to cover the impending death of Sir Winston Churchill.

Given the pull of the genre and the time-honoured advice to aspiring novelists to "write about what you know", it's relatively uncommon for journalists' novels to stray too far beyond the workplace.

Wendy Holden's *Simply Divine*, published earlier this year, covers the world of fashionable party-going which Ms Holden had observed during her time on *Tatler*. Tara Palmer-Tomkinson, widely supposed to be the model for "Champane D'Vyne", was supposed to be mildly annoyed.

Amanda Platell's novel is thought to contain a boardroom revelation or two. One exception to this pronounced roman-a-clef tendency was AA Gill's *Sap Rising*, which shied away from the subjects of television and overpriced restaurants for the machinations of a Kensington garden committee.

Other novels simply grow out of their author's column. Helen Fielding's *Bridget Jones's Diary* famously began in these pages. Similarly, Isabel Wolff's *The Trials of Tiffany Trot* started life as a *Telegraph* column detailing its singleton author's tawdry love life. A successor, *The Making of Minky Malone*, appears this summer.

But the staple of the genre – the journalistic caper novel, full of bungled scoops, missed deadlines and sexual embarrassments – continues to flourish. Last year's highlight was Andrew Martin's *Billion*, which featured a lifestyle journalist with a serious attitude problem. This year's variations are long-time Fleet Street habitués Tim Heald's *Press Gang*, and Preston's *Ink*.

While the latter tends to the macabre, starting with a body fished out of the Thames and including interludes at graveyard and mortuary,

it does contain a classic genre joke: a newspaper in which hacks who fail to meet their deadlines are sent to the basement to work on the Queen Mother's obituary.

The question facing the critic who is confronted with this acreage of print, produced by people whose faces (and opinions) are already familiar at the breakfast table, is: are they any good? The answer is: it depends. *Sap Rising* was widely adjudged to be appalling; many reviewers said so, the author was extremely cross and a good deal of fun was had by observers.

Ominously, perhaps, a good many novel-writing journalists never make it beyond the first attempt. Either the effort is too much, or the exercise reveals itself simply as a vacation from the proper job. Bryan Appleyard, for example, has remained silent on the fiction front since his debut, *The First Church of the New Millennium*, in 1994.

But there are successes – both Lynne Truss and Mark Lawson manage to keep joint careers afloat.

Finally, there is a somewhat smaller category of journalists one wishes would write novels, or in the case of *Telegraph* editor Charles Moore, were allowed to publish those they had written. (Moore once

took six months off between jobs to write a novel called *The Real World*, but it was supposed – at any rate by the libel lawyers – to contain a portrait of the Tory guru Sir Alfred Sherman, and never appeared.)

In the end, motivation is all. Writing novels – whatever anyone who has never written one may think to the contrary – is hard. Combining works of fictional genius with two newspaper columns a week or shifts on the sub's desk, takes a stamina that many of Wapping and Canary Wharf's finest may not possess.

Significantly, perhaps, Graham Greene's first act on learning of the success of *The Man Within* was to offer his resignation at Printing House Square. Thackeray, whose gentlemanly instincts were sometimes offended by having to associate with low-class hacks, eventually left his job on *Punch*, claiming that he was "too big to pull in the boat". Certainly, a skim through the best novels about journalism soon demonstrates that most of them were written by people who had already left the profession.

DJ Taylor's biography of Thackeray is due out in September. The paperback of his novel *Trespass* is out soon.

## REPORTERS REVIEWED

**Simply Divine** by Wendy Holden, former deputy editor of *Tatler*. *The Independent*: Efficiently written, the novel cracks along to its happy ending. It never makes you laugh, though: always something of drawback in a comic novel.

**The Telegraph**: When Champagne (a character who writes a column on a glossy magazine) lands a huge advance for a novel – "Money for old rope," snorts another – one recalls that Holden has already been buxomly rewarded for this slovenly, creaking prattle. Holden's literary model is clearly Jilly Cooper before she discovered graphic sex.

**The Trials of Tiffany Trot** by Isabel Wolff, columnist on *The Daily Telegraph*.

*The Independent on Sunday*: Bridget Jones has a lot to answer for. We have been assailed by far too many columns and novels, all too obviously pitched as Bridget-with-a-twist: an older/younger/cleverer/thicker/classier/more down-market etc singleton.

*The Times*: Tiffany divides her time between Hampstead, where she has glasses of wine with her friends and talks clichés about relationships, and the Ritz, where she meets, through small ads and blind dates, caricatures of dysfunctional men who won't commit. Another eek-out cocktail from the original Bridget Jones concentrate. Enough – it has become very sickly.

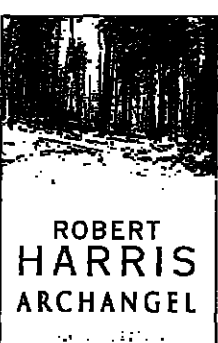
**Ink** by John Preston, arts editor of *The Sunday Telegraph*.

*Evening Standard*: Cliff the cretinous columnist, Johnny the foppish diarist and industrial Gavin who never says a word – are instantly recognisable types. It features a brilliant scoop de theatre and it makes you think but, above all, it makes you laugh.

**Archangel** by Robert Harris, former *Newsnight* reporter and political editor of *The Observer*, now columnist on *The Sunday Times*.

*Mail on Sunday*: The secret turns out to be not that shocking and a plot that involves a mystery and a chase is hardly original. So what is it about this book that had me rationing my reading so as to make it last longer and left me disappointed when it ended so abruptly? Harris is a master of background, a setter of places and people that are so gripping in their own right that the plot becomes almost incidental. He uses his journalist's skills to create an atmosphere of absolute authenticity.

*The Independent*: *Archangel* is page-turning entertainment. The background, in Stalin's Russia as well as the present, is utterly authentic and presented with an ease and relevance not always achieved by Harris's competitors. However, a certain portentousness in the writing, and the fact that it is longer than it need be, seem to imply that Harris and his publisher want us to take *Archangel* seriously, both as a novel with literary stature and as an analysis of Russia. This won't do.



## THE WORD ON THE STREET

CHRIS EVANS' and Matthew Freud's plans to take over *The Star* seem to have stalled and now their preferred choice as editor of a new-model red top, Mike Soutar, has gone and found himself a better job.

Soutar, the man who turned *FHM* from a 60,000 a month fashion mag to a half-million selling lads' mag has gone to New York to be editor of the US edition of *Maxim*. It's not a bad career decision. *Maxim* is America's fastest growing magazine, while *The Star* struggles to survive and even its owners want rid of it.

THE PROGRAMMES in competition for this month's Golden Rose of Montreux are the usual combination of the bizarre and brilliant. Foreign judges will probably love BBC 2's *The League of Gentlemen* and *Big Train* – but they are after all very strange. But Caroline Aherne's *Royle Family* has been nominated and has problems being understood south of Watford, let alone by a Spanish judge. It will be interesting to see how



well the *Ivana Zigon Show* and the arts special *Goran Bregovic at Olympian*, do – they are both from the Serbian Broadcasting Corporation, not the favour of the month at the moment. And Channel 5's programme buyers must make sure they go – one of Israel's entries is called *Spank!*

BAD NEWS for *The Sun* and *The Mirror* who are loudly touting their plans to be free Internet Service Providers. A report last week from the highly credible IMRG group – whose members include BT, Deloitte & Touche and IBM – was headed "The me-too-madness of the free ISP". Ominous sections included one called "There is no money" which showed how no one will make a penny from providing a free ISP. It also explained that as everyone from *Parkers Weekly* to *Barclays* and *Virgin* are now providing free ISP services, the chances of millions seeing the advertising on the *Sun* or *Mirror* sites has become increasingly unlikely.

After all the outcry, listeners are finally returning to Radio 4. Sue Gaisford appraises its highs and lows

## The first year of living dangerously

JAMES BOYLE introduced his new schedule for Radio 4 a year ago, to considerable dismay. Yet, however you massage them, the Rajar listening figures suggest he is at last winning. People are coming back.

They have to. Radio 4 is the only aural equivalent of a broadsheet. Certainly, other stations side occasionally into its purities but, mostly, the rest are either specialist publications or tabloids. And, as with a favourite paper, there is a trusting expectation among consumers that Radio 4 will get it right. So, is such confidence justified? For the listener, what has changed?

Mostly, it's the timing. Boyle believes that we all needed a better sense of what is on when. In general, he keeps to the hour and the half-hour throughout a day that was previously divided more whimsically. This is a reasonably good idea. At 8am now, we can expect *Today*; at 9am, a serious (and often seriously good) discussion programme; at 10am, *Woman's Hour*; at 12noon, *You and Yours*... and so on.

This has, at least, the comfort of predictability, but there are hidden problems. For example, *Today's* early start means that *Farming Today* has slipped back into the sleepy hours before dawn – and lost listeners. There is an attractive theory that the British, however urban their lives, see themselves as

displaced country-dwellers who relished a moment of nostalgic agricultural concern before the heavy news. Too bad. And *Today*, now extended backwards and forwards into essays and phone-ins, has lost its edge, along with its rural and political bookends.

*The Archers* move to 2pm caused outrage to those with limited lunch-hours, but they can, at least, catch the Sunday morning repeat. To achieve the shift, *The World at One* was truncated and a new quiz-slot introduced. While not a bad idea in theory, this became, unfortunately, the worst innovation of all. Who can forget the moment when, in front of

a live audience of six, teams of zany accountants and dingbat bankers slogged out the details on *Tricks of the Trade*? There are other contenders for the worst quiz: *Guess What?* was dreadful, but probably worse was *I'm Glad You Asked Me That*. No we weren't. We switched off.

To be fair, Boyle is willing to learn. Most of those fearsome quizzes have recently been replaced with more stimulating fare. And then, at 2.15pm we have a 45-minute daily play. This has, mysteriously, provoked hysterical rage. Yet the regular demand has stimulated more innovative drama on Radio 4 in the last year than ever before.

Comedy has been patchy – but it's a case of what turns you on. You should book a doctor's appointment if you laugh at, say, *King Shazid* or *Five Squeazy Pieces* – but *World of Pub*, *Dan and Nick* and *The Very World of Milton Jones* were sublime.

Some old furniture has been replaced for the better – *Front Row*, particularly when Francine Stock is in charge, is much better than the old *Kaleidoscope* – and some for the worse: it was mad to replace the *Woman's Hour* serial with such an execrable daily drama as *Under One Roof* (featuring the first and, I hope, the last radio bikini-wax).

Good broadcasters have been

given a welcome chance to do more. Peter White's excellent *Blind Man on the Rampage* was followed by his fascinating series about disabled American achievers, *No Triumph, No Tragedy*. And John Peel's phenomenally successful *Home Truths* recently won a coveted Broadcasting Press Guild award and is up for several Sonys. But you win some, you lose some. Jim Naughtie's interactive *Bookclub* and Diana Madill's *A Hard Act to Follow* are both very good; Matthew Parris and his mum's oedipal *Mothers and Sons* proved to be hilariously dreadful – there should be a Sony Syrup award for mawkishness.

Whatever the clangers, Boyle is still willing to take risks. He'll give prominence to pure, dazzling, inspiring science in *Frontiers* and he'll air Edie Stark's brilliant series from a Scottish jail, *Managing Life*. In this first year, we've also had marvellous new plays such as Lesley Bruce's *Vox Bopp*, arresting readings such as Ann Wroe's *Pilate* and innovative classic serials such as Enyd Williams's *Hound of the Baskervilles*, or John Dryden's remarkable *Bleak House*. And – particularly now that he's beginning to show signs of changing his ways when he's obviously been wrong – I don't think it would make much sense to expel him. He might yet become a memorable head boy.

## JAMES BOYLE: REPORT CARD

**Name:** James Boyle.  
**Class:** R4.  
**Maths:** Hopeless.  
**Science:** Improving – interesting new ideas.  
**History:** Plodding, but good work, notably on *HMS Windrush*.  
**Religious Education:** Shows a thoughtful, at times multicultural, approach.  
**Current Affairs:** Very good. Shows wide grasp of political and



international politics.  
**English Literature:** Excellent. Fine interpretations of

poetry and the classics, as well as interesting readings of contemporary authors.  
**Creative Writing:** Signs of effort, though easily led.  
**Art:** Much improved.  
**Drama:** Tends to work in short, regular bursts, but has produced some outstanding plays.  
**Musical Appreciation:** Must pull his socks up.

**Physical Education:** Worse than useless.  
**General Report:** James has made a fairly good start. He is orderly and punctual, though his attempts at humour are often out of place. His presidency of the Debating Society introduced excellent speakers. But he needs to get out more into the fresh air.



Dylan Jones promises to return the gentleman to the pages of GQ with a classic formula. By Paul McCann

# The man who says he won't be a lad

Henry David Thoreau said a man should distrust any enterprise that requires new clothes. Dylan Jones, who last week was appointed editor of GQ, shouldn't have to worry. He arrived for *The Independent's* interview wearing a Timothy Everett suit, a Hawes and Curtis shirt and Richard James tie – he is already the physical manifestation of GQ man.

It's not just his suit which makes him seem ideal to step into the hand-made shoes of departed demon editor James Brown. Biographers often fall into the trap of looking only for events which foreshadow their subject's eventual fame. But with 38-year-old Jones it is difficult to resist the feeling that everything which has gone before was preparation for being editor of GQ.

He attended Britain's hippest colleges – Chelsea School of Art and St Martin's School of Art (as it was then) – at the height of punk, and took very hip courses in photography and graphic design. After he graduated, he ran nightclubs for two years, a time he describes obliquely as "my period of bad behaviour". In 1983, he joined *F&D* which, with *The Face*, was the first of the style magazines, and he quickly rose to become editor, before being asked by Nick Logan, founder of *The Face*, to become contributing editor.

"It was a great period," he says of the early Eighties. "Lifestyle journalism was in its infancy and it was great fun working on those magazines because you lived and breathed the lifestyle. Now lifestyle is part of mainstream culture and is serviced by lots of magazines, newspaper sections and TV programmes. *The Sunday Times* didn't have a style section in the early Eighties. We were at the forefront of that stuff. Admittedly it was very hedonistic, and it was a lot of fun."

After *The Face*, Jones moved to its sister title, *Arena*, the first true men's lifestyle magazine, where he was first features editor, then deputy, and then editor until 1992. He did, as he has said, "ride the yuppie wave" throughout the Eighties.

In 1992, he was poached from *Arena* by *The Observer* where he worked on its then luxuriant magazine section. When the paper was taken over by the Guardian group, he moved to *The Sunday Times* magazine. After a brief stint there, he returned to Nick Logan and his company Wagadon as overall editorial director. Here he had the only black marks on his career: he oversaw the launches of *Dezire* and *Frank*. *Dezire* was a lad's magazine for more intelligent twentysomethings which closed after only a few issues. For *Frank*, he hired all the original staff, including departed editor Tina Gaudoin. *Frank* now sells only 35,000 copies a month and is tipped for closure.



'I don't have a problem with photographs of women. But they won't be as scantily clad and I won't be covering them in blood and swastikas'

Emma Boam

For the last 18 months he has been editor-at-large for *The Sunday Times* where, he confesses, he has had a fine time. "It's the only job I've had since I started journalism where I haven't been totally off-balance – I've been a journalist. I was having so much fun I wasn't anticipating going to do something like GQ. But opportunities like this are so rare, it's too good an opportunity to turn down."

The opportunity has come about because of former editor James Brown's very public departure after producing an issue of GQ which featured several prominent Nazis on a list of style icons, and pictures of a blood-splattered nude model in a bath. Equally importantly, the magazine's circulation had fallen from 148,000 to 132,000 under Brown. The award-winning editor of *Loaded*, which revolutionised men's magazines, Brown had been

expensively brought in because publisher Condé Nast wanted better sales, but he had proved too revolutionary for it to handle.

Jones is seen by many in the magazine industry as a safe pair of hands following the Brown ructions. "This is bowling the ball straight down the middle of the wicket," says one industry insider. "He's a kind of ur men's magazine editor."

He maintains that he is not a dictatorial editor – he describes, in an aside, a former editor who gave his reprimands loudly on the newsroom floor as a "pig" – and has no plans for a wholesale clear-out of staff. But the quality of the magazine's features, he believes, needs to be urgently improved. "It always sounds very pompous when you try to describe any editorial vision. It's not rocket science. You just have to have good ideas that are written well by good writers."

"With GQ I'm going to be bringing in an awful lot of journalists from the broadsheets. There are a lot of great journalists who aren't working on magazines at the moment and they're going to be working for GQ. What I want to achieve with the magazine is to make it like a mass-market broadsheet – we want to be covering intelligent subjects in an intelligent way – all presented with urgency and vibrancy."

But there is to be no relaunch, nor radical changes. Instead Jones, who believes James Brown's major mistake was to throw the baby of old GQ out with the bathwater, plans quiet evolution.

"I don't have a problem with photographic images of women. I think that there were perhaps a few too many in GQ and perhaps they weren't of the right sort. But I certainly don't have a problem with that

morally – it is an intrinsic part of the whole package."

"When we were doing *Arena* in the early days 10 years ago, it was almost impossible to put women in the magazine because then you were actually trying to say to people: this is a new type of men's magazine. Because at that time the only other type of men's magazines were pornographic magazines. Now the culture has shifted. Women will probably not be as scantily clad and I won't be covering them in blood or swastikas. The problem with James's so-called controversial issue was that the pictures were not contextualised in the right way and were surrounded by some things which were less than pleasant."

In his writings for *The Sunday Times*, Jones confesses to being a snob – he recently expressed shocked displeasure on finding that a Premiership footballer had the

same kind of Smeg cooker as him. Friends believe that he likes to portray himself as a kind of style reactionary: one who hates trainers, untucked shirts and house music. Classic British tailoring and Bryan Ferry are much more his scene – which says a lot about the change in direction that Condé Nast wants for GQ.

"Dylan is part of that group of older magazine people who believe that you can publish an old-fashioned men's magazine which tips its hat to American *Esquire* in the Sixties, and if you do it well enough, it will be a success," says a former colleague. "That ignores the fact that the market has changed so much recently and that there are magazines such as *Frank* which show pictures of people with deformities and lots of female flesh. That said, if anyone can make a success of the classic formula, it is Dylan."

## Are you being served?

A show that mixes hard news, satire and comedy is the latest innovation in Radio 5 Live's Sunday morning slot. But not everyone is convinced. By Richard Cook

Imagine a world in which *The Big Breakfast*, not *Newsnight*, is the principal arbiter of the news agenda. Then imagine a *Big Breakfast* whose raison d'être is to free the falsely imprisoned, to tackle the bitter social issues facing the unemployed in Liverpool, and to provide detailed analysis of the political situations in Kosovo and Northern Ireland.

Oh yes, and also to resuscitate Jim Bowen's career, promote a 40-year-old mother of three from a rundown Canning Town council estate as a stock market guru, and prove the salvation of British radio satire. Imagine no longer. This unlikely creature has arrived in the shape of *Sunday Service*, a seamless two-hour mixture of serious news analysis, satire and humour that made its debut on Radio 5 Live on the morning of Easter Sunday.

"I certainly don't think everyone's news agenda is dictated by *Newsnight*. The fact is that you can have a laugh at something one minute, and then move on to something serious, because that's just the way people think," explains the show's producer and the head of Planet 24 Radio, Alex Connock. He is also the man who helped revive the fortunes of *The Big Breakfast*. "A lot of papers put funny stories on the same pages as important news stuff because that's just the way people, and especially young people, think about these things. It's only surprising because broadcasters haven't tended to think this way."

The Sunday morning show is presented by former GLR favourite turned TV presenter, FI Glover. Nothing too surprising there. But she forms merely one part of an unlikely triumvirate of talent. She is joined by Gordon Brown's former spin doctor Charlie Whelan and by the political journalist Andrew Pierce, of *The Times*, and a good friend of Whelan. Both are on hand to add their expertise in, for example, tough interviews on the developing Kosovo crisis. Nothing too surprising there either.

The surprise really starts as the show – 60 per cent of which is recorded live, and 40 per cent of



Andrew Pierce, FI Glover and Charlie Whelan

BBC

which is made up of elaborate pre-recorded segments – is suddenly taken over by young comics and Eighties television icons. The tone can switch straight from thoughts about Kosovo, for instance, to the thoughts of Jim Bowen, who presents a Jerry Springer-style segment mediating between warring posh folk. On the one hand, then, we have the former military attaché to Belgrade explaining how the choice for land war lies between a push through Hungary or across the Montenegrin border; on the other, we get the former *Bullseye* host chatting to two frightfully well-spoken pals, one of whom has just simply trashed Mummy's Swiss chalet. It's at this point that Whelan and Pierce are expected to spring straight from making earnest pundit comments into all-action heckling.

"My brief is simply to have a bit of fun," Whelan confirms. "We might have to tone it down a little at first, because of the events in Kosovo, but we are certainly not going to get too serious on the show. I'm actually a bit nervous about it, because I've only ever been on the radio twice, to talk about the budget and as a pundit on [the fans' football phone-in] *Str-O-Six*, but people know you can talk about Kosovo and football

in the same breath because they do it themselves all the time."

Certainly the pre-recorded features seem miles from the traditional news and discussion model. As well as Bowen, they include the quiz show *Who Wants to be an MP?*, which tests prospective parliamentary candidates on arcane trivia about their chosen constituencies. Comedy comes courtesy of Iain Lee, with a series of inspired rants about the miseries of modern life.

The other regular is Emma Kennedy, who uses her slot in the first programme to test whether loan companies really will sanction a loan "for absolutely any purpose" at all. In her case, that meant impersonating a Welsh mother who needed cash to test a roulette system she had developed on the plastic set in her son's bedroom, a Madame Whiplash looking to invest in new stock and a would-be counterfeit of bank notes. Needless to say, all received the provisional go-ahead.

*Sunday Service* beat off 30 rival bids from some of the radio production industry's biggest names for the high-profile, year-long contract. But even before it launched, it was raising a few hackles among R5's top brass. The whisper was that the show would lower the station's

slightly too earnest tone.

"What we wanted when we put the show out to tender were new ideas," explains 5 Live commissioning editor, Steve Kite. "It's very hard to come up with something new in current affairs shows, but Planet 24 managed it. The idea of a combination of proper news and comedy was intriguing, even if I do realise that we will have to be extremely careful about how we push it. We dropped a segment containing an 'All you can eat' food review from the first show because of the refugee problem, for instance, and I suspect that while Kosovo is going on, we will continue to err on the side of caution."

It's going to be a tricky balancing act because what is significant about *Sunday Service* is that this is not a show relegated to midnight on a Tuesday evening. It's a vital part of R5's programming line-up. In radio terms, Sunday mornings represent an important opportunity for selling the station. On weekdays, listeners must desert their radios in droves during the breakfast show as they rush from home to work. On Sunday morning, however, they have more time to listen and, importantly, more time to decide on where they will leave their radio dial. Accordingly, it's when the stations traditionally wheel out their biggest names – Steve Wright, for instance, followed by Michael Parkinson on Radio 2, Danny Baker on Virgin, and the comedian Sean Hughes on GLR.

*Sunday Service* represents a bold gambit for R5, not least because topical satire is in a pretty parlous state in the late 1990s. The weakest part of *Drop the Dead Donkey* was its attempt to make gags about the week's news. *The Friday Night Armistice* meant well, but never really delivered. But, even with the shadow of Kosovo, *Sunday Service* started brightly. When it's good, as in a segment asking so-called Manchester United fans about fictional Juventus players with names culled from porn films, it's very good indeed. And let's face it, anything that worries the top brass at Radio 5 that the station is letting its hair down a little too much, has to be worth a listen.

## Never mind the facts, feel the pressure

The quest for bigger ratings is the driving force behind recent questionable acts by television editors. By Duncan Campbell

THE EASTER end-of-term reports for journalism with its pressures to get material out six or seven days a week, with the long, intense and intimate scrutiny that every factual independent documentary gets in its journey, it will be apparent who, generally, has the greater time and resources to check their facts.

Two weeks ago *The Guardian* team which exposed the fakery in Carlton TV's documentary on drugs smuggling, *The Connection*, published new allegations. They claimed that the narrators of "Guns on the Street", a 1996 Channel 4 documentary in the *Undercover Britain* series, had used unacknowledged false names, and masqueraded as ordinary Mancunians concerned about illegal arms dealing – all the while concealing that one of them was a convicted armed robber.

*The Guardian* accompanied its long report with a judgment that "the independent TV sector is especially attractive to those who have a financial incentive to hype and even fabricate material – our investigation raises questions for factual television, whose methods, quality-control systems and employment practices are already under scrutiny."

A week later, commercial TV's regulator, the Independent Television Commission, weighed in. Referring to the £2 million fine imposed on Carlton for *The Connection*, ITC chairman Sir Robin Biggam warned broadcasters: "Changing practices within the industry, especially the way in which casual workers are increasingly used for certain tasks, are no excuse for an absence of editorial rigour."

The jury for "Guns on the street" is out while Channel 4 investigate and the ITC deliberate. But did *The Guardian's* good investigative work really need leavening with self-righteous and ill-considered cant? Newspaper writers and editors are hardly well placed to cast the first stone.

Does anyone in any media – print or broadcast – really believe that the independent or freelance sector of newspaper journalism lacks attractions for those who fall prey to "a financial incentive to hype and even fabricate material"?

If you compare daily newspaper journalism with its pressures to get material out six or seven days a week, with the long, intense and intimate scrutiny that every factual independent documentary gets in its journey, it will be apparent who, generally, has the greater time and resources to check their facts.

I have to declare an interest. My independent production company has made a string of documentaries for Channel 4, including four in the *Undercover Britain* series. As an independent producer whose pay cheque only arrives if a broadcaster has commissioned a programme, I am also in the category of "casuals", the nature of whose employment the ITC seems to view as intrinsically flawed.

I very much wish it were not so. Nor is this diagnosis recognisable. "Changing practices" or "casuals" in the television industry are not new. They started 15 years ago, driven by deregulation and then by the rash of down-sizing and mergers. The on-staff factual departments of Britain's major commercial broadcasters are a shadow of what they once were. Many have just vanished, their former staff "casualised".

The future is more horrifying. The proliferation of digital channels will reduce the resources available for factual production, while competitive pressures will further drive commissioning editors to seek more sensational, "different" approaches. Channel 4's *Undercover Britain*

arose within this trend. Its key components were the use of small concealed cameras which could take the viewer into otherwise unreachable situations of serious public concern, with a remarkable degree of verisimilitude.

The commissioning editors, Peter Moore and Alan Haying, laid down at the outset a rule that the key narrators – the "video diarists" – should be non-journalists who had personally engaged with the topics they were to portray.

This added an unnecessary layer of complexity. And viewed in retrospect, it raises questions. For our first programme, which concerned false remedies offered to seriously ill patients, the selected "diarist" was a friend ill with AIDS. He died two years later. He was happy about the stresses of production, but not all of those close to him felt the same.

Although I have no reason to fear accusations of fakery, I still reflect on different and worrying issues, which are the product of the same pressures as those which make producers fake scenes. Because on three occasions, two involving *Undercover Britain*, I or those working with me have been involved in serious violent incidents.

No one demanded that we do these things. But the demand for strong pictures is an intrinsic and singular need of television. The pressure was on, not to fake, but to see it all absolutely for real.

If ITC genuinely wants a long-term remedy to the ills it perceives, it should put its own house in order first, and look to the government for support. Only a determined regulator can re-introduce the unfashionable public service broadcasting standards which might help commissioning editors limit the combined pressures of the ratings barons and the bottom-line bean counters, and change the legislative framework within which factual production has become "casualised", and news and current affairs slip ever further into the abyss.



Nato casts doubt on the veracity of Yugoslav war reporting, but is our own media any less guilty of propaganda? By Philip Hammond

# A war of words and pictures

It takes two sides to fight a propaganda war, yet critical commentary on the "war of words" has so far concentrated on the "tightly controlled" Yugoslav media. We have been shown clips from "Serb TV" and invited to scoff at their patriotic military montages, while British journalists cast doubt on every Yugoslav "claim".

But whatever one thinks of the Yugoslav media they pale into insignificance alongside the propaganda offensive from Washington, Brussels and London.

"They tell lies about us, we will go on telling the truth about them," says Defence Secretary George Robertson. Really? Nato told us the three captured US servicemen were United Nations peacekeepers. Not true. They told us they would show us two captured Yugoslav pilots who have never appeared. Then we had the story of the "executed" Albanian leaders - including Rambouillet negotiator Fehmi Agani - whose deaths are now unconfirmed.

When the Albanian leader Ibrahim Rugova, who was said to be hiding, turned up on Yugoslav television condemning Nato bombing, the BBC contrived to insinuate that the pictures were faked, while others suggested Rugova must have been coerced, blackmailed, drugged, or at least misquoted.

They told us the paramilitary leader Arkan was in Kosovo, when he was appearing almost daily in Belgrade - and being interviewed by John Simpson there. They told us Kristina stadium had been turned

into a concentration camp for 100,000 ethnic Albanians, when it was empty. Robertson posing for photographers in the cockpit of a Harrier can't have been propaganda. Only the enemy goes in for that sort of thing.

Nato's undeclared propaganda war is two-pronged. First, Nato has shamelessly sought to use the plight of Albanian refugees for its own purposes, cynically inflating the number of displaced people to more than twice the UN estimate.

Correspondents in the region are given star billing on BBC news, and are required not just to report but to share their feelings with us.

*The media have left no cliché unturned in the drive to demonise Milosevic*

As Peter Sissons asked Ben Brown in Macedonia: "Ben, what thoughts go through a reporter's mind seeing these sights in the dying moments of the 20th century?"

Reports from the refugee centres are used as justifications for Nato strategy. The most striking example was the video footage smuggled out of Kosovo said to show "mass murder". The BBC presented this as the "first evidence of alleged atrocities," unwittingly acknowledging that the allies had been bomb-

ing for 10 days without any evidence.

Indeed, for days, the BBC had been inviting us to "imagine what may be happening to those left in Kosovo". After watching the footage, Robin Cook apparently knew who had been killed, how they had died, and why. Above all, he knew that the video "underlines the need for military action".

The second line of attack is to demonise Milosevic and the Serbs, in order to deflect worries that the tide of refugees has been at least partly caused by Nato's "humanitarian" bombing. Parts of Pristina have been flattened after being bombed every day for more than a week. Wouldn't you leave? And what about thousands of Serbian refugees from Kosovo - are they being "ethnically cleansed", too? Sympathy does not extend to them, just as the 200,000 Serbian refugees from Krajina were ignored in 1995. Instead, the tabloids gloat "Serbs you right" as the missiles rain down.

The accusations levelled against the Serbs have escalated from "brutal repression" to "genocide", "atrocities" and "crimes against humanity", as Nato has sought to justify the bombing. Pointed parallels have been drawn with the Holocaust, yet no one seems to notice that putting people on a train to the border is not the same as putting them on a train to Auschwitz.

The media have taken their cue from politicians and left no cliché unturned in the drive to demonise Milosevic. The Yugoslav president has been described by the press as a "Warlord", the "Butcher of Bel-



Publicity coup: journalists examine the US Stealth bomber shot down in Serbia

Reuters

grade", "the most evil dictator to emerge in Europe since Adolph Hitler", a "Serb tyrant" a "psychopathic tyrant" and a "former Communist hard-liner".

The *Mirror* also noted significantly that he smokes the same cigars as Fidel Castro. Just as they did with Saddam Hussein in the Gulf war, *Panorama* devoted a programme to "The Mind of Milosevic".

Several commentators have voiced their unease about the Nato action from the beginning. But press and TV have generally been careful to keep the debate within parameters of acceptable discussion, while politicians have stepped up the demonisation of the Serbs to try to drown out dissenting voices. The result is a confusingly schizophrenic style of reporting.

The rules appear to be that one

can criticise Nato for not intervening early enough, not hitting hard enough, or not sending ground troops. Pointing out that the Nato intervention has precipitated a far worse crisis than the one it was supposedly designed to solve or that dropping bombs kills people are borderline cases, best accompanied by stout support for "our boys". What one must not do is question the motives for Nato going to war. Indeed, one is not even supposed to say that Nato is at war. Under image-conscious New Labour, actually going to war is fine, but using the term is not politically correct.

The limits of acceptable debate were revealed by the reaction to the broadcast by SNP leader Alex Salmond. Many of his criticisms of Nato strategy were little different from those already raised by others.

but what provoked the Government's outrage was that he dared to compare the Serbs under Nato bombardment to the British in the Blitz. Tony Blair denounced the broadcast as "totally unprincipled", while Robin Cook called it "appalling", "irresponsible" and "deeply offensive".

The way Labour politicians have tried to sideline critics such as Salmond is similar to the way they have sought to bludgeon public opinion. The fact that Blair has felt it necessary to stage national broadcasts indicates the underlying insecurity of a government worried about losing public support and unsure of either the justification for or the consequences of its actions.

Audience figures for BBC news have reportedly risen since the air war began. Yet viewers have been ill-served by their public service broad-

caster. The BBC's monitoring service suggested that the "Serb media dances to a patriotic tune". Whose tune does the BBC dance to that it reproduces every new Nato claim without asking for evidence?

Just as New Labour has sought to marginalise its critics, so TV news has barely mentioned the protests across the world - not just in Macedonia, Russia, Italy and Greece - but also in Tel Aviv, Lisbon, San Francisco, Chicago, Los Angeles, Toronto, Sydney and elsewhere. Are we to suppose that these demonstrators are all Serbs, or that they have been fooled by the "tightly controlled" Yugoslav media?

Philip Hammond is a senior lecturer in Media Studies at South Bank University, London. Email: hammondph@sbu.ac.uk

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A patronising English TV producer sniffed her way

apart from being very Scottish," she remarked smugly. "they had a habit of all talking at once, you see. I was bombarded by this sound and I had to say 'stop,

John Peel introduced some surreal absurdity – a quality shared from ironic comedy to the surrealism of the surrealist. "I'm sorry, I don't understand you," he said, "but I did say 'one at a time, and please speak slowly'."

this - with footage of a Realiti 1 roundshow at Mallory Park as the band prepared to perform in the middle of a small island. One by one the Rollers


The most surprising was about "The Man was to see Jean Henry out-act Marianne Jean Baptiste, and Jean-Baptiste out-sing Henry." Jean-Baptiste had a number of a part

Unfortunately this was only a number of weakly written and indistinct characters that let down the programme.

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**THE TUESDAY REVIEW**  
The Independent 6 April 1989

005 News and Sport (S) (5063457) :  
(R) (S) (T) (2913273), 7.30 Milkshake!

**3.30** **FILM** **Vanishing Act** (David Greene 1986 US). Made-for-TV thriller starring Mike Farrell as a homecoming husband who reports his wife missing to the police. The wife is found, but Farrell claims the woman is an impostor. Margot Kidder and Elliott Gould (as the investigating detective) show (T) (200349).

**3.30** **5 News** (S) (5932455).

**3.30** **100 Per Cent**. The game show without a host (S) (621028).

**International news with Kirsty Young (S) (T) (6200341)**

**7.00 Knight Rider**, it's the talking car to the rescue as David Hasselhoff infiltrates a ring of illegal Texan gun

**7.30 Animal Marvels.** Wildlife documentary that looks at the mutually agreeable partnership between ants and plants (S) (T) (#287877).

**8.00 Are You Being Cheated?** Will Davis looks at the growing problem of computer software piracy, which has turned into a thriving cottage industry (S) (T) (2238525).

runway train (\$T) (2215032).

**9.00 FILM** *White Mule* (Robert Butler 1984 US). Fac-

about an ad campaign using exonerated and innocent people as white-water rafting expedition went badly wrong. Alan Alda plays the exec, who invites his staff and top clients on a rafting holiday in the Canadian Rockies. But a culture of bureaucracy and coveritiveness leads to the

100

**10.50 Two.** Gus begins to date a woman, only to discover she is not quite what she seems (S) (3770803).

Cent (Ft) (S) (0834007). To Bam.

TELEVISION GUIDE BY GERRARD GILBERT



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 -ation when film is which

On the screen, Olivier had the same look of intense, chilly to his Heathcliff, as Oberon had already been screaming called

According to Sam, it was by Ben Hecht and the Ivy Green Tribunal.

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ing to date a woman, only to discover she was a prostitute (S) (2770800).

Angerous (S) (7662773), **12.25** Live and continue (S) (7435129), **5.30** 100 Per (6934007), to Bam.

1. It's the lending car to the rescue as an affiliate of a ring of illegal taxen gun (7677).


2. Wildlife documentary that looks at greasable partnership between ants and (829877).

3. Computer software piracy which has ravaging cottage industry (5) (7) (238522).

[illegible]

**THE TUESDAY REVIEW**  
The Independent 6 April 1989

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SECTION